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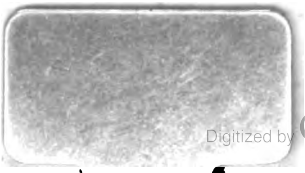

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Riddle & Couchman. 22 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

GOOD MORNING !

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EARLY DAYS.

1877.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD,
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Third Series.—Volume I.

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JANUARY, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Charlie and the New 'Early Days.'

See page 2.

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EARLY DAYS.

BY THE REV. W. O. SIMPSON.

EARLY DAYS! Let us 'lay our heads together,' and see what we can make of the Picture which our artist has given to face the title-page of the first part of the New Series of 'Early Days.' This is the cozy little parlour of house No. 1, Paradise Place.

Our friends introduce themselves to the numberless persons who 'look in upon them.' They have a pleasant smile for every one. Mr. Goodman, Mrs. Goodman, Charlie Goodman, Alice Goodman, Baby Goodman, —a very pleasant family.

'You are very eager, Master Charlie; foot, hand, face, and gesture tell us *that*, though of course *you* can't speak, as you are only a picture.'

Charlie has rushed in with the new number of 'Early Days,' and is greatly set up with its new form and pretty pictures, and ten eyes are turned towards the paper he holds in his hand.

What does each one think about it? As they cannot speak we must speak for them:

Mr. Goodman thinks:—'Better being a boy in these days than when I was a youngster. Little black horses, little black elephants, little black cats in my spelling-book; Christian escaping from the City of Destruction in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" Cain killing Abel in the large old Bible;—*these* were my pictures. My books had brown backs, brown paper, rusty type, and sometimes "f's" and "s's" so very much alike that I could scarcely tell which was which. The books were like the times: learning was made rough, not pleasing, then! Well, well, I am glad that things are better for Charlie. May the white paper be the type of a pure life when his early days are over; may the clear letters be followed by noble deeds and a fair character. May he have realities brighter than his prettiest pictures—the sunlight of God, the love of Jesus, a happy home, money enough to supply his table and fill his bookshelves.'

Mrs. Goodman thinks:—'My boy's handsome, open face is prettier than any picture in the book. I am glad he is so pleased with his "Early Days." I will read every number with him, explain difficulties, interpret the pictures, and keep him alive with questions. We will have little prayers when we are thoughtful, and snatches of song when our joy asks for music. I will do my best, Charlie, to make your early days as happy as can be.'

So Mrs. Goodman thinks, and if she does as she thinks many a time will Charlie look up from the pictures before him to the face above him, and feel sure that there never was and never will be a picture half so beautiful as his mother's countenance.

Charlie thinks,—just a little; his thoughts are in the habit of beginning and never finishing; for he is in his early days yet, and the loom by which thought is woven is only in process of construction. So his thoughts are jerked out in bits, something like this: 'Jolly book; nice pictures; lots of stories; one a month, for years; Ma will read; Pa will talk; I'll

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read to Alice, and show the pictures to baby.'

Well done, Charlie! He means to be good all through his early days: yet, just as the little Magazine which he holds in his hand gets crumpled, its pictures blurred, its pages blotted, its leaves torn, so many a fair youth opens into a manhood of disappointment, failure and disgrace. Dear lad! we hope *our* 'Early Days' will help *his* early days, and do a little to prepare him for a future in which there will be few wrinkles and no blots.

Alice thinks,—and to judge from her face she thinks more than she talks. She will read the 'Early Days' by herself; make a meaning for herself out of every one of its pictures; weep unseen tears over tales of tenderness, and have unseen smiles over bits of fun. Pleasant wisdom, with smiles and tears, forms character, as light, warmth, and showers make the flowers grow. Month by month our 'Early Days' will come to you, Alice dear, and will help you to grow up with kind ways and sweet words; better than a picture, a joyful presence in the little parlour of No. 1, Paradise Place.

Does Baby think?—She tries to think; certainly she *feels*, through those little round eyes of hers, that there is something bright and beautiful to look at. Looking, seeing, thinking, being, are the four stages of a good life. *Looking* gives impressions; *seeing* points out differences and leads to clear perceptions; *thinking* is turning over in the mind what we see; and this process has its issue in what we *are*. So it is not a little matter to take care of the first step, and be heedful of the things at which a baby *looks*. We will give you many things to look at, little Miss, and not one thing, amongst the many, which, when you have begun to think, you will wish you had never seen.

So now good-bye to No. 1. As we shut the door on the Goodmans, just a word: 'we will make the best of *our* "Early Days" if you will make the best of *yours*.'

BEFORE I WAS EIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

I WANT to tell you little people about the trials and troubles that fell to my lot before I was eight years old.

Yes, I had my share in the ups and downs of a child's life, but now that the days of my youth are no more, I can see how I brought upon myself hours of unutterable misery by my passion and pride. I had the very dearest of mothers, though she was ever severe when I committed a fault. My father was remarkably kind and indulgent. O, how I loved them both! My greatest punishment was a good-night kiss refused, or a grieved look on my parents' countenances. The servant, Bessie, was a very important personage in our home; she assumed great authority over me, and for some years I quietly submitted to her will. I had a model nursery full of beautiful toys, also a variety of dolls, which occupied the various chairs and foot-stools in the room. At the time I am speaking of I had ten; I might tire you if I were to describe them all, but I will just mention a few of my favourites.

Every night I affectionately kissed them all round, and placed them in their respective beds. Their clothes were all so made that

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they could either button or tie, and I had a doll-linen drawer where to lay their white skirts, neat prints, flannels, and frills, all washed and ironed by Bessie on her good-humoured days. The doll I loved the most was Eva, named after the little tender-hearted maid of whom I had heard so much in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' parts of which mamma used to read to me. I was enraptured with the story; so, of course, my next dolly personated 'Topsy.' I greatly admired her drollery and fun, and I fear was by no means sufficiently shocked by her naughtiness. How sorry I was that she only 'grew,' and had never known a kind father and mother as I had known mine! Of course to suit the negro taste my doll Topsy was arrayed in amber, with a brilliant sky-blue sash, earrings, and necklace. A mop of woolly hair surmounted her head, and a row of white teeth gleamed from within her thick, vermilion lips. Topsy represented my idea of the negro race. Then there was Jack, a boy doll, decked out in sailor's costume, for I had an intense admiration for anything that bespoke bravery in a boy.

Bessie detested my dolls, which I always thought was very unkind. O, how I hated sweeping days! when, in agonies of dread, I would watch her snatch them up, and in her bustling, hasty way huddle them indiscriminately into one corner of the room, or on a chair. I dared not speak when she had these active fits on her, she was so desperate; and all her wrath was sure to be poured on the unfortunate persons of my harmless dolls. One day—dear, dear! I shall never forget it, I think. Mamma and papa were from home—Bessie began to be busy and fussy, and I quiet and frightened. I stood with Eva in my arms, watching her clean the kitchen-floor; silently thinking to myself how I hated cleaning days, and making up my mind never to have them when I was grown up, and never to keep a woman like Bessie in the house; nor when I was mamma to leave my little girl all alone with a cross servant, and nothing but the dreary sound of her scrub, rub, scrub, all the long day through. If Bessie had only guessed my thoughts! but she didn't. Eva looked uncommonly beautiful to me that day, for I had dressed her in a clean frock, muslin pinafore, and sash. Her blue eyes shone as only dolls' eyes can shine, and her braids of golden hair glittered in the sun. Wonder of wonders, a hurdy-gurdy visited our side garden! I was far from the window and the door; and, alas for me! Bessie's clean, wet floor lay stretched before me like a forbidding barrier. What was I to do? I could just catch sight of enough to satisfy myself that there really were figures in front of the organ, and that they moved to the delightsome tune.

Braving Bessie's anger I made a rush. All her hot temper rose in a second. In vain I pleaded; she willed that I should be a prisoner until the tiles were dry. The hurdy-gurdy might be gone by that time. I burst into a flood of tears, and fled. In my haste for a moment I forgot Eva, my hand relaxed its hold, and Bessie triumphantly caught her in her soapy hand, and her cruel thumb pressed my favourite doll's bright blue eye out of its place right into her head. The hurdy-gurdy was nothing then; I wept till the waxen face and the neat pink frock of my precious doll were drenched in tears. And Bessie? She cleaned her floor and laughed!

So the bright morn was spoiled for me; the rest of the day passed slowly, and for once in my life I was glad to hurry off to bed. Long before mamma and papa returned, I was fast asleep in my little crib, with arms firmly clasped round my poor maimed doll, now dearer to me than ever. I kept the bitter secret of that wretched day to myself; and of course no one noticed the

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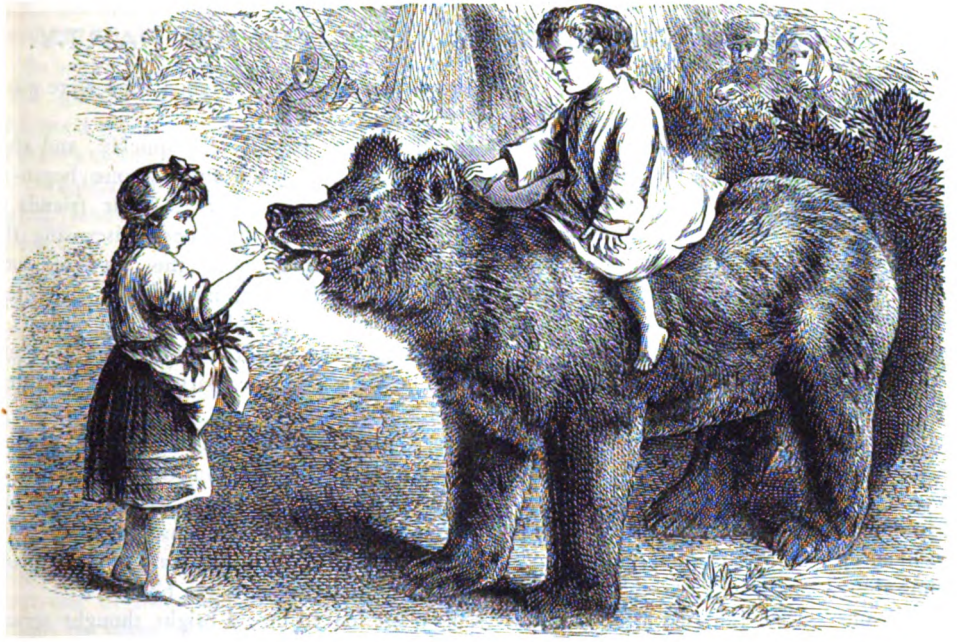
missing eye, and if they had, it was but the eye of a doll !

However, Bessie and I never told tales of each other ; we fought our own battles, and often she proved my greatest friend in spite of her hasty moods.

(*To be concluded.*)

A NOVEL PLAYFELLOW.



Two little Russian children were once playing in the valley of Tajarraû, in Siberia, where their parents were hay-making. They grew tired of staying in one place, and wandered off into the forest, seeking for fruit and fun. At first their friends were too busy to notice that the little ones had gone ; but when they looked up and missed them, of course they were very much alarmed, and set off at once in search of them. They soon found them, but when they saw the children they were almost as frightened as before ; for where do you think they were ? The little boy was mounted on the back of a great bear, while his sister was feeding the animal with fruit which she had gathered. They were both laughing and shouting in great glee, being highly delighted with their new playfellow. Bruin, too, seemed equally pleased with his little friends, and allowed them to play with him and to pull him about as they liked, without ever attempting to hurt them. When the children first saw the bear, he was lying on the grass, but instead of being surprised and running away as fast as their little legs could carry them, they walked up to him, without any fear, and began to try to make friends with

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him. Now, you know bears often hug people to death, and this one could easily have killed the little ones; but I suppose he was pleased with their frank, childish confidence, and was too good-natured to hurt them. When their parents came up and called them, Bruin ran off into the forest, not seeming to like the interruption. But you may imagine how pleased the father and mother were to see the last of him, and to find their children safe and sound.

JOHNNIE AND JESSIE'S NEW-YEAR'S PARTY.

'SAY, Johnnie, wouldn't it be nice to have a party this Christmas, a real grand one, like the little Atkinsons had last year? Lillie Moore told me she was going to have one, and she will ask us, she thinks.'

'Yes, it would be capital,' said Johnnie, 'if we could have some good games at blind man's buff, you know.'

'I should like a magic lantern; it would be ever so much better having one ourselves than going to one, because we could do as we liked. Let's ask mamma, now directly. Come along.' And so the two children ran off.

'Mamma,' cried Johnnie, as they entered the room, 'may we have a party? Do say we may some day, soon, and ask all we like.'

'A party!' said mamma, 'what has put that into your heads? But do you know I was thinking the other day that if a little boy and girl whom I know were very good children till the end of the year, they should have a party on New Year's Day.'

'O, mamma, how delightful! and may we ask all we like?'

'Yes, only you must remember the condition.'

So Johnnie and Jessie sat down to consider the weighty question, thinking very much more about whom they should invite to their party, than about how good they were going to be.

The days passed very quickly, and after Christmas-day Jessie and Johnnie began to think it was time to invite their friends to the party. They had been discussing the subject as usual over the tea-table one evening; and when, immediately after tea, papa opened the Bible to begin prayers, I am afraid the children were thinking quite as much about the party as the chapter. Papa read:

'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, . . . nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.'

Jessie looked up; a bright thought struck her. After prayers she said, 'Johnnie, I've got a scheme to tell you.'

'Well?' asked Johnnie.

So when they had found a quiet corner where nobody else could hear, Jessie began, 'Wouldn't it be nice to have our party like Jesus said, to ask poor children, you know? not Lillie Moore and Walter, because they'd be our "rich neighbours," and ask us again.'

Johnnie thought a minute; he did not fall in with the plan all at once; but at last he said, 'I think it would be nice. There's the little boy who calls "sweep ho!" he's poor enough! and there are the two lame beggar-boys who live in French's Court.'

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'And I saw a little deformed girl there this morning,' said Jessie; 'that's almost the same as "maimed," or at least just as good, or as bad I mean; now for somebody blind.'

'O, we shall soon find some one! Let's go down to French's Court to-morrow. Mamma said, *whoever we liked*, and I'm sure she wouldn't mind.'

So in the morning they started off to invite their guests. They soon found the little deformed girl; she was looking hungrily into a baker's window.

'Wouldn't you like to come to my party?' asked Jessie, 'I'm going to have one to-morrow.'

The child stared; 'Where is parting?' she asked. So Jessie had to explain as best she could; but it was not until she said that there would be something very nice to eat, that the poor girl at all understood that there was any pleasure in store for her. Johnnie had meanwhile found the two lame boys, and a host of poor children besides. And to their great delight they at last discovered a blind girl. Most of the children were so shy and frightened that Johnnie and Jessie agreed that one of them should go out and bring them in when the time came, lest their courage should fail at the last moment.

So when the eventful afternoon arrived, Jessie ran out to look up her visitors.

'Where's Jessie?' asked mamma; 'and you haven't told me who are coming to-day.'

'Jessie will soon be in,' said Johnnie, 'and you said we might ask whom we liked. You don't mind, mamma?'

Just then a loud ring was heard at the bell. Johnnie ran to open the door, but Ann, the servant, was there before him, holding up both her hands and exclaiming,—'O, Miss! what are you doing with those beggar children? don't bring them in! they'll spoil everything, and steal all they can lay their hands on.'

'They're our party,' cried Jessie, indignantly. 'Come in. It's all ready;' and taking little blind Mary by the hand, she led them triumphantly into the parlour. Mamma started in astonishment.

'Why, Jessie!' she began, 'whoever told you—' but she stopped as she caught sight of the blind child and the frightened faces of the motley group.

'The Lord Jesus told us,' said Johnnie. 'It's in the Bible, mamma.'

Mamma rose and welcomed the little ragged children as warmly as if they had been dressed in the height of the fashion. Tea was ready; and all the children who could see, opened their eyes very wide with wonder, for such a sight as that tea-table had never met their eyes before. But they were at no loss what to do with the dainties.

After tea they played just as other children would, only they were far less difficult to amuse, because everything was new. And papa brought in a magic lantern with Bible pictures; and Jessie told the stories to blind Mary, and made it almost as pleasant as if she could see.

'Well,' said Johnnie, after the children had gone home, with buns and oranges in their hands, and such a warm glow as they had never felt before in their hearts; 'well, this is the very jolliest evening I've ever spent in all my life!'

'Yes, indeed it is,' added Jessie. 'Weren't they nice children, Mamma?'

'Very good indeed, Jessie. I am glad you thought of asking them; but I think you should have spoken to me first.'

'But they did no harm, I'm sure,' said Johnnie. 'Poor Jim didn't put the side-board into his pocket, nor Bridget tuck the pier-glass under her shawl, as Ann seemed to think they would. I like them.'

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Johnnie and Jessie's New-Year's Party.

See page 7.

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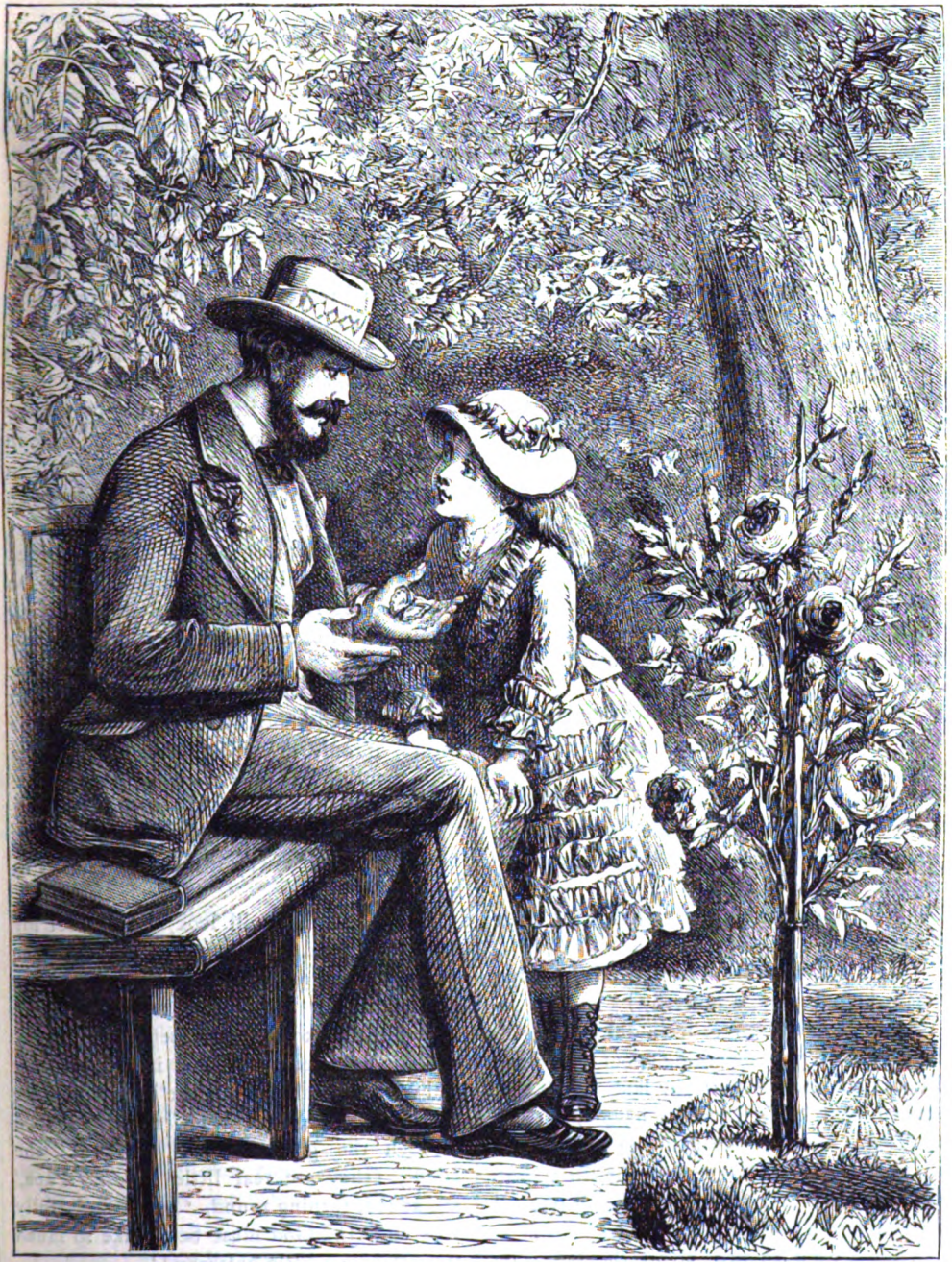

Katie and the Butterfly. *See page* 10.

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HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE MADE.

'THERE, I have caught him at last! What a beauty! and I never could catch a butterfly before.'

The words were uttered in an excited tone by little Katie Kirkham, as she grasped in both her hands a lovely butterfly which she had been chasing in the garden for nearly half an hour.

'What have you there, Katie?' asked her father, looking up from his book; 'let me see.'

'A butterfly, papa,' replied Katie, running to the garden chair where her father sat. 'I am afraid it will fly away if I open my hands.' She cautiously unloosed her grasp, and Mr. Kirkham took the little creature in his hand.

'No, Katie, it will never fly again. That little glad life which was being passed so happily in the sunshine, is at an end for ever. You have crushed it to death.'

'O, papa, I didn't mean to! I only wanted to catch it. I didn't think about its being happy.'

'But your not thinking has taken away a life that you can never restore, if you try till your hair is grey. How did it become a butterfly, Katie?'

'Why, God made it, of course; He made everything.'

'Yes, but how did He make it? What was it before it was a butterfly?'

'I don't know. Was it anything, papa?'

'I will tell you something about its history. First of all another butterfly laid a tiny egg, several eggs in fact, but we have only to do with one. Well, from this egg there came in time a wee little grub, and the little grub crawled about and nibbled cabbage-leaves till it grew into a fine large caterpillar.'

'But I want to hear about the butterfly, papa,' interrupted Katie, 'not about ugly grubs and caterpillars. I thought you were going to say a little baby butterfly came out of the egg.'

'But it didn't, so I couldn't tell you so. We shall find how it did come all in good time. Well, our friend the "ugly caterpillar" had rather a dull time of it, only able to crawl along; it could not fly about, you know, like the butterfly. But at last it found a new occupation, it began to spin for itself a silky case, or tied itself to a twig by a silky cord, and here it lay or swung for some time in what is called the *chrysalis* state, till, when the bright, warm weather came, the cocoon burst, and out flew a beautiful butterfly.'

'O, papa, how wonderful! I had no idea a caterpillar could turn into a butterfly. Do you think it remembered while it was flying about, that it once was a caterpillar, only able to crawl?'

'No, I don't suppose it did, dear; it could not think, you know, either about the past or future, it only enjoyed the sunshine of its little hour. But now look at the wings. What are they made of?'

Katie looked, and gently touched the wing. 'How soft and downy it feels! What is it, papa?'

'Feathers. We will look at it under my microscope, and then you will see that the wings are covered with very small, but quite perfect scales. Come into the library, we have just time to inspect it before dinner.'

Katie followed her father into the house, and watched while he put the butterfly under the microscope, and then eagerly looked through the glass. 'How beautiful,' she cried; 'they are real little scales! Papa,' she added, turning round, 'how wonderfully wise and kind God must be to take so much trouble over a little butterfly!'

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'Ah! my child, I am glad you have found that out. You speak very differently from the careless way in which you said just now: "God made it, of course; He made everything." The earth is full of His wonders. If you keep your eyes open, you will find His wisdom and love displayed in everything that lives. But there is the dinner-bell, so you will have my text without the sermon.'

'Well, papa,' said Katie, earnestly, 'I never will kill or hurt any living thing again, at least, not on purpose; and I shall never see a butterfly without thinking about how it was made.'

G. E. S.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN! It ought to be a good year.'

'Why, papa?' asked Gertrude, looking up from her presents. 'Why should it be a good year?'

'Try and find out: there is something peculiar about it,' said her father, holding out his hand. It was an invitation Gertrude liked: it meant a seat on his knee and a long talk.

'Bring your presents with you,' said Mr. Marchmont. 'You had better ask Wallace to help you.'

Gertrude laughed. 'I have got a lot, haven't I, papa? I'll leave the big ones here and bring my picture and my Bible: O! I must bring my Bible. Papa, are you going to have a talk?'

'Do you want one?'

'You know I do. It's New Year's Day, papa.'

'And you think you ought to have a special talk, do you?'

'Christmas days and New Years' days and birthdays, besides Sundays,' replied Gertrude, leaning on the arm of his chair. 'We are going to be with you all day, papa, Wallace and I.'

'I'm going out,' interrupted Wallace.

Gertrude's face flushed, and she looked appealingly at her father.

'Never mind,' he said, smiling; 'we shall do very well together, Gertie.'

'I'm not going out all day,' said Wallace, remorsefully. 'I will stay with you, papa, a long time.'

'Go out while the sun shines, and come home when it gets dusk and cold,' replied his father. 'It is a splendid day for the ice, my boy.'

'I won't go if you'd rather I stayed at home, papa.'

'I would rather have you on the ice, Wallace, it will do you good. Run away with you.'

Wallace looked dissatisfied: he was wondering if his father were at all vexed with him. Gathering up his presents he put them all away, and then went to put on his boots. 'Good-bye, papa,' he said, coming in equipped for the ice. 'Are you at all vexed with me?' The clear eyes looked anxiously down, and Mr. Marchmont smiled.

'Not at all, Wallace.'

'Not one tiny bit, papa?'

'Not one tiny bit.'

'I wish you could come with me, papa.'

'Ah!' said his father, with a sigh: 'I wish so too, my boy. It will be many a long day before I go on the ice again.'

Wallace looked sober for a minute, then the sound of voices recalled to him the fact that the boys were waiting for him. He rushed

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off, and after watching him out of sight, Gertrude came back to her father.

'Papa, can you nurse me? Will it tire you?' she asked wistfully.

'Not your light weight, Gertie: besides, my little girl has no one else to nurse her. I am mother and father too.'

Gertrude nestled down in his arm, happy and contented. 'It is nice here,' she said. 'Now, papa, talk.'

'What about?'

'Why should this be a good year?'

'Well, I think it should because it is rather peculiar.'

'I don't see how,' said Gertrude, looking puzzled.

'We will try to find out. What year is it?'

'Eighteen hundred and seventy-seven.'

'What is the difference between this and last year?'

'Only seven instead of six.'

'That is just it,' said Mr. Marchmont, smiling at her perplexed look. 'It is the seven that makes it peculiar in my eyes.'

'But why, papa? I don't understand.'

'Can you remember anything singular about the number seven?'

Gertrude thought, and at last shook her head; 'I never heard anything curious about it, papa.'

'Then we will find it out. How many days in the week are there?'

'O, I know that! I didn't know you meant that, papa,' said Gertrude, disappointed.

'Who ordained the seven days, Gertie?'

'God,' said Gertie, softly.

'A certain king once had some strange dreams, and was very anxious to find out what they meant. Do you remember?'

'About seven ears of corn, and seven kine: seven again, papa!'

'There was once a general who had a painful disease, and a prophet told him of a cure: who was that?'

'Naaman! he had to dip *seven* times in Jordan,' said Gertrude, beginning to feel interested. 'Wait one minute, papa: tell me, are there many more?'

'Why?'

'I should like to keep count: I cannot, unless I put them down.'

Mr. Marchmont waited while his little daughter fetched pencil and paper. 'Now, papa,' she said.

'Well, can you not think of one yourself?'

'Jacob had to wait seven years for his wife,' said Gertrude, after a great deal of thought.

'So he had: I had forgotten that!' said her father, smiling.

'They had to walk seven days round Jericho, and O! the seventh day they had to walk seven times. Papa, what a lot of sevens!'

'Go on; you have not found half yet.'

'It is like a game,' said Gertrude, laughing; 'I like it.'

'You can find some more if you think, little one.'

'Seven devils,' said Gertrude, thoughtfully. 'Didn't Jesus cast out seven devils? O yes! and seven loaves, papa! don't you remember? He fed them—the four thousand, you know—with seven loaves. It is strange, isn't it? What others are there? I can't remember any more.'

'Have you read much in the Revelation?'

'Not very much, papa. Shall I look now?'

There was a short silence while she turned over the leaves of her new Bible, her father's new-year's gift, and then she read aloud,—

'"John to the seven churches;" is that the one you mean?'

'One of them. Go on.'

'Seven golden candlesticks; seven stars; that is all in this chapter.'

'Turn to the fifth.'

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'A book "sealed with seven seals." O dear, papa; I shall never remember them all!'

'I do not expect you to do so, dear. When you are older you will find many more sevens in the Bible. But there are three more I particularly want my little girl to think of. One of the disciples, Peter, once asked Jesus a question, "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" What was the answer?'

'"Until seventy times seven,"' said Gertie, soberly. 'Must I forgive Wallace seventy times seven when he teases me?'

Mr. Marchmont smiled at the grave little face. 'Is it very hard to forgive?'

'Sometimes it is: *must* I do it?'

'We will talk about that another time.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Very Old Toy.

You have often seen children playing with little toy windmills, made of wood, with coloured paper for sails. Perhaps you have been delighted with such a plaything yourself. Well, do you know that kind of toy is very ancient? Your great great grandfathers and grandmothers, who never thought about rocking-horses and cricket-bats, when they were children, amused themselves with the paper windmill. There is a picture of it nearly five hundred years old, and in one of the earliest editions of Shakespeare's poems, which were written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there is a rough woodcut representing a child playing with a windmill.

Of course they were very clumsy-looking things compared to the pretty playthings that children now have.

School Again.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket-bag for his bat;
And he looked as bright as the best of kings,
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young compeers;
And we made as though it were dust and rain
That filled our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shoulder'd his bat with glee,
And wonder'd when they would start!

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;

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But the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down ;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

Teaching Grandmother.

A POOR little boy who lived long before the days of School Boards and cheap school-books, had been taught to read. He was the only member of the family who could do so, and wanted to teach all the others. He began with his sister ; then he tried to get his mother to learn, but she had not sufficient patience to master her letters, or perhaps could not spare the time. So the little fellow offered his services to his grandmother, and asked his teacher to lend him some elementary book. How pleased and proud the old lady and her little grandson must have been when she could read through a chapter in the Bible !

Scripture Enigma.

IN Eastern lands there flows a river famed,
Oft meant in Holy Writ, but seldom named.
If you will guess the things described below,
And set their names' first letters in a row,
And spell the word they make, you'll quickly find
What stream it is that I have in my mind.

1
A valiant man, with one left-handed blow,
Laid the oppressor of his people low.

2
The country where a good man suffer'd sore,
Who lost ten children, but received ten more.

3
A bird, familiar both to you and me,
Which David's son had brought from o'er the sea.

4
A man of whom this only record stands,
That once he help'd hold up another's hands.

5
She in a window tied a piece of cord,
And saved herself and kindred from the sword.

6
A runner swift pursued a warrior brave,
And brought himself to an untimely grave.

7
A man who left his home, by Abraham's side,
For Canaan's land, but on the way he died.

8
The master whom a rebel servant slew ;
But from that time no peace the rebel knew.

9
The king who took three hundred shields of gold
That David's grandson had not strength to hold.

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS AMONGST ANIMALS.

THE second family of the *Pachydermata*, or thick-skinned order of animals, occupying apparently an intermediate position between the elephant and the pig, is the Tapir Family, to which the animal represented in our Engraving, to whom pussy has attached herself, most certainly belongs. Three species of this family are known ; of which two are inhabitants of South America, and the third a native of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca. Taking the common American form as a type of the tapir family, it may be said that in its general appearance the

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tapir reminds us of the pig, but it is sufficiently distinguished from that animal by its snout, which is lengthened into a flexible proboscis, and looks like the rudiment of the trunk of the elephant, and partly serves the same purpose. The legs are short and stout, the fore-feet furnished with four toes, and the hind-feet with three, and these have only their tips cased in small hoofs. The hair of the body is scanty, very short, and closely depressed to the surface, scarcely distinguishable at a short distance. It is of a deep brown colour throughout, approaching to black, is between three and four feet in height and from five to six feet in length.

The American tapir feeds on the young shoots of trees, buds, and fruits, in a wild state; but in confinement is an indiscriminate swallower of everything, filthy or clean. It is very fond of the water and frequently resorts to it. Its disposition is peaceful and quiet, and it never attacks man unless first molested.

The species of tapir with which the cat lives in the Zoological Gardens, and which is figured in our Engraving, is the Brazilian tapir, or the common South American species.

Mr. Ball gives, on the authority of Mr. W. Roots, of Kingston-on-Thames, the following story of the friendship subsisting between a cat and a frog: 'This little reptile first issued from a hole in the skirting of the underground kitchen, and the servants who lived there treated their strange visitor kindly, so that he became domesticated, coming out regularly at meal-times to be fed. These visits were continued through the winter months, when, contrary to the torpid tendency of his cold-blooded nature, he usually came out of his hole in the evening, and made for the warm hearth in front of a good kitchen fire, where he remained enjoying himself until the family retired to rest. There happened to be living in the kitchen a favourite domestic cat, and a friendship was soon established between the two animals, the frog frequently nestling under the warm fur of the cat, while the cat appeared extremely jealous of interrupting the comfort and convenience of the frog. This curious scene was often witnessed by many besides the family.'

Every kind of animal avoids the crocodile but one, with which he is at perfect peace, the spur-winged Dotterel, a species of plover of a greyish colour, and about the size of a pigeon. This bird, which may be called their friend and watchman, is constantly running around them, when asleep or at rest on shore, picking off the insects infesting their bodies, and the surrounding shell-fish. The approach of the hunter, or any dangerous animal, always calls forth a noisy note from the plover. This arouses the crocodile, which immediately plunges into the water, and thus escapes.

A similar service is performed for the cattle in Africa by a group of birds which have received the name of African Ox-peckers, so called from their singular habit of perching on the backs of cattle, and extracting the larvæ of the Bot-flies with which they are infested, and which form their principal means of support. The bill is certainly well adapted for gently squeezing out the insects from the tumours caused by their presence, and the cattle are said to allow the birds to perch on them without any signs of unwillingness.

There are many cases known to naturalists of strange reciprocal attachments between cats and different kinds of animals.

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Strange Friends.

See page 14.

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FEBRUARY, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

The Lord's Prayer.

See page 19.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

oes my little daughter remember Calvary?' asked Mr. Marchmont.

'Yes, papa,' whispered Gertrude.

'Does she remember how many times the Saviour spoke?'

Gertrude thought. 'No: did He speak seven times, papa?'

'Let us count. Did He forgive His enemies, those who were putting Him to such a cruel death?

'He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Yes, He forgave them, or He would not have asked God to forgive them, I suppose.'

'When the thief entreated Him to remember him, what did He say?'

'"To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Papa, I never counted them before.'

'Then when He saw His mother weeping at the foot of the cross, and His loving, faithful disciple, He had a thought of kindness for them: "Behold thy son!" and to John, "Behold thy mother!" That is three times.'

'I know the fourth, papa,' whispered Gertie; 'He was thirsty.'

'Yes, and said, "I thirst." Then came that mysterious darkness on the land, and He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"'

Mr. Marchmont paused, and Gertie looked up. 'Papa, that was the worst of all!'

'Why?'

'He felt as if His Father frowned on Him. I know it was the worst, because it is so dreadful when you look angry with me. But the next was better, papa, because at last He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."'

'Yes; but He said other words first: what?'

'What were they, papa? I forget.'

'Think, dear. Did He leave His work unfinished?'

'No: I know now, "It is finished." That is seven times,' said Gertie, softly. 'I'm glad: I like it.'

'Like what?'

'The seven times: it is a good number. What is the other seven?'

'You must find that out for yourself.'

'But how can I, papa?'

'I will give you a clue: it has to do with the Lord's Prayer.'

'The Lord's Prayer! Won't you tell me, papa?'

'This evening I will. Try and find it out. Now do you think this ought to be a good year, Gertie?'

'Yes, papa. It will be a good year to me if you get well.'

'And to me if I see my children living the Lord's Prayer,' said Mr. Marchmont, stroking her hair.

'Living the Lord's Prayer!' cried Gertie, raising her head in astonishment; 'how can we?'

'Wait till this evening, and we will see,' replied her father. And Gertie had to wait.

CHAPTER II.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

'Wallace, papa has got something to tell us about the Lord's Prayer.'

Wallace looked up impatiently. 'Be quiet, Truda; how can I read when you talk so?'

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'But don't you want to hear it, too?' persisted his little sister. 'Wallace, do you know this is such a funny year?'

'What's it funny about?'

'It is eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, you know; it is the seven that makes it funny; isn't it, papa?'

'I don't see what you mean. There's nothing queer in seven: it is only a number,' said Wallace, returning to his book.

'O, but there is something queer in it!' said Gertie, eagerly. 'Tell him, papa.'

'He wants to go on with his book,' replied Mr. Marchmont, quietly. 'Let him read, Gertie, and you come and talk to me.'

'I can't find it out, papa,' said Gertie. 'I have counted the sentences, but there are more than seven, and I can't think of anything else.'

'Do you know what a petition is, Gertie?'

'It means asking for something, doesn't it?'

'Yes: now how many things do you ask for when you repeat the Lord's Prayer?'

Gertie thought. '"Give us this day our daily bread;" that's one, papa.'

'But what comes before that?'

'We don't ask for anything,' said Gertie.

'Let us see: how do you begin?'

'"Our Father Which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy ——"'

'Stop!' said her father, lifting his finger. 'What does that mean? "hallowed be Thy Name."'

'Hallowed means sacred, doesn't it, papa? It means that we mus'n't take God's Name in vain.'

'Not exactly that we must not. In another part of the Bible we are told that we *must not*: but this is rather different. This prayer is for us to use, and we don't want to tell God what we must not do; He knows that already.'

'So He does,' said Truda, looking perplexed. 'It seems as if we were asking Him to let His Name be hallowed.'

'That is just it, dear: now you have got it. "Hallowed be Thy Name" is the first petition in the Lord's Prayer. We ask God to put it into every one's heart to keep His Name sacred and holy. That is one prayer. Now, go on.'

'"Thy kingdom come,"—why, papa, that is another petition! I never knew! "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven:" that is the third. Papa! I guess: there are seven prayers! Is that it?'

Mr. Marchmont smiled. 'Count them.'

'"Give us this day our daily bread;" that is four. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;" five. "Lead us not into temptation;" six. "But deliver us from evil;" seven. "For thine *is* the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen." Papa, there *are* seven!'

'Does my little girl know what they all mean?' said Mr. Marchmont.

'You told me the first. "Thy kingdom come:" I think I know what that means, too, only I can't say it.'

'Over what people does God reign?'

'Over all who love Him, papa.'

'Then it is not God's kingdom where the people do not love Him?'

'Of course not! that is the devil's kingdom,' replied Truda.

'Then when you pray for God's kingdom to come, you are really praying that people may learn to love Him, for He cannot have a kingdom without.'

'Then, papa, I might as well say, "Make everybody love Thee."'

'It would mean very much the same thing.'

(*To be continued.*)

Before I was Eight.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE another painful recollection of my early childhood. From infancy I was considered to be of a very open, truthful disposition; but one day, to my great

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disgrace, I acted a deliberate lie. Mamma sent me on an errand (a thing which she rarely did). She was in no hurry for my return, so I sauntered idly along, looking in at the gaily-dressed shops.

At one of them I remained some time; it was a toy-shop. I longed for one new little toy. Why did I not do my errand, and then run home and ask mamma? I thought of doing so, but I did not. A small box lay in the window containing three wooden railway carriages and an engine, all for one penny. I resisted no longer. In I went boldly, laid down one of mamma's pennies, and received my treasure. But I felt guilty. At once it flashed across my mind that I had done wrong, very wrong, and so I was happy no more. O, how miserable I was! how gladly at that moment would I have parted with all the toys my nursery contained to have bought back my peace.

But mamma's errand had to be done, so I entered the shop; I dare hardly raise my face lest my guilt should be discovered. I took the small packet of buttons in my hand, and ran home.

'I am a penny short, Maggie,' said mamma, 'the woman has made a mistake, they should only have cost tenpence, not elevenpence,' she continued, looking at the change. 'Run back and ask for the penny.' I crept out; what was I to do? I could see that mamma never for a moment suspected me.

So I walked into the town, wondering how to get a penny for the one I had so wickedly spent. I pulled out my own little leather purse, vainly hoping there might be some money concealed within its pretty green pockets; but no, there only lay a solitary stamp. 'A stamp is worth a penny,' I thought; 'if I could only sell it! So I walked with a trembling step into a large, handsome shop, laid down my stamp, and asked for a penny. The shop-keeper (a good-natured, cheerful-looking man) laughed, looked very much surprised, and hesitated; but I pleaded earnestly, so he took the stamp, called me 'a rare little business woman,' and laid down the penny. At once I felt happier, ran home, and gave it to mamma.

'That is right,' she said; 'I told you she had made a mistake; but what a long time you have been, Maggie!'

After dinner mamma tied on my sun-shade and sent me out to play. I took the box of trains with me, but I couldn't find any pleasure in them, I even hated them. I hid the plaything that had cost me so dear beneath my pinafore, and gave myself up to gloomy thoughts. I could not help thinking that afternoon of Cain, who wandered through life with God's mark of anger upon him. Should I so walk? For I felt branded then at any rate as a wicked, wicked girl. What, too, about my prayers? I fully believed that I never should be able to pray again now that that blot was on my conscience. However, meditating made things seem worse, so I thought I had better do something to please mamma. I ran in, fetched a garden fork, and began to root up the groundsel that was trespassing on her flower-bed. I worked hard for some time, when my attention was arrested by the sound of light footsteps on the gravel-walk. A little blue-eyed, bare-headed girl, with tangled yellow hair, stood quietly watching me.

'What do you want?' I asked.

'Nothing,' she said, in a low frightened tone; 'I only thought it would be beautiful to be a lady and have them flowers to pull.'

'Would you like some?' I asked.

'Shouldn't I just?' she replied, her pale eyes lighting up, and her thin, dirty hand stretched out towards me, and as quickly withdrawn. Perhaps she saw me shrink from her; for I have an instinctive dread of

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dirt. She must have felt hurt, for she said no more about the flowers and was turning to go.

'Why are you going without the flowers?' I shouted, holding them towards her; 'see, I have gathered them all for you out of my own bed. Mamma never lets me get any others. Look here,' I continued in a softer tone, after I had seen her grasp the nosegay with unconcealed delight, 'I have something else for you,' pulling from beneath my pinafore the box of railway carriages. She gave a little shout of surprise, and threw up her dirty arms in delight. I bade her be quiet, then I set the carriages in order, and drew them along the flagged gateway to show her how to play with them.

The yellow head nodded, and the wan, grimy, freckled face beamed with pleasure. She rolled the box as carefully up in her

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rags as I had done in my pretty muslin pinafore, hugged her flowers with the same affection, and ran off as fast as her poor naked feet could carry her. I breathed a sigh of relief, and set to my weeding again, till the great hall bell sounded for tea.

At bed-time mamma wanted to curl my hair; so, as usual, I ran for the curl-papers. I had to go upstairs, and all was dark. What of that,—hadn't I gone every evening in the dark? Of course I had; but that night I carried about with me the remembrance of an untruth, and I couldn't brave it in the dark! O, the weight of that first lie!

I returned with brush, comb, papers, my cheeks flaming, and head throbbing. I was beginning to feel ill.

My dreams were terrifying: the sad, sinful scenes of that miserable day were reacted in as vivid a manner as if all were real. I awoke, turned uneasily, but was too ill to get up. It was the beginning of fever.

Mamma stood by, listening to my incoherent murmurings, from which she could gather nothing except fragmentary talks of a penny, railway trains, and a yellow-haired, dirty child.

For days I lay unconsciously tossing upon a bed of pain, then the fever subsided, and I grew calm. My pent-up soul could hold out no more. I poured into the loving, listening ear the story of my guilt. A cloud passed over mamma's face, and I thought I saw a tear tremble in her soft grey eye, but I stayed not until I had told her all; and then we mingled our tears together, and I lay in her gentle arms, too weak to do anything but trust and love.

My eighth birthday passed before I was considered well enough to have tea downstairs.

O, the presents I had! it would make you girls and boys wish for them, if I were to describe them all. The one I liked best was a beautiful wax doll, so much like Eva that one could almost imagine she was remodelled for my special benefit.

Now I must tell you of two resolutions that I made in my sick-room:

First, never to deceive mamma again.

Second, never to be afraid to tell God about every trouble that might happen to me, however small, and always to ask His forgiveness when I did wrong.

Trying to keep these resolutions, I had less trouble, mamma trusted me again, Bessie was more kind, and my heart was glad.

Joy.

LUCY FOWLER'S NEW FROCK;

Or, The Beautiful Child.

Lucy Fowler and her widowed mother lived in a very clean, bright attic in the outskirts of a large town in the west of England. Mrs. Fowler had feared and loved God from her youth, and her husband had been like-minded; but the happy country home had been broken up by the death of Lucy's father, about two years before the date of our story. Mrs. Fowler, who was nearly worn out by the long illness of her husband, had now to leave the pretty cottage at Winton to the new gardener's family, and take a room in the nearest town.

Two years or more had passed away and Lucy was ten years old. She was not handsome, but looked honest and loving, and was gentle and obedient to her mother, whom she loved dearly, and now helped her to knit, as well as wind all her wool, and clean up the room, which was a picture of neatness.

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Lucy's mourning dress had been well kept and well mended, but was getting too shabby to go to Sunday-school in, and Mrs. Fowler had put away sixpence now and then to buy a new frock for Lucy. So one fine morning her mother said to her, 'Put on your hat and cloak, Lucy, and we will go out and look for your frock.'

Lucy was delighted, and skipped about with joy while she was getting ready, and all the way to the draper's she talked of the frock, and what she would like. It was to be a print; that would do for all seasons. Many a window would Lucy have stopped at, to examine all the patterns, but Mrs. Fowler had not time to spare and hurried her on.

'Well, ma'am,' said the shopman, 'what can I do for you this morning?'

Lucy thought he could do a great deal if he liked, but she said nothing, and her mother answered, 'I want something to suit this little girl, Sir, for a frock; a print, not too light, and a good cloth that will wear well.'

'Then a short length would do?'

'Yes, Sir, please; a remnant of about five yards would do nicely.'

'Follow me this way then,' he said, going before them to a shelf at the lower end of the shop and taking down a pile of short lengths.

Lucy felt bewildered as she saw the variety of patterns—red roses on white grounds; blue stars on brown; green rings on black; yellow spots, little balls, and wafers, and half-moons, apparently without end. Poor Lucy's brain was in a whirl.

'Now, dear,' said her mother, 'do you like any of these?'

'O yes, mother,' said Lucy, 'I like ever so many of them! you will have to choose for me, please; the gentleman would not like to wait for me.' This was said in a timid whisper. So her mother smiled, and laying her hand on a piece of warm brown twilled calico, with a well-covered coralline pattern, like crimson seaweed, scattered over it, said to the shopman, 'If this is not too dear for me, Sir, it would do well for my purpose.'

Lucy's eyes glistened, and she thought, 'Will he be so *very* good as to sell this cheap enough for mother to buy?' The shopman looked amused at the child's eager, intent look. He was a good-natured, grey-headed man, and remembered his own young days.

He replied, 'Well, ma'am, you're no bad judge of cloth and colour. This was an expensive piece of goods, but it has a fault in one end of the pattern; however, I think there may be enough for you.' He measured the stuff, and found it was five yards and three-quarters. 'Now,' he said, 'this is marked at five shillings, *as a remnant;* it was eighteenpence a yard, but if it suits you I will let you have it for four shillings.'

'Well, Sir, I'll take it,' said Mrs. Fowler; 'I did not intend to spend so much, but I think Lucy would not like to leave it behind.'

So the pretty print was paid for and wrapped up, and Lucy stretched out her hand for the parcel, and was skipping on before her mother towards the street, when she saw a handsome carriage at the door, and a footman all plush and lace lifting out a beautiful little girl of seven or eight years old, dressed in sky-blue merino, richly trimmed with swans'-down. He handed her into the shop, where he placed her on a chair, and an elderly lady in black silk, apparently her governess, sat down beside her, and asked for some trimmings.

There were two ladies leaving the shop with Lucy and her mother, and Lucy heard one of them say softly to the other, 'Did you ever see such a lovely child? What a skin and complexion! what golden hair! and her eyes like two stars: *she is a perfect beauty!*' Lucy and her mother walked on, and Mrs. Fowler thought that Lucy would have now given full expression to her delight about her new frock; but Lucy was silent.

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What a 'lovely Child'! *See page* 23.

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Carl Linne.

See page 26.

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'Well, Lucy,' said her mother at last, 'I think you have got a very good and very pretty frock.'

'O yes, mother,' replied Lucy, as if awaking from a dream, 'it was very good of you to give so much money for it, and very good of the shopman to let us have it, but —'

'But what, Lucy?' said her mother.

'I was thinking, mother, how nice it must be to have every one say "*How beautiful she is*," as the ladies did of the lovely little girl in the blue dress; and Mary Martin, who is in our class, said last Sunday to her sister, "What a black-looking little thing Lucy Fowler is—black hair, and black eyes, and black skin, and black frock and bonnet! I don't like to look at her, *she is not one bit pretty*."'

'Well, Lucy, never mind Mary Martin; she must be a silly girl, and not polite either, or she would not make such remarks. But, dear Lucy, *beauty is but skin deep:* small-pox might spoil the finest skin in a week. God has given you good health, and if you are a good girl every one whose love is worth having will love you as much as if you were beautiful, and *I could not love you more than I do*.'

It so happened that this was one of the evenings when their kind neighbour, Mary Davis, used to come in to set a copy for Lucy, but she did not come, and the next day they watched for her, but still she did not come; but the third day, just as they were going to sit down to their breakfast, Mary came in, looking very tired.

'O, Mary,' said Mrs. Fowler, 'we wondered at not seeing you these two days!'

'Well, Mrs. Fowler,' said Mary, 'I have not slept at home these last two nights, and it is nearly time now to go to my school. Poor old Mrs. Shaw, my mother's old friend, has been very ill, and she lives quite alone in Monkton, two miles out of town, so I put my nightcap in my pocket, and went to see her; and indeed I was glad I went; she has been so ill, and not able to get up, or do anything for herself. I made her bed, and washed her hands and face, and gave her a cup of tea, and told her I was come to spend the night with her, and that I would stay till she was better. Poor old lady! she burst out crying, and threw her arms about my neck, sobbing out, "O, *my beautiful child!* the Lord sent you to me." Well, you know, Mrs. Fowler, I could not stand *that*, and I had to laugh right out: to call *me* beautiful, with this poor pock-marked face, sounded so strange! But now,' said Mary, 'it is time for me to go to school.' So saying, Mary Davis went down the stairs, and Lucy looked at her mother.

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do good things, and not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast *for ever*,
One grand, sweet song.'

R. R. T.

CARL LINNÉ.

Commonly called Linnæus.

CARL LINNE was born in May, 1707, at Rashult, in Sweden. The name Linné (Linnæus in Latin) signifies in Swedish a lime or linden tree. It was taken from a linden growing on the homestead of his ancestors, this manner of adopting surnames being frequent in Sweden.

Nils Linnæus, the father, was a Minister. In his boyhood he had delighted in plants and their cultivation; he was therefore not surprised to find the like taste in his son, though it caused him great pain when the taste grew into a passion so absorbing that all other studies had to give way to it, and the idea of educating Carl for his own office had to be abandoned.

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From the time that he first left his cradle, the child delighted in his father's beautiful garden. It was laid out with great skill, and planted with rare flowers and shrubs. To Carl it was not only a playground but also a school. Such a school was much more favourable to him than some he attended when he was a few years older, and dearly he loved it. He did not want twelve o'clock to strike that he might be released from his earliest teachers, the flowers. For awhile, we may suppose, his father encouraged his love for them, and the curious questions he was so well able to answer; but the shadows of life fell on the path of the bright boy when books were put into his hands, and he was required to learn *hic, hæc, hoc* and the multiplication table.

You will not pity him much for that; but in those days learning was not made so pleasant as it is now. Parents and teachers were so stern, and books so dry and hard, that if children had not a strong inborn love for them they were not very likely to acquire it.

At seven Linnæus (we shall use the name he is best known by) had a tutor, and at nine he went to school; but the discipline was so severe that his parents were obliged to remove him as being too timid to endure it. At home his father superintended very strictly his preparation of lessons, particularly of Latin. Indeed, he fared little better with him than with his schoolmasters. But all his holiday-time (and much of his evening leisure) was spent in seeking flowers and mosses, and in examining them. Seeing how backward he was in his education, his father forbade him to waste his time in that manner; and then the boy wept bitterly, telling his mother his trouble and looking to her for sympathy: 'When I go into the fields, the woods, or on the hill-side, every flower, every leaf, has to me a tongue with which it speaks of its own being and of God. I cannot tell you how its speech fills my heart... We might make in our garden a clock of the flowers. Now I know what time it is by seeing which of them have opened their petals, and which have closed them up!'

His mother kissed him, told him to be a good boy and learn his lessons, and said that if he would rise early for his outdoor rambles, she would excuse him to his father.

It is said that his father, to break him in, apprenticed him in a distant town to a shoemaker; that the constant sitting and the distasteful occupation so tried him that he fell into a fever, betraying in his fitful wanderings the secret of his present position, and the peculiar character of his mind. The pastor who visited him, noting it, communicated with his father, and persuaded him to take him home and let him follow his own bent.

This is very touching, and the silence with regard to it of the Diary which he published does honour to the filial piety of the great naturalist, who would not put upon record a trial which might reflect some blame upon his father for mistaken judgment, if not for cruelty.

(To be continued.)

A TALK ABOUT PAPER MARKS AND SIGNS.

You think you have made a grand discovery. You have held a sheet of note-paper up to the light, and have found some letters on it. No, they are not *on it*, but *in it*. Put it down on the table. Now where are the letters? Hold it to the light again, with the letters at the bottom of the sheet:

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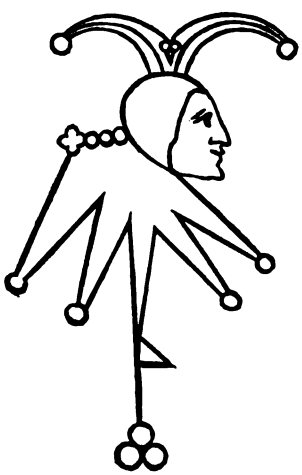
J. ALLEN AND SONS, SUPERFINE.

That is the name of the maker and the quality of the paper. Here is a sheet which has a crown on it, and some have only straight lines down the sheet, which are called water-lines. These letters and marks, which distinguish the paper of different manufacturers, are made in the paper while it is in a soft, moist state, before it is dried, and the size or glaze put on it.

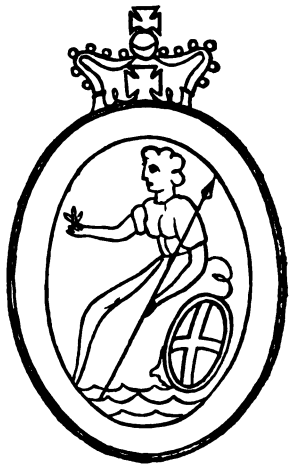
Ever since paper has been made in England, some kind of mark has been used; and when books were first printed, there would always be on the title-page, or at the end of the volume, the printer's mark, which was a kind of little picture or device.

Every shop then had a sign, just as public-houses have still. This was because so few people could read; it would have been of no use to put 'grocer and tea dealer' over a door; but, instead, there would be a picture or model of a tea-pot.

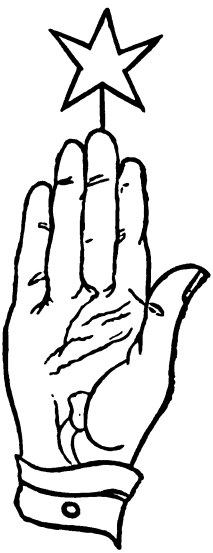
Each printer had his own particular sign. The first edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was printed at the sign of the Peacock.



Some of the early marks in paper were very curious. There were wheels, stars, and shields, ox heads and dogs' heads, etc., etc. Our first cut is a representation of the fool's cap. An ugly-looking thing, isn't it? This was a very favourite device, and from it we get the



name of foolscap paper. Above is a picture of Britannia ruling the waves, taken from a sheet of foolscap, such as we use now. The open hand was a very early sign, and from it one kind of paper was called *hand-paper*. Another sort had the name of *pot paper*, because its mark was a pig or pot; which was, perhaps, the prettiest of all the marks, some of the jugs and vases being of most elegant shape.



Then there was the *post paper*. This was the kind that your grandfathers and grandmothers wrote their letters on. Its mark was the post-horn, a representation of the horn that was used on the old mail-

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coaches. You wish you had lived in the days when there were all these funny signs to look at. Ah! but then you would not have had such pretty pictures or stories in your books, nor, indeed, any books at all; except, perhaps, a shabby, badly-printed copy of some old fairy tale, like Jack the Giant-killer. So you see little folks are far better off now.

G. E. S.

A PRINCE AMONG THE LOWLY.

Away underground, in a deep coal-mine,
Sat an old man, poor and blind:
His clothing was thin, and black was his skin
As the rocks which the cavern lined.

He could not work with the men in the mine,
So it was his task to wait,
Through all the long day, in a dreary way,
And attend on the miners' gate.

A stranger came down to the gate one day,
And the old man let him through;
Then, all unaware he was noticed there,
Took his place to wait anew.

The man was a friend to the lowly poor
Who came in his path each day;
He felt for the race, and the old man's case,
As he sadly walked away.

'Alas! for a poor, blighted life like this,
So desolate, dark, and cold!
But such, it is said, have not heart or head,
Like those of a finer mould.

'It may be so,' he was thinking, when lo!
His ear caught a musical strain;
And he turn'd to find 'twas the old man blind,
Singing a happy refrain.

He listen'd, surprised, as he nearer drew,
And quietly took his stand,
While he heard him sing, with a joyful ring,
A song of the better land.

When the song was through, 'How is it,' he asked,
'That here, in this cheerless night,
You can sing as though no sorrow you know,
And the days were always bright?'

'O I have no cause for sorrow,' he said;
'For I am the son of a King;
And while I am here, with release so near,
'Tis fitting that I should sing:

'For my heart is full of my Father's love,
And thoughts of my Royal home,
Where a crown of gold, and treasure untold,
Are waiting for me to come.'

How little we know of the inner life
By the one which outward lies!
For the lowliest ones of earth's lowly sons
May be princes in disguise!

N. J. R.

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'Please, Sir.'

'SIR,' said an old man one day to a Minister, 'would you like to know how it was that I, an old grey-headed sinner, was led to become a Christian?'

'Yes,' replied the Minister; 'I should very much like to know.'

'Well, Sir, I was walking along the street one morning when I met a bright-eyed little boy. The little fellow stepped up to me, and in the most polite manner imaginable, said—"*Please, Sir, will you take a tract; and please, Sir, will you read it?*"

'Now, I had always hated tracts; and when anybody offered them to me, I generally got angry, and, shame to say it, I sometimes swore dreadfully at them. But that "*Please, Sir*," overcame me that morning. I could *not* swear at that gentlemanly little fellow, with his kind "*Please, Sir*." No, no! so I took the tract, and I thanked the boy.

'As I had promised him that I would read it, I *did* read it. By God's mercy the reading of that tract led me to see that I was a sinner. It showed me that Jesus Christ was my only Saviour. It was the means of bringing me to Christ. That "*Please, Sir*," was the *key* that unlocked my hard, old heart.'

The King and the Crier.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD was once visiting the town of Cheltenham; and while he was walking through the streets, the crier, who by the by was a woman, went round with her bell, announcing in a loud voice a public notice, doubtless of some festivity to celebrate the King's visit, and concluded her proclamation with the words, 'God save the King!' The King immediately turned round, and very emphatically and heartily added, 'God save the crier, and the people!'

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

(*See page* 14.)

E hud, Judges iii. 21.
U z, Job i. 1, 2, xlii. 13.
P eacock, 1 Kings x. 22.
H ur, Exodus xvii. 12.
R ahab, Joshua ii. 21.
A sahel, 2 Samuel ii. 18—23.
T erah, Genesis xi. 31, 32.
E lah, 1 Kings xvi. 8—10; 2 Kings ix. 31.
S hishak, 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26, x. 17.

EUPHRATES.

A Fish out of Water.

You would be rather astonished, should you not, if some day, when you were walking out, you were to meet a fish paddling along the road? Well, you are not likely to have this cause of astonishment; but there is a fish that does, in some way or other, convey itself over dry land. I will tell you how, and where.

This fish, which is a kind of perch, has his home in the fresh water streams of the tropical parts of India and China. Now in the very hot, scorching season, many of these streams dry up, to the great discomfort of the poor perch; who either buries himself in the hard, dry mud at the bottom, or if he is of a more enterprising disposition, starts off on an exploring expedition, to find another stream. But how can he live out of water?

In very much the same way that the camel does in the desert. There is in his head a little cavity, which he fills with water, and as he wanders over the land, moving his gills I suppose as if he were swimming, the water from his head falls regularly, drop by drop, on to his gills, and so they are always moist, and the fish is kept alive.

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He is called the climbing-perch, because he sometimes climbs trees. A Danish naturalist named Daldorf once saw one of these clever fishes climbing up a palm-tree which grew near a pond. He grasped hold of the bark of the tree with the sharp little spikes on his fins and tail, and in this way hoisted himself up.

There is another strange thing about this queer fish: his natural colour is dull, with nothing at all striking about it; but if he is put into a basin of water with another fish of the same species, they both become angry and excited, and their bodies shine with all sorts of dazzling colours, as they fiercely fight each other.

Now don't you think this perch is a very funny fellow? E. L. N.

THE TRUNK OF THE ELEPHANT.

If you look carefully at the body of the Elephant, you will see the trunk is necessary as a compensating instrument for certain deficiencies in its structure. Thus, the legs of this animal are huge, and apparently heavy and clumsy; yet they are of the most solid construction, each bone resting firmly upon the one beneath it: this is necessary to sustain the enormous weight of the body. The neck is short, in order to support the ponderous head and tusks, but this prevents the animal from obtaining its food; for the elephant is vegetarian in its diet. The trunk has, therefore, been provided, by which the food is reached from the trees and the ground, and conveyed to the mouth. The elephant pulls down the branches of those aromatic trees on which he feeds, strips them of their leaves, or tears them up by their roots with his trunk, thus, at the same time, forcing a passage for his bulky body through the tangled forest. He is awkward and uncouth in appearance, yet under this rude exterior exist qualities which entitle their possessor to the respect and admiration of mankind. Like the horse and dog, the elephant is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of man. He is mild and gentle, and very intelligent. The trunk is perhaps the most wonderful part of his body. In the works of God, when things are properly understood, beauty is seen even in apparent deformity.

Cuvier tells us the trunk is composed of forty thousand, or more, small muscles, interlaced in all directions, and the contraction and relaxation of these muscles enable the animal to shorten or lengthen its trunk, and render it so flexible that it is capable of being twisted and coiled about an object.

The elephant's trunk is perforated through its entire length by a double tube, through which the animal breathes and drinks. At the end of the trunk is a little finger-like appendage, which serves to pick up small objects, and also acts as a feeder. His sense of touch is very delicate. With this wonderful instrument, as with a hand, the elephant can pick up a needle or tear up a tree, twist the herbage from the ground, or strip the young branches or leaves from the trees upon which he feeds. When thirsty, he plunges his double tube in the water, fills his trunk, then putting the end of it into his mouth, he discharges its fluid contents down his throat; or if he wishes to indulge in the luxury of a shower-bath after he has quenched his thirst,—as he often does in the warm climate where he lives,—he spouts the water, taken into his trunk, all over his body; thus cooling himself and driving away the flies.

Our Engraving represents an elephant playing a barrel-organ with its trunk, in Wombwell's well-known menagerie.

HARLAND COULTAS.

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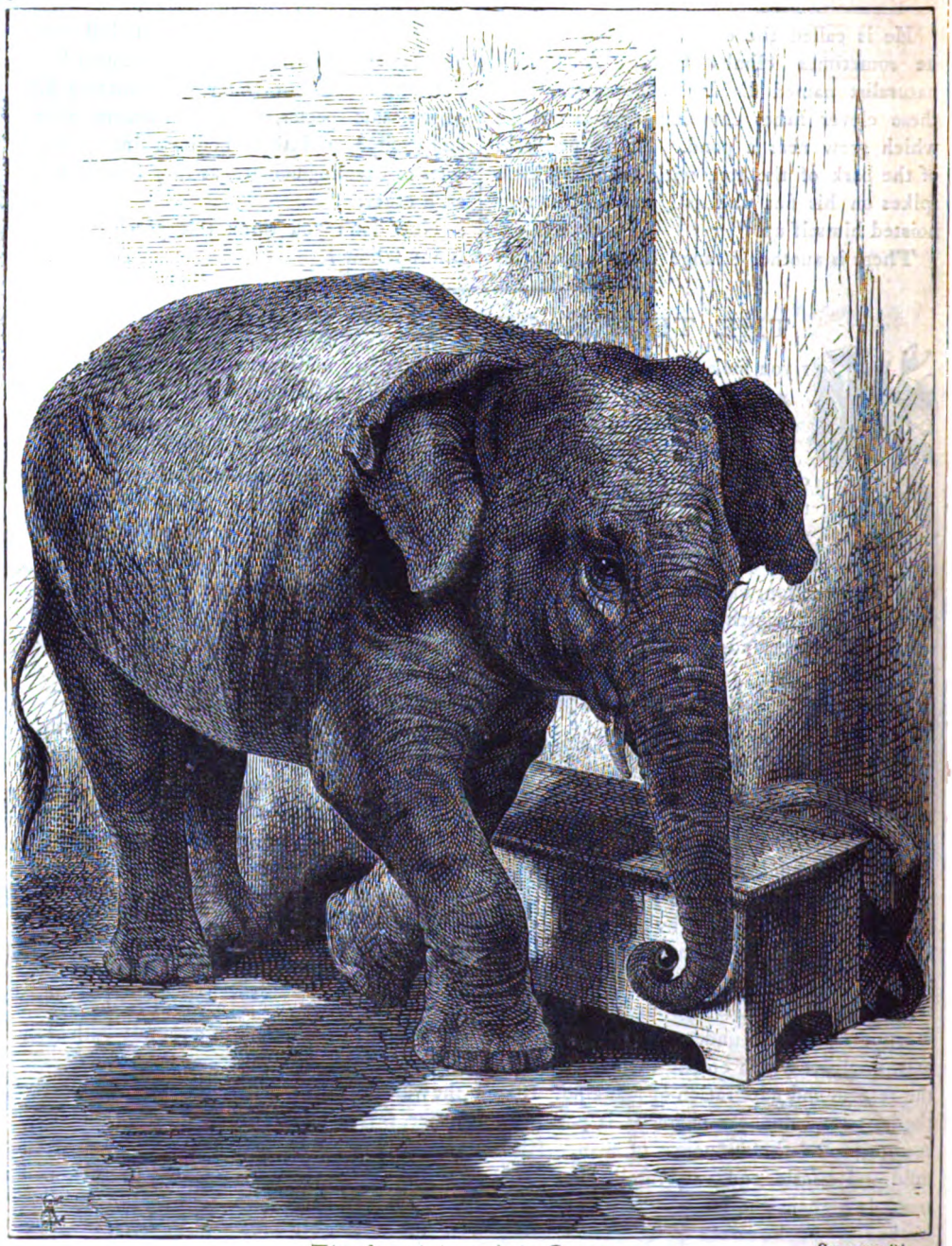

Elephant turning Organ.

See page 31.

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MARCH, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Reginald, Lilian, and Lion.

See page 34.

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PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE TWINS.

HEATHERDELL is a very pretty little village, as I am sure you would think if you were to see it. It lies in a lovely valley, nearly surrounded by breezy downs, which in summer are covered by the heather that, I suppose, gives the village its name.

There is only one large house in Heatherdell; but the villagers thought it almost a palace. At the time of which I speak, it was the residence of Mr. Ellerslie. The beautiful grounds were laid out in the most tasteful manner; there were hothouses, and greenhouses, shady gravel walks, and sunny, grassy paths; then there were flowers of all sorts: geraniums, roses, lilies, and many others. But the spot that the children liked best of all, was the pond with the water-lilies on its surface, and snow-white, majestic swans swimming on the cool water.

In the centre was a lovely little island; tall willows grew in its soft green moss, and dropped their long branches into the water; and there the water-wagtail built her nest, and no rude boys came to take her eggs. The island could be reached by means of a rustic bridge, but most people preferred crossing the water in the green boat which was always at hand.

Mr. Ellerslie had two children, twins, a boy and a girl. Although both had flaxen hair and blue eyes, in character they were very unlike. Reginald was a fine-looking boy; his golden hair covered a very high, white forehead, and his long lashes shaded wondrously deep and thoughtful eyes. He loved to listen to the songs of the birds, and to look at the clear sky, and wonder why it was so blue.

Lilian was very different from her brother; she was pretty, and she knew it too well; her long golden curls reached to her waist, and her cheek was pink as a rose, but she was vain and careless. The time in the day that Reginald enjoyed most was when Lilian, tired with play, sat down in one of the pretty arbours to make wreaths and garlands with their father's lovely flowers; then he would climb to the top of a high tree and gaze upon the glorious landscape, and listen to the clear trill of the nightingale, or the sweet warble of the thrush. Reginald and Lilian had no playmate but each other, but they had one faithful friend and companion, Lion, a large St. Bernard dog. They loved him dearly, and I think he returned their affection. Now, you may think that they were very happy children, but this was not always the case; their mother used often to tell them that they could not be happy unless they were good; but as she never told them Who alone could make them so, the poor children tried in vain to be good, and, therefore, in vain to be happy.

One day a gentleman called to see Mr. Ellerslie, and as he rose to say good-bye, he dropped from his pocket an illuminated text. Reginald was in the room, and springing forward, picked it up, looking at it as he did so. There was in the corner a picture of a great many sheep wandering away from their fold, and on the card in beautiful letters were the words, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' 'What a pretty picture that is,' said Reginald.

'You may have it if you like,' answered the gentleman.

Reginald did like, and so he kept it. When

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the gentleman was gone, he looked at his text, and began to wonder very much what it could mean; for poor Reginald knew very little of the Bible, and did not remember ever having heard the words before. He asked Lilian what she thought the picture meant, but she only gave one of her careless laughs, and said she neither knew nor cared; so Reginald, for a time, at least, thought no more about it.

One day, however, as the children were looking over some old books and toys, they came upon the text which had been thrown aside and forgotten. Now Reginald was a very intelligent child, he seldom left a thing till he quite understood it, so he said to himself, 'I *will* find out what this means.' He supposed that the words came from the Bible, so the next day he began to search for them. Now it happened that he ought to have been learning his lessons at that time; so, of course, it was not right for him to look for the text just then. When his father came into the school-room, and saw Reginald reading the Bible, he was very angry, and taking it away, he told him to leave the Book alone, and go on with his work.

For a Sick Child.

I will try to be patient,
Although I'm so ill,
And not to be fretful,
But quiet and still;
And when I am tired,
And tossing with pain,
I'll ask 'Gentle Jesus'
To bless me again.

I will try to be patient,
God knows I am ill;
I'll ask Him to make me
Submissive and still;
I'll think of the Saviour
Who sent me the pain,
I know He can make me
Quite healthy again.

I will try to be patient,
I'll *try* not to cry,
For though I am weary
My Jesus is nigh:
He loves little children,
And He is so kind;
I will try to be patient,
I'll try not to mind.

ETHELWYN.

A Sermon on 'Push.'

WHEN COUSIN WILL was at home for the vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up the hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. 'Push! push!' was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as hands could push it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

'Obliege to ye,' said the man. 'You just wait a minute;' and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

'Now, boys,' said Cousin Will, 'this is a small thing, but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life: "Push!" It is just the word for a grand, clear morning. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back—push! Wherever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town,

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or at school, just help with all your might—push!'

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

MA'S LITTLE WOMAN.

LITTLE woman! see, she stands,
Face aglow, and dimpled hands;
Apron white before her spread,
Dust of flour on curly head.
Busy as the humming bee,
Grave and thoughtful 'midst her glee,
Helping ma' with all her might,
Making cakes and pastry light
But a secret I will tell,
If you'll never let her know;
Not much can she really do,
Small result her labours show:
And if hungry boys, I trow,
Had no better cook than Nelly,
They would surely lacking go.

Tiny cakes, and pots of jelly,
Never could their needs supply,
Without ma's large, substantial pie.

Little woman! sweeping, scrubbing,
Brushing, dusting, waxing, rubbing,
Broom and bucket bravely wielding,
Spot and stain before her yielding.
O! a useful child is Nelly,
Though not strong nor very clever;
Eight years can't do much, you know,
Yet is Nelly willing ever.
Cheerful smile and blithesome song,
Help to spread sunshine about her;

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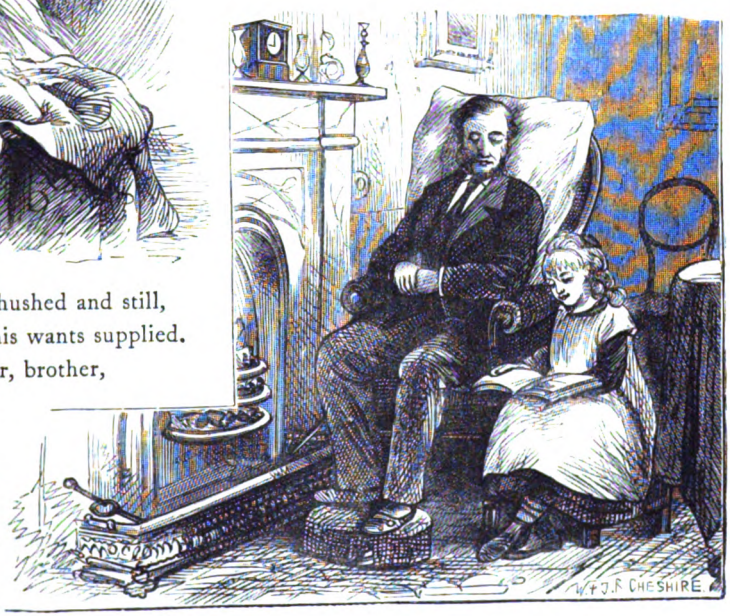
While he slept, sat hushed and still,
When he woke, his wants supplied.
Little woman! sister, brother,
All at home know how
to use her;
Darling Nell, we often
say,
Could we ever bear to
lose her!

J. YEAMES.

Nelly absent,—all is wrong,
Mother cannot do without her!
When the baby frets and cries,
Little Nelly soothes to slumber;
Freddy's often tearful eyes,
She has wiped times without number.
When papa was weak and ill,
Nelly ever at his side,



CARL LINNÉ.

(*Continued from page* 27.)

AT sixteen, Linnæus, as was the practice with Swedish students, passed from the schools to the Gymnasium. The change produced no alteration in his tastes; for he still showed a dislike to classical studies, while he collected all the books on Botany he could, and read them so diligently that he went by the name of the 'Little Botanist.'

After two years, his father came to the College to see him, and hear what report his preceptors had to give of him. The result went sadly against the poor little botanist. The old gentleman was far from well, and

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when he heard that his disappointing boy was so little benefited by his two years' course, that a learned education seemed only to be wasted on him, that it would be far better to make a gardener or a carpenter or a mechanic of him than a clergyman, his anxiety and grief were so great that it made him considerably worse.

Was not this very painful for young Carl? To disappoint a parent is a sore mortification to a right-minded son or daughter. To be misunderstood at home is very dispiriting, yet he did not deserve all the reproach cast upon him. His father had decided for him one way, but God had decided for him another, by a nature so strong that it was hard to resist its promptings. The elder Linnæus was too positive. He was not willing that God should choose his son's inheritance, he wanted to choose it himself.

The physician, Dr. Rothman, tried to soothe his disturbed patient. What he heard of young Linne convinced him that he was neither stupid nor idle, but that he was destined to fulfil some other vocation than that which was being forced upon him. So, as the study of plants leads often into the study of medicine, he offered to receive him into his house, and give him instruction during the year he was to remain at the Gymnasium. The offer was accepted.

Excepting Dr. Rothman, there were not many to believe in him. When he wanted a testimonial to aid his admission into the University of Lund, the Gymnasium gave him one that was no recommendation, since it really said nothing in his favour.

At Lund he lodged with another physician, Dr. Stobæus, and again was favoured in securing a patron; for this gentleman, admiring the tastes and industry of his lodger, gave him access to books, shells, minerals, plants, and birds, and encouraged him to make a *hortus siccus* ('dry garden'). You may be sure Linnæus was in his element; but in this life sorrow often disputes the way with joy. While making one of his excursions he received a bite from a poisonous reptile, which made him very ill for some time. During his summer holiday Dr. Rothman advised him to leave the University of Lund for that of Upsal, where he would have superior advantages. Linnæus complied; but at first his doing so seemed a mistake, for he was brought to such great poverty that he was never sure of a meal, and when his shoes were wearing out he was obliged to patch them with folded paper, because he could not afford to send them to the shoemaker. We cannot wonder if his heart sank, and he regretted exchanging his comfortable home at Lund for the botanic garden and learned professors at Upsal.

But he was not so poor as he thought himself. A man's wealth or poverty is in himself, it is not in his purse. It is better to want money, like Linnæus, and have a clear, well-stored, orderly mind, refined tastes, and noble spirit, than be the possessor of thousands at the bank, and be narrow-minded, empty-headed, and frivolous.

You will be glad to hear that better days soon dawned on Linnæus. There were two learned gentlemen who noticed how frequently they met the young man in the botanical gardens; so one of them, Dr. Celsius, took him into his house as an assistant. How very good the doctors were to Linnæus! It would take up too much space to follow the thread of his life here. It is enough to say that he came into notice as a lecturer, wrote books on botany, and was placed nearly at the head of a botanical establishment in which he had applied but a year before for a situation as gardener.

(To be continued.)

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THE ROOKERY.

In the birch wood there's a great rookery,
And in the Spring-tide, like a busy town,
The rooks are all at work, and caw and fly
Incessant up and down.
Some work on a committee, and they sit
In conclave and uproarious debate;
Others bring twigs and sticks, material fit
For use, early and late.

Sometimes a pair of lazy rooks appear,
Burglars, who seize a house that's ready made;
Then there's a battle; hark! what shouts I hear,
And all the work is stayed,
While all the council raise a loud protest;
Pouncing right fiercely on the thievish pair,
They drive them headlong from the stolen nest
Who had no business there.

Soon the young rooklets try their half-fledged wings,
And flutter cautiously from tree to tree;
And then, O what a noisy chorus rings!
For rooks know love and glee.
But soon, alas! the gunner comes to kill,
And venturous birds by scores and hundreds fall;
While the whole rookery rises, one of will,
Utt'ring their angry call.

High in the air, and cawing round and round
In mournful circles;—while their young are slain,
Their mingled protests echoing downward sound,
Telling of wrong and pain;
Nor till the evening shades does one descend
To find the homes shot-riddled and destroy'd,
And then their cawing lamentations blend,
Their summer joys destroy'd.

Soon to the fields and marshes they repair
With their young rooklets, now grown strong of wing;
And all day long the rookery is bare,
And harsh notes cease to ring.
But all through autumn and stern winter's reign,
Where'er the countless flocks for food may roam,
At nightfall in dark groups they come again,
The rookery is their home.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

THE SINGULAR FISHERMAN.

A GENTLEMAN once had a pond in his garden in which he kept a number of rare and beautiful fish. But much to his annoyance, he noticed that the fish began to disappear, and become fewer and fewer; so that he felt sure some poacher must have stolen them from the pond, though he could not account for the fish-bones which were often found scattered about on the ground. He determined to find out the culprit, and so choosing a spot in his garden where he could see without being seen, he began to watch the water.

He soon saw his favourite dog, a bull-terrier, come stealthily down to the water's edge, and station himself on a plank which served as a bridge across the pond. Here he stood quite still, gazing most intently into the water below, until he caught sight of a fish. Then he dived down, and soon came up again with a fish in his mouth, which he

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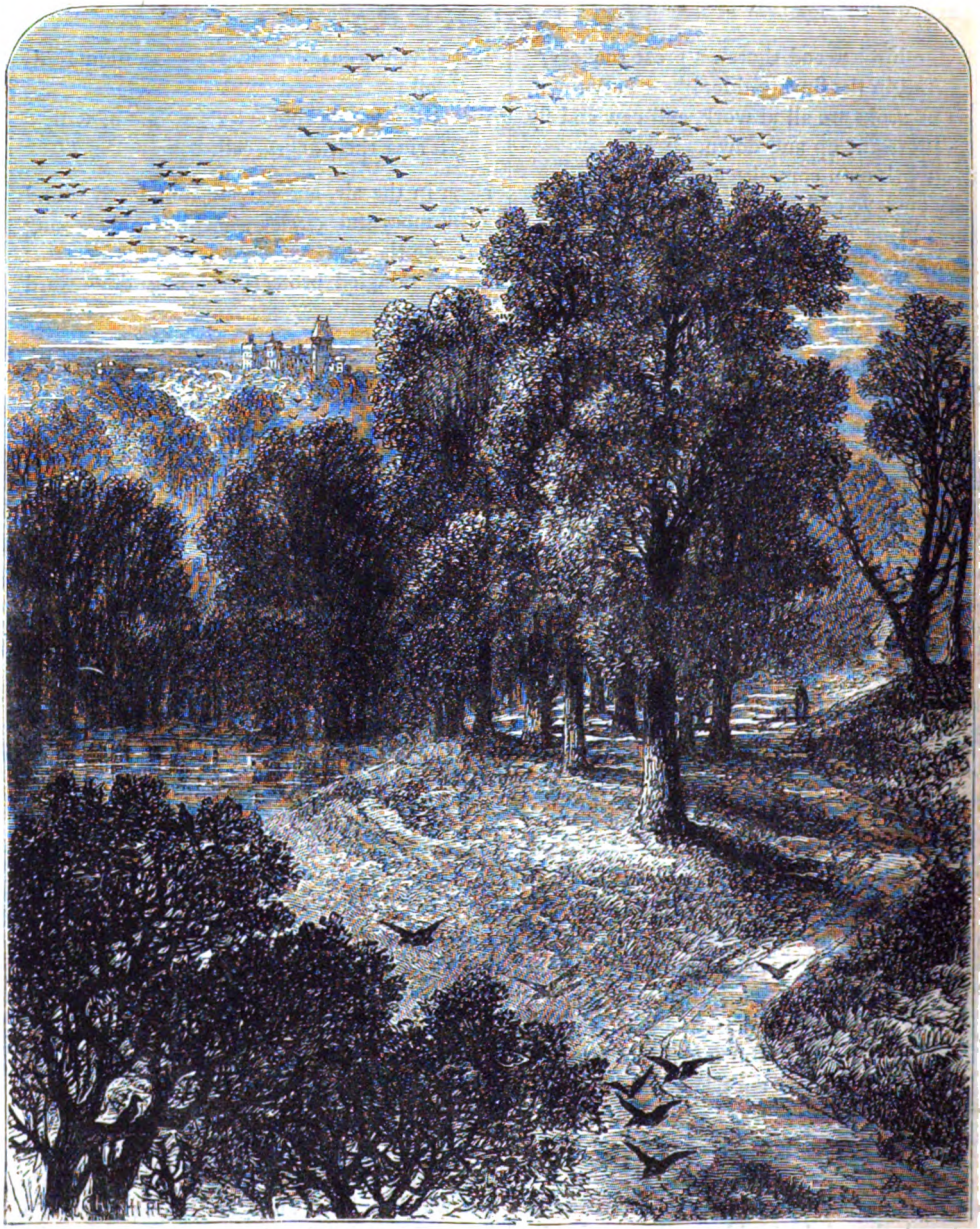

The Rookery.

See page 39.

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The Singular Fisherman. See page 89.

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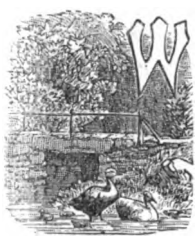
carried to the shore and quickly devoured, returning, when he had finished, to his plank to help himself a second time. He was not always successful, however; sometimes the fishes were too sharp for him, and then he would—

'Try, try, try again.'

His master was more pleased with the dog's cleverness, than vexed at the loss of his fish, and took great pains to instruct his favourite in the art of fishing. He taught him to dive down and capture fish at the word of command, just as many dogs fetch sticks out of the water when they are told. And often the dog had to display his powers, not only when he wanted a meal, but when his master's friends wanted amusement.

MY DOG NUT.

A True Story.



WHEN I was a little girl we lived in the country; when I was older in the town.

Life in the country gave me rosy cheeks, stout limbs, and boisterous manners. Life in the town gave me a long, pale face, prim, quiet air, and almost perpetual headaches.

A few things greatly disconcerted me when we first came to our new home. We couldn't bring the chickens, the dear, wee, downy pets that I had fed so long, and which came at my call; nor the aged, toothless watch-dog, that had barked himself voiceless in our service, nor even my own pet donkey, a present from papa.

* * * * * *

Some months passed in our new home without an animal about the place at all. I was perfectly lost; no donkey to ride, or chickens to feed, and I never cared much for a doll. Though at times I was a noisy, restless child, I never was a murmuring, discontented one. And so I nursed this great sorrow (great to a child, you know) till one evening at tea-time a huge lump rose in my throat. I laid down my bread and butter, covered my face with my hands, and wept. Cousin Theodore sat opposite, looking perfectly bewildered to see such an unexpected torrent of tears. Mamma was out visiting a sick friend, so papa and we children were taking tea together. Of course he enquired into the cause of my sorrow, but it was some time before I could speak. At last I stammered out, 'I—want——I—want a pussy, or a little dog, to love.'

Papa comforted me, promised that I should have something to make me very happy, and before he had finished his kind, loving talk, the deep heart wound was well-nigh healed.

To my great joy, while we were having breakfast one dark, stormy morning, a boy brought a small basket, and said he would wait for it to be emptied. It contained papa's promised gift. A very tiny, bluish-black puppy, with hair that one day would be long, and a silvered head. Was it indeed my very own? I could hardly believe it. I took the live morsel in my arms, and kissed it again and again in an ecstasy of delight. Theodore plagued me as usual, and threatened to torment the new comer, which announcement would have disturbed me very much had not papa assured me privately that there was no danger, it was only 'Theodore's way.' Of course he did not share my happiness on that particular occasion; and I felt as if I did not mind being the only one to whom the arrival of the new-comer had made much difference. However, I knew the difference it made to me, so

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much so that my heart was overflowing with happiness, and I did not forget when I came to say my evening prayers, to thank God again and again for my pretty puppy.

My dog's previous owners had called him Nut, a very peculiar name, and one that I thought very ugly; but when the dear old curly head was laid in the grave, the ugly name sounded very precious, and very beautiful too —to *me*, at any rate.

Mamma was anxious that Nut should be trained to be a well-mannered dog. So I set to work at once, thinking that I might make him obedient if I began in his infancy; and it is due to his memory to tell you that he repaid my care by turning out quite a pattern dog, admired by every one who saw him.

When he came in on a wet day, he would wipe his feet clean and dry on the door-mat, far more carefully than many a boy and girl that I could tell you of. But he had more regard for the front hall than the kitchen; if he entered at the back, all that we could get him to do was to give a slight rub on the mat.

We taught him to carry parcels, too; and he did it well, never staying or losing anything on the way.

He always accompanied me to school, looking wistfully at me as I entered the gate, and often turning with a longing look towards me as he trotted home.

He had a great liking for all sorts of sweetmeats, sugar and toffy; and I am sure I have no need to say that he always received a share of mine. But one day even my true, upright doggie forgot to be honest!

He had a trick of jumping through the open window (either down stairs or up) and sitting on the sill outside, in whatever room we happened to be. The fresh air was good for him, and he was nice company for me, so I let him have his way. But on that unfortunate day I had not returned from school, and Nut brought himself into great trouble. I had left open, on the table, close by the window, a lump of soft, treacle toffy of my own making. Nut must have smelled it, longed for it, and then taken it. When I returned a doleful sight met my eyes. There he was sitting on the window-sill facing the room; his small, velvety paws pressed on the paper containing the toffy, his mouth full of it, great thick strings of toffy everywhere, on breast, chin, and paws; his poor teeth were set fast, though he made desperate efforts to extricate himself from the meshes his much-loved sweetmeat had entrapped him in.

I did my best to ease him of his self-inflicted punishment; but in spite of all assistance he had to wait some time before his mouth could be altogether freed. To the end of his life he never again indulged in a single morsel of treacle toffy.

At last Cousin Theodore's long visit came to an end, then he went to college, and I was sorry to lose my playfellow. Whenever he wrote to mamma he enclosed a note for me, in which he enquired very particularly about Nut. Of course I began to think that he really was beginning to get as much attached to my pet as I was; so Theodore rose highly in my estimation. Time passed rapidly, and he came to pay his farewell visit to us. He was to join his parents, who were living in New York.

A few days, and his bright face would be missing from our family circle, and the ring of his merry laugh heard among us no more.

Yes, when I thought of it all, I *was* sorry that Cousin Theodore was leaving us.

Theodore had a small, ivory-handled silk umbrella for me. What had I to give him?

Papa and mamma proposed many things, but after thinking over it awhile, I made up my mind to give to him as a parting gift my precious Nut!

So I took my unconscious pet in my arms, and in my foolish, childish way told him all

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about the long, long voyage he would have to New York, the beautiful city that I so longed to visit. His wistful brown eyes would really behold it all. Then I kissed his silvery head, and told him that he shouldn't go, that I couldn't live without him.

Time sped on, and the day arrived of which we had talked so much.

I received the silk umbrella, and Theodore the dog.

When he was really gone, I ran into my own room, covered my face with my hands, and between my tears sobbed out NUT, NUT, my PRECIOUS NUT! How could I cry so about a dog?

Meanwhile, Papa and Theodore were at the station awaiting the train. Nut was close behind them, behaving as a good dog should. Papa left them a moment to cross the line and see to the luggage. He gave a short whistle to gain the attention of the porter. Nut, ever obedient to his master's call, rushed on the line before Theodore had time to notice him.

A louder whistle than his master's, and a confused rush and roar, must have been the last sounds that met his faithful ear. A second more, and his pretty silvered head was crushed on the cruel lines!

All that I ever saw of him again was a tiny mangled body, silky still. In our garden we dug him a grave.

So poor Nut never saw New York, after all; never had the long voyage, never parted from his dear old home, but lies at rest close under the window where I sit and sew, and where I can watch the crocuses and primroses blooming on his grave. JOY.

AN INTENDED KINDNESS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THOMAS GUY, the founder of Guy's Hospital, of whom I dare say most of you have heard, was rather an absent-minded man. One day he was standing on one of the London bridges, looking down into the river, quite buried in thought. I suppose his thoughts were not very pleasant ones, as he looked grave and gloomy. He was shabbily dressed, too; for Mr. Guy liked to spend money for other people rather than for himself.

A good man happened to cross the bridge, and noticing the sad-looking stranger, the thought struck him that it must be some poor man who was in trouble, perhaps in debt, and who was intending to drown himself in order to escape from his misery. He went up to him, and very kindly and gently begged him not to let his misfortunes tempt him to commit any rash act; and then, not content with pity without relief, he slipped into his hand a bright golden guinea, and walked quickly away.

This roused Mr. Guy, and he soon overtook the stranger, and after thanking him heartily for his kindness, assured him that he was not in distress and had no need of help. The good man, very likely, was amused, and perhaps a little vexed, at his mistake; but Mr. Guy felt almost as grateful as if the money had really saved him from committing suicide. And God, who looks at the heart, did not let the kind intention lose its reward. Years passed away, and Mr. Guy heard no more of his would-be benefactor, until one day he noticed his name among a list of bankrupts. He had asked for his name and address when he thanked him on the bridge. Mr. Guy made enquiries about the man, and found out that it was through no fault of his own that this misfortune had happened to him. He called on the good man, and asked

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if he remembered that meeting on the bridge, and then improved the opportunity of repaying his kindness by paying his creditors, and setting him up again in business. He was a prosperous man all the rest of his life.

G. E. S.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

(*Continued from page* 19)

'WHAT is the next petition in the Lord's Prayer?' asked Mr. Marchmont.

'"Thy will be done;" that is easy,' said Gertrude.

'Easy to do?' asked her father, with a keen look in his eyes.

'Papa, no; it is very hard sometimes, but it is easy to understand.'

'I am not so sure about that. How do you understand it?'

'Why, that everybody must do what God wants them to,' said Gertie.

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'But *how* must they do it?'

'I don't know what you mean, papa.'

'Finish the petition.'

'"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."'

'But how is it done in heaven? How can we know how it is done there? Who do His will up there, Gertie?'

'The angels, I suppose; but I don't know *how*.'

'Do they do it unwillingly, and because they must, do you think?'

'O no, papa! they do it willingly.'

'Do they do it slowly, loitering over it, making one piece of work last as long as possible?'

Gertie could not help smiling. 'I expect they fly to do it, papa, and are as quick as ever they can be.'

'Does God want us to do His will just as angels do it? Papa, that would be very hard.'

'It is impossible without one thing,' said her father: 'we must have God in our hearts, little one, and love Him very, very dearly. What makes you run to fetch things for me, even when you are in the middle of a game with Nina? I have never to ask my little girl twice to do anything for me.'

'O, papa,' said Gertie, laying her face on his hand; 'I love you so much!'

'And love makes you do my will gladly, quickly and cheerfully?'

'Yes, papa.'

'And it is love that will teach us to do our Father's will as the angels do it.'

'Papa,' said Wallace, looking suddenly up, 'how is one to know what God's will is?'

'O, Wallace, have you been listening?' cried Gertie.

'How do you know Mr. Newton expects you and the other boys to do certain things?'

'Do you mean the rules? They are printed and hung up, you know.'

'So are God's rules.'

'You mean the Bible; but it doesn't tell everything, papa.'

'What doesn't it tell?' asked Mr. Marchmont, turning round and looking at his son.

Wallace coloured. 'O, lots of things!'

'Tell me one.'

Wallace hesitated. 'Well, papa,' he said at last, 'Tom wanted me to stay with him this morning instead of going skating, and he said I was selfish, and it was wicked.'

'Wicked!' echoed Gertie. 'Why, Wallace, what did he mean? it isn't wicked to skate.'

'Of course it isn't! Do you think it was, papa?'

'That depends. Why didn't Tom go? he is very fond of skating.'

'He—he was afraid,' replied Wallace; 'he thought the ice wasn't safe; he's a coward.'

'What made him think the ice was not safe?' asked his father, quietly.

Wallace got redder and redder. 'O, some muff went on and said it cracked!'

'Who was the muff?'

'Mr. Lennox,' said Wallace, reluctantly.

'Did Mr. Lennox tell you not to go on the ice?'

'No; he only said it was not safe.'

'He took it for granted that you would not go after that?'

'I suppose he did,' muttered Wallace, crossly. 'It was no business of his; it isn't school-time.'

'And you really did not know if it were right or wrong to go? Poor boy!'

'Papa, why do you call him "poor boy"?' asked Gertie; while Wallace looked uncomfortable.

'Don't you think it must be very miserable not to be able to tell if you are doing right or wrong? it makes one so helpless.'

'Wallace,' said his father, 'did you try to find out if it were right? I do not like to feel that my boy really cannot tell right from wrong; it will make me very unhappy. Did you *think*?'

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'Not much, papa,' said Wallace, honestly. 'I wanted to go.'

'Ah! that was it: your prayer was not "Thy will," but mine "be done." Is that it, my boy?'

'O, papa! he didn't say that,' said Gertie.

'Not in word, perhaps; but in deed. Are you going to alter the Lord's Prayer, Wallace?'

'It was such a little thing.'

'Life, your life at any rate, is made up of little things. He is a poor soldier who refuses to obey in small things. Suppose no great service is ever demanded of you, will you, therefore, refuse to do anything?'

'Why, no papa; of course not.'

'Papa,' said Gertie, 'is that what you meant when you said you wanted us to live the Lord's Prayer?'

'Partly: if I could feel sure my children really meant the seven petitions, I should not be so anxious about their future.'

'Papa,' whispered Gertie, 'I'll try.'

Mr. Marchmont smiled at the earnest face. 'I'll think my little girl does try.'

Wallace took up his book and went on reading; the conversation was not quite to his taste.

(To be continued.)

THE UNSELFISH DONKEY.

WAS greatly interested the other day, while passing near one of our busy markets, in watching the conduct of two costermongers' donkeys. A good many of these patient animals were standing in a row, waiting for their loads to be completed. Most of them had been provided by their owners with a box, or comfortable nosebag, filled with something nice for breakfast; but one poor beast, who seemed by his shaggy and uncared-for appearance to suggest that his master was less thoughtful for his comfort than he ought to be, was left without any kind of provision, though he was evidently quite as hungry as any of his neighbours. He had taken a step or two forward in order to get nearer to the well-filled box of one of his more fortunate companions, and with a most curiously wistful expression of countenance, seemed to be asking permission to share his bountiful repast, while his ears were moved about in every direction, as if listening in fear for his master's footsteps. His fellow donkey was by no means unwilling to share his breakfast, appearing by kindly looks to give a hearty invitation, and presently the two heads were to be seen close together as the poor beasts quietly fed from the same box.

Can we learn a lesson from this, boys and girls? I think we can. Do any of you keep birds or rabbits or other pets? Be very careful to feed them properly; they are not able to ask for what they want, and it is cruel to neglect them. Then again, when you are blessed with plenty, think of those who have little or none, and be willing to share your abundance with them. Have you never noticed how much nicer an apple or orange tastes when you share it with some one else? If not, try it. And do you not think you would enjoy your warm bed and comfortable clothes more, if you had been 'ministering' children, doing what you could to add to the comfort of some poor neighbour? I really believe that the scholars who enjoy the Sabbath-school and the services of God's house most, are those who collect diligently to procure the same advantages for the heathen children of other lands. UNCLE WILLIAM.

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The Unselfish Donkey.

See page 47.

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APRIL, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

The Little Wagon, and its Big Load.

See page 50.

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THE LITTLE WAGON, AND ITS BIG LOAD.

In one of my country rambles, I met with two little boys, the elder about five years old, and the younger about three.

They had a little wooden wagon, heavily laden with stones, and were trying to draw it along a rough and steep pathway.

If they had had fewer stones and a smoother road, they might have made some progress, but the stones were piled up so high and were so big that one or two of them would have been a good load for such a little wagon. The elder boy often stopped to clear away the loose stones which lay upon the path, but he could not move those which were fast in the ground.

Another difficulty was, that the wagon itself was not in good order. When new it had four wheels, and though they were all small ones, it could be drawn along beautifully. But two of the wheels were missing; so you will not wonder that, with a rough road and a heavy load, the little boys did not get on well. Scarcely had they started when they had an accident: one of the wheels struck against a big stone which was too large for it to run over, and as the elder boy pulled at the wagon it turned on one side and upset all its load. Without waiting a moment, both the boys set to work to re-load the cart, and by and by they started again on their journey. They had gone but a little way when they had another mishap just like the first. But again they picked up the stones, only laughing at their misfortunes, and hopefully went on their way.

A little more ground was cleared, but soon they had another upset. By this time they saw that the load was much too heavy, so all the stones were put back into the wagon, except two big ones. And what did they do with these? Did they leave them behind, thinking they would do without them, or that they would go back for them some other time? No; the boys wanted all the stones they had got, as they were going to build with them in their garden; so the younger boy took these big stones and walked behind the wagon, carrying them on his head! And thus it came to pass that the children at last got all their load safely to the garden.

What a lesson of patience and perseverance these boys teach us! We may have many difficulties to meet with in life, but do not let us fret about them, but try to overcome them. Instead of saying '*I can't*,' always say 'I'LL TRY.'

REV. J. BRIGG.

CARL LINNÉ.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

Without a Doctor's degree, Linnæus had no legal right to lecture; and his opponents took advantage of this flaw in his credentials to interrupt a course of lectures he was giving upon minerals. He left the platform, therefore, and went into the great mining districts of his country, to improve his knowledge of the science. Accompanied by seven young men, he twice explored the mountains of Dalecarlia and a part of Norway. On his return he made friends with another doctor, Dr. Morens. He went very frequently to his house, drawn thither quite as much by affection for his eldest daughter as by respect for the doctor. When in time he asked for her hand, Dr. Morens showed some perplexity. He liked Linnæus, but he did not feel sure that he could provide suitably for a wife. Linnæus saw his indecision, and in

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writing of it to a friend, said in Latin: 'He will and he won't,' which was the true state of the case. Finally, Dr. Morens insisted that if Linnæus would marry his daughter, he must wait for her three years. At the end of that time it would be easier to judge of the prospects of the young couple. Linnæus had now a strong motive for trying to earn money and to improve his position. He went through Holland to a place called Harderwyk, in order to procure his Doctor's degree. There he also received a testimonial of a much more flattering character than that presented to him by the tutors at the Gymnasium. 'It is a long lane that has no turning.' 'All things come round to him who will but wait,' it is said. The success of the enterprising naturalist must have been all the sweeter to him, because it had been so hardly earned.

Three years had nearly expired when he determined to return to Sweden, to practice as a physician with Dr. Morens, and to claim his bride. The homeward journey, however, was delayed; and instead of proceeding to Sweden, he remained some time at Amsterdam, and then came to Great Britain. He was induced to take this tour through his friend, the celebrated naturalist, Boerhaave. Dr. Gronovius was so much pleased with his sketch of the system of nature, *Systema Naturæ*, that he offered to pay for its publication. On this, the first published work of Linnæus, is based the mode by which most naturalists now classify their subjects. The Linnæan system is said to be the simplest of all.

An English botanist and horticulturist, named Clifford, prevailed upon him to visit London in the interests of his science, providing lavishly for the expenses of the enterprise. He was to see Sir Hans Sloane and Dillenius, and explain to them his new and, as Mr. Clifford thought, beautiful system. Linnæus could not forego this opportunity. He was as enthusiastic as he was sincere, and in high spirits he came to England, expecting at once to gain the sympathy and confidence of these great and learned men. You may imagine what a sad disappointment it was, after his ardent expectations, to find himself treated coldly and haughtily. Dillenius spoke of him as the 'young man who confounds all botany.' 'What presumption!' Sir Hans Sloane was ready to reply. 'Men of age and experience, who have bought their knowledge with hard work, do not readily receive what is new, especially from the young and impetuous.' So poor Linnæus returned from his interviews with these great men considerably crestfallen. He made friends, however, with other Englishmen of note, travellers, authors and botanists, and corresponded with them after his return to Sweden.

Duty recalled him to Holland, and hard work kept him there. Before he finally left it, the venerable Boerhaave passed away. Linnæus was one of the few permitted to see him on his death bed. The dying man took his hand, and put it to his lips, and Linnæus committed to his diary the words he said to him:

'I have lived my time, and my days are at an end. I have done everything that was in my power. May God protect thee with whom this duty remains! What the world required of me it has got, but of thee it expects much more. Farewell, my dear Linnæus.'

It would be impossible for Linnæus ever to forget these wonderful parting words. Does it not seem to illustrate the parable of the talents, as if Boerhaave had said, 'I have traded with my two talents, and have gained for my Lord other two; but to thee He has committed five, and thou must make of them other five'?

(*To be concluded.*)

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BOOTS AND SHOES

In Foreign Lands and Far-off Times.

Few of our readers, though they may have seen a great many boots and shoes in shop windows, have noticed anything like those in our Engraving.

Our first three pictures represent a kind of shoe that was worn when the world was very young indeed. We do not know who first thought of shoes, but it must have been some one in Southern Asia, for there the earliest inhabitants of the world lived. That, you know, is a very hot country; and this accounts for the shoes being so slight, as they were intended not for warmth, but only to protect the sole of the foot in walking. They were fastened either with a strap or buckle, so that they could easily be taken off to wash the feet, which got very hot and dusty in travelling. It was just such a shoe as those in the picture, that John the Baptist thought of when he said, speaking of the sandals which covered the holy feet of Him 'Who went about doing good:' 'The latchet of Whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.' It was such a sandal that Moses put off his foot at the burning bush; for it was, and still is, the custom in the East to show reverence not by taking off the covering of the head, but by removing the shoes.

No. 4 will give you an idea of the style of boot that was worn in ancient Rome. You see it was much heavier and stronger than the Syrian or Egyptian sandal; for the old Romans were constantly at war, and wanted something substantial enough to bear the long marches and rough usage of a soldier's life. I suppose you have all heard of the Roman Emperor who came over to Britain, and having picked up a few shells on the shore, returned home again, carrying with him what he called, 'the spoils of the conquered ocean.' Perhaps you do not know that he was surnamed Caligula (which in Latin means a boot) because he set the fashion in the army of wearing a peculiar kind of boot, something like the one in the Engraving.

What a queer picture No. 5 is! Is it a little baby's shoe? No, it represents the boot of a Chinese lady. If you were to see a woman with feet as tiny as a child of three, you would say at once that she was deformed; but in China small feet are thought so great a beauty, that no torture is too severe to secure them. While the poor lady who wore that boot was a baby, her little feet were kept tightly bandaged, lest they should grow to a natural size. Of course she could not run about and play as you do, and when the cruel bandages had done their work, and the growth of the feet stopped for ever, she could not walk at all, but could only hobble about very awkwardly indeed. How terrible to think of thousands of women thus maimed and disfigured for life, just because they must follow this foolish and cruel fashion!

No. 6 represents the shoe or *sabot* worn by poor people in France. It is very strong and heavy, being cut out of a solid block of wood. One pair of shoes will last nearly a life-time.

No. 7 shows us a strange kind of foot-covering very fashionable in the England of eleven hundred years ago. It is neither boot nor shoe, but a kind of very richly-embroidered garter, which was rolled round the leg and foot, and was worn chiefly by clergymen. Sometimes two garters of different colours were bound cross-wise round the leg. The effect of this was thought to be specially becoming. No. 8 is a kind of lady's shoe of the same period.

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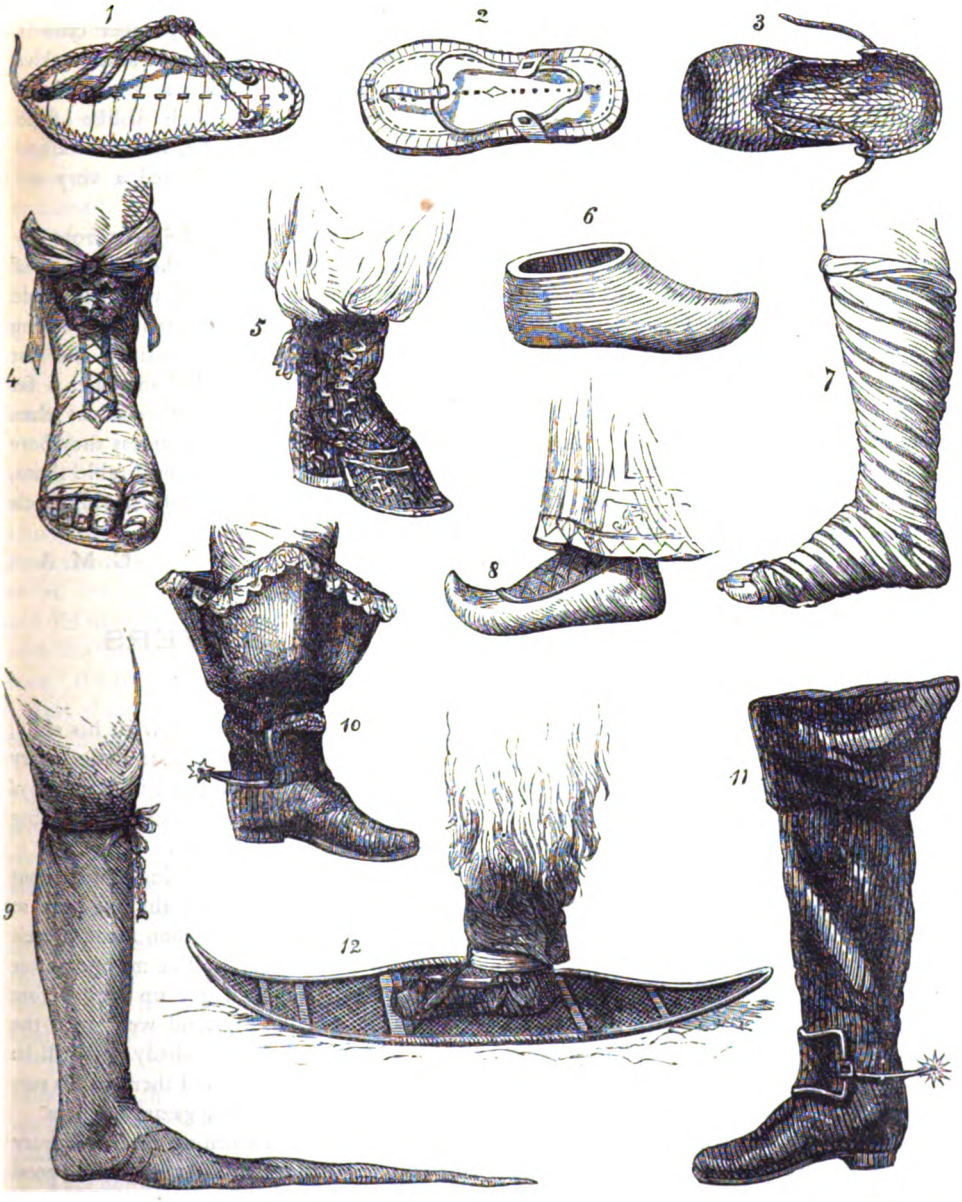

Various Kinds of Boots and Shoes. *See pages 52, 54.*

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No. 9 takes us on six hundred years, to the time of Richard the Second. You see that this boot has a very long toe indeed, and that there is a little chain at the knee. This was used to fasten up the long toe of the boot, which would have been sadly in the wearer's way in walking or running.

No. 10 represents the boot worn in the stormy times of the great Civil War. The tops of the Cavaliers' boots were edged with lace, like the one in the Picture; but those of the Roundheads were made of plain leather. This style of boot was worn by Cromwell and his Ironsides at the battle of Marston Moor.

No. 11 is a picture of the celebrated Jack-boot, so much used in riding by travellers of the last two centuries. The foot did not reach to the sole of the boot, but rested in a space four inches from the ground, so that the heel might be in a convenient position for pricking the spur into the horse's side. If you had lived in the year 1763 you might have seen, in different parts of the country, many bonfires surrounded by eager crowds. In the centre of each fire blazed and crackled a wooden *jack-boot*. This was the common people's way of showing their dislike of the Scotch prime minister, John, Earl of *Bute*, to whose influence they attributed a very unpopular peace with France.

Our last Picture is very different from any of the others. It represents the snow-shoe of the North American Indian, which is made of a framework of wood fastened by strong pieces of leather. It is very painful the first time of wearing; but the Indians have a far better reason for torturing themselves than the silly Chinese women, for unless they bore the pain of these heavy, uncomfortable shoes, they would have no means of crossing their snow-covered plains.

G. M. A.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER II.—A LITTLE MESSENGER.

One fine morning in June, Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie were sitting at breakfast, looking over the letters which the postman had just brought. Mrs. Ellerslie looked so grave, and spent such a long time in reading hers, that her husband at last looked up and enquired:

'My dear, have you any bad news?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Ellerslie; 'only my brother has written to say his little girl has not been well lately, and to ask if she may come here for a little while, as the country air might do her good. Isn't it provoking? I'm sure we don't want to be plagued with another child, two of our own are quite plenty, but of course she must come.'

So as they did not wish Mrs. Ellerslie's brother to think they did not want his child, Mr. Ellerslie wrote to say that little Mary Macpherson was welcome; and in a few days he went to meet her in the carriage, taking Reginald and Lilian with him.

Mary was a sweet and loving child, about eleven years old, quiet and shy, at least so she seemed at first, but she soon made herself at home with her cousins. The morning after Mary's arrival, Reginald got up long before Lilian, as he usually did, and went into the garden; he walked down a shady path till he came to a bed of flowers, and there to his surprise he saw Mary standing gazing at them.

'How beautiful a morning in the country is!' said the little girl, after a gentle 'good morning;' 'there is nothing like this in London.'

For some time they walked on without

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speaking, for they were still shy, but at last Mary said :

'Reginald, will you hear me my chapter? mamma had not time before I came away.'

As she spoke, she handed him a little Bible, which she had been holding in her hand, open at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. When she came to the sixth verse, Reginald exclaimed,

'O! that's my text; I knew it was in the Bible! Can you tell me what it means, Mary? I want so much to know;' then he told her about the gentleman and his text.

Mary was surprised that he did not know, and she thought some time before she answered, but at last she said :

'When mamma gave me this chapter to learn, I didn't know what it all meant, so I asked her, and she told me about this verse among the rest. She said that *we* have all gone away from God, and tried to forget Him, and we all deserved to die; but God was very kind and did not wish us to be lost, so He sent His own Son to die instead of us; so it is *He* Who bore "the iniquity of us all."'

Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and the children hurried in.

A day or two afterwards, Reginald and Lilian were sailing their little ship on the pond, when Mary came up; she stood silently watching them, and looking very sad, Lilian asked her what was the matter.

'I have been talking to some of the gardener's children,' said Mary; 'poor little things! they do not seem to know right from wrong, and they scarcely know anything of God; I am very sorry for them.'

'I don't see the use of being sorry,' said Lilian; 'the children are very happy; you must not expect everybody to be as good as you are, Mary.'

'I am not good, Lilian, and you must not say so,' said Mary; 'but I am very sorry for those poor children.'

Lilian laughed and ran off, the other two following more slowly.

'What did you say to the children, Mary?' said Reginald.

'I told them,' she replied, 'that I would tell them some Bible-stories to-morrow (that is Sunday, you know), on the island, where no one will see us, in the afternoon.'

'It will be very hot,' said Reginald.

'Yes,' said Mary; 'but there is no time that will do as well, and O! I cannot bear to think they know nothing about God.'

On Sunday morning they all went to church. In the afternoon Mrs. Ellerslie went to sleep; Lilian lay upon the floor for want of something better to do; Mary was not to be found, and only Reginald could guess where she was, and he went to look for her. It seemed a long walk that hot afternoon to the other side of the pond where the bridge began. He crossed it; and saw Mary seated on a grassy bank which sloped down to the water, with five little girls sitting round her; she was telling them the stories she had promised. Reginald climbed into a willow that he might not be seen, and listened. As we have said, he knew very little of the Bible, so many of Mary's stories were new to him. When she had finished, they all passed under the tree without seeing him, and he got down from his perch.

All that week Reginald watched Mary very closely; he used to think that good children must be very dull and stupid, but he could not help noticing that Mary seemed much brighter and happier, and altogether a better playfellow, than Lilian. Every Sunday afternoon during Mary's visit, she continued her little talks with the gardener's children, and Reginald always watched and listened from his post of observation in the willow-tree.

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Reginald Listening.

See page 55.

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A Child's Morning Thoughts. See page 58.

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A CHILD'S MORNING THOUGHTS.

See the Sun, how broad and red!
He seems to touch that elm-tree's head;
See about him cling in crowds,
Crimson, blue, and golden clouds,
And the sky above him glows
With a colour like the rose.

See what little shining beads
Hang upon the flowers and weeds;
All the lawn is cover'd quite
With a veil of watery white;
And the distant meadows seem
Almost hid in misty steam.

Happy birds are on the wing,
Hark how loud and sweet they sing!
See that speck upon the sky,
'Tis a lark, I saw her fly.
Happy birds, I'm happy too,
I will skip and sing with you.

But before I run to play,
Let me not forget to pray;
God hath kept me through the night,
Woke me with the morning light;
Made for sleep the darkness dim,
And the day to worship Him.

Lord! may every rising sun
See a better life begun;
May I love and serve Thee more
Than I ever did before!
In my work and in my play
Be Thou with me, Lord, to-day.

E. S. R. A.

GERTRUDE'S VALENTINE.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

It was Valentine's Day: Wallace and Gertrude stood at the window watching for the postman in a state of great excitement.

'There he is! No, he isn't! What time is it? I don't believe he's coming at all!' cried Gertie in despair, as for the twentieth time she thought she saw the old postman's familiar coat.

As she turned round to look at the clock, Wallace sprang off the chair on which he had been kneeling, and rushed to the door with a triumphant shout. It really was the postman this time, and Gertrude followed on the tip-toe of expectation.

'O! let me see, Wallace,' she said, trying to pop her head under his arm as he held the door ajar. 'Do let me see. Where is he now?'

'He's got nothing for you: who in the world would send you a valentine? There he is! O, what a lot!'

'Where? who? Is he taking a lot to Polly's?' cried Gertie, almost beside herself with excitement.

'There's Polly come out,' went on Wallace, calmly; 'she's holding one up. O, my!'

It was more than poor little Gertie could bear. Collecting all her strength she gave him one great push, and as he was standing on tip-toe and was off his guard, down the steps he went, and tumbled headlong among the snowdrops.

Didn't Gertie laugh! it was not often she gained a victory over Wallace.

'That just serves you right, Master Wallace,' said Jane, who had been peeping out of the window upstairs.

'One, two, three: hum! Miss—Miss—G e r—'

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'It's mine, Wallace! Miss Gertrude Marchmont. Give it me,' cried Gertie, as Wallace came slowly up the steps, holding the bundle of valentines tightly in his hand.

'There you are,' said Wallace, throwing half-a-dozen big envelopes down on the table before her. 'Now open them, and let us have a look.'

'Papa, did you ever see such beauties?' cried Gertrude. 'Aren't they lovely! Come and see, Jane. Here's one more; a little one,—O!'

She stopped short, and stood gazing at the paper with a curious expression of mingled incredulity, anger and grief.

'What is the matter?' asked her father.

She went round to his chair and put her head down on his shoulder with a sob:

'Polly sent it!'

It was not a nice valentine. First, there was a picture of a little girl with very red hair and very red cheeks, and a funny little nose that turned right up; not a pretty little girl by any means. Underneath was written:

'GERTIE,
Red hair, not fair;
Turn-up nose, torn clothes,
Very dirty.
Always cross: it's no loss
When she stays away for days.
That's Gertie.
POLLY R.'

'O papa!' sobbed Gertie, 'isn't it dreadful? Isn't Polly unkind?'

'Have you had a quarrel with Polly?' asked her father.

'Only the tiniest little bit of one, papa. She said I had red hair, and I said I'd rather have red hair than green eyes.'

Soon Wallace went off to school. Gertrude had not been well, and was staying at home for a few days.

'Well!' said her father, after watching her sober little face for a few minutes.

'I wouldn't have sent *her* such a horrid valentine,' said Gertie, with a sob.

'Suppose you send her one; a very horrid one?'

Gertie opened her eyes wide. 'It would serve her right.'

'Well, suppose we try to make a very bad one. I dare say we can manage it. She does not like you to say she has green eyes?'

'No: she can't bear it.'

'Fetch my pen and paper, and we will begin.'

Gertrude fetched writing materials, and put them by her father, looking very grave.

'Now, then, shall I begin with the eyes? and what else have you to say she would not like?'

Gertrude thought: 'She's cross sometimes,' she said, doubtfully; 'and she was punished three times last week for talking in school; but she doesn't like me to say anything about it.'

'I must not put that, then?'

'No: it would be too unkind.'

'Do you want to hurt her mind very much, or only a little?'

Gertie did not speak. Suddenly she turned round: 'Papa, I don't want to hurt her mind at all,' she whispered.

Her father drew her down on his knee and kissed her.

'How would you like to send her a nice valentine that would make her love you again? Would that be better?'

Gertie nodded. 'Please, papa,' she said, 'make a nice one; at least not a very bad one.'

Her father laughed. 'Think it over a bit, and we will write it presently.'

She went upstairs, but in a few minutes came back again. 'I've made up my mind, papa: it shall be a nice one.'

Her father looked down into the bright little face: 'Not one unkind word just at the end?'

'O, papa! you're laughing. That would spoil it.'

For a few moments Mr. Marchmont was busy writing: Gertrude watched him anxiously. 'Will this do?' he said at last:

'POLLY,
Straight nose, nice clothes,
Golden hair, very fair,
Like a dolly.

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Seldom cross, it's a loss
When she stays away for days.
That's Polly.
Fun and frolic, such a rollick!
Come and see, and stay to tea,
Please Polly.

GERTRUDE M.'

'O, papa!' cried Gertrude, enchanted: 'that is lovely! It's real poetry, too.'

Mr. Marchmont laughed: he did not call it poetry at all; but then the sentiment is the thing to be considered in a valentine, and that was quite correct.

'And is she really to come to tea, papa?'

'I should think no young lady would dream of refusing an invitation brought by St. Valentine himself.

'Jane must take it,' said Gertie. 'Shall she go now?'

Her father took her two hands and looked into the happy blue eyes: 'Are you sending it very unwillingly, Gertie?'

She looked astonished. 'No, papa! willingly. I'm glad we're doing it.'

'So am I glad to find my little daughter can do so cheerfully what might naturally be thought a hard task. People often spoil even a kind deed by an unkind way of doing it. Now run and give it to Jane.'

In the afternoon Polly came. Of course there were all the valentines to be admired and criticized, and guesses made as to who sent them.

'Did you have any horrid ones?' asked Polly.

'Only yours,' replied Gertie, wishing Polly had not asked such a tiresome question.

Polly opened her eyes wide. 'Mine!' she said; 'I never sent you one!'

'O, Polly!' cried Gertie, reproachfully: 'not about my nose and hair?'

'What about them?' asked Polly, more puzzled than ever.

'You said my hair was red, and my nose turned-up,' said Gertie, with half a sob.

'I didn't!' replied Polly, indignantly; 'who says I did?'

Then of course the valentine had to be brought out, and she saw her own name on it.

'I never sent the thing!' she exclaimed.

It was now Gertie's turn to be mystified. 'Who did send it, then?' she asked, looking first at Polly and then at the valentine.

'O! I know,' cried Polly, at last; 'it was only that Wallace; I shouldn't care a bit for him, Gertie.'

'But how do you know he sent it?' asked Gertie, not feeling quite sure about it.

'Because he asked me the other day how to spell clothes, and when I told him he said he was writing some poetry, but he wouldn't tell me what. Let's pay him out.'

Just at that minute Wallace opened the door and came in. 'Halloo, Polly, you here?' he said. Wallace was very fond of Polly.

Polly made no reply, but with great dignity turned her back to him.

'What's up?' he said; but he knew, for the valentine was lying on the rug. Still Polly took no notice: he could not make her speak to him, do what he would. All tea-time she talked away to Gertie and to their papa, but not one word was there for Wallace; not even a look. He did not like it at all.

After tea lessons had to be learnt, and then Gertie and Polly played together, while Wallace sat by the fire, pretending to read.

Then supper was brought in, and as the children sat round the fire eating their bread and milk and cake, Polly began to moralize: 'It is mean of boys to send horrid valentines to girls,' she said, with a side look at Wallace; 'I'm glad my brother doesn't do such things. I hate mean boys.'

Wallace looked uncomfortable, but went on reading.

'Some boys,' continued Polly, meditatively, 'think they can do just as they like: they can be disagreeable and cross, and send horrid valentines, and then expect their sister and—and me, to like them ever so much! but we don't.'

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This was the climax. Making a snatch at the valentine, Wallace threw it in the fire.

'There the old thing is, then,' he said, trying to laugh, but looking a little ashamed. 'Shut up, Polly: I've had quite enough of your sermons.'

'You shouldn't deserve them, then,' said Polly, severely. 'I'm going to try and make a nice boy of you; but I don't think it's much use.'

'I'll be nice,' said Wallace, who was tired of reading and being sent to Coventry. 'How did you find out I sent it?'

'Never mind: that's our secret.'

'O! Gertie doesn't care, do you, Gertie? I meant to tell her. I didn't think she'd go and ask you to come to tea and spoil it all.'

'She's a dear, good girl,' said Polly, hugging Gertie; 'she thought I sent it, and yet she sent me that nice one.'

IN CHARGE.

MAMMA has left baby out in the lane, while she dresses herself to take her for a ride in the perambulator. She can't see her from the bed-room window, but she knows that she will be quite safe, for Towzer has been told to take care of her till mamma is ready. Towzer evidently feels the importance of his charge, and seems quite proud of having a baby entrusted to him. I am sure he deserves the confidence which is placed in him. See how he pricks up his ears, and looks round, to hear and see if anything or anybody is coming who will be likely to hurt the little one.

Dear little baby looks perfectly happy and contented; she is not at all afraid to be left alone with Towzer.

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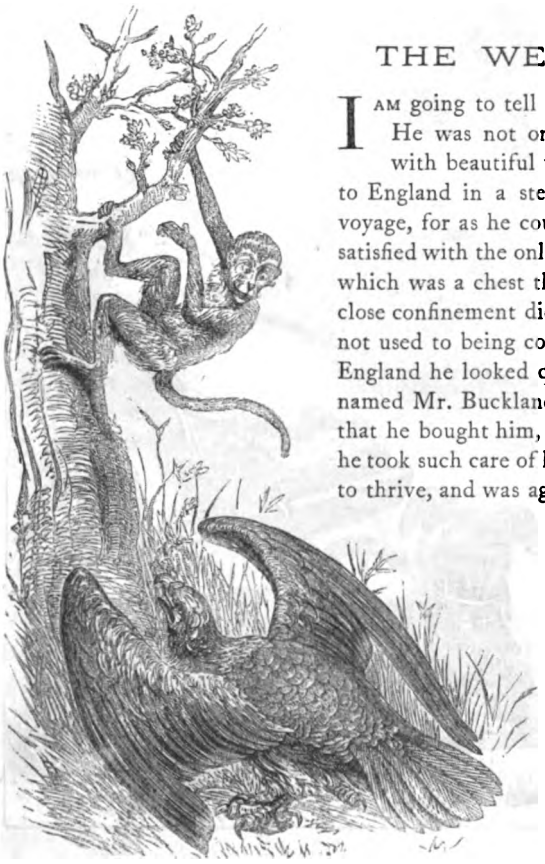
Some little folks may learn a lesson from the faithful dog. If they were told to mind baby, I am afraid they would soon be tired of their work, and run about the lane chasing butterflies or gathering flowers, and leave their poor little sister alone; or if they did not neglect her, they would grumble and think it a hardship to have to take care of baby for a little while.

I once knew a young nursemaid who was engaged to take charge of a little boy not much older than the baby in the picture. But instead of amusing him when they were in the garden together, she would while away her time by swinging on the swing, while her little charge was left to get into any mischief that his active young brain could devise. When she ought to have been showing him pictures, she would look through the book herself, reading the stories, and apparently quite forgetting baby, who was obliged to seek out his own amusements, which were sometimes of a very questionable kind. So you see she was not nearly so high-principled as the good old dog; and I am afraid this remark might apply to many other children.

Soon mamma will be ready, and then Towzer will jump up and bound along by the perambulator in great glee, stopping now and then for a caress from baby, who may pull his ears and poke her fingers into his eyes as much as she pleases, for baby and Towzer are great friends.



THE WESTMINSTER EAGLE.

I AM going to tell you a story about a very remarkable eagle. He was not one of the ordinary kind, but a sea eagle, with beautiful white tail-feathers. He was brought over to England in a steamer, but he had a most uncomfortable voyage, for as he could not pay for his passage, he had to be satisfied with the only accommodation he could get for nothing, which was a chest that had been used for wine-bottles. This close confinement did not suit the poor eagle at all, for he was not used to being cooped up in this way; and when he reached England he looked quite ill and miserable. A kind gentleman, named Mr. Buckland, who saw him, felt so sorry for the bird that he bought him, and had him sent to his own house, where he took such care of him and fed him so well that he soon began to thrive, and was again a fine-looking bird.

But the eagle, I fear, was not very grateful for all this kindness; he proved a very troublesome member of the family, and did not agree at all with the other household pets. A tame jackdaw, who was a very important member of the household, once paid a friendly visit to the new comer and ventured too near his perch, so the wily eagle quickly captured and devoured him. A dear little kitten which belonged to the children, and several guinea-pigs, shared the same fate.

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Jacko the monkey was too sharp for him, but he had to run for his life to the branch of a tree, which he reached just in time, for the terrible eagle was underneath with his beak wide open to devour him; but his wings were clipped, so he could not fly up, and Jacko was safe on his perch.

One night the family were awoke by loud, piercing cries like those of a baby in great pain. Out rushed one of them, fearing that some child from the village had fallen a victim to the ruthless eagle, but it turned out to be only an unfortunate hedgehog, whose sharp bristles had not been able to secure him against the eagle's attacks.

One fine summer morning the table had been set out in good order for breakfast, and everything was ready for the company to sit down, when Master Eagle, who had managed to escape from his perch, flew in through the open window, and began to help himself to the ample repast. When the lady of the house came downstairs, what was her horror and dismay to observe that provoking bird seated on a fine large ham, and vigorously demolishing it! He did not like his meal to be interrupted, so seizing the ham in his great beak, without heeding the cups and saucers which were being upset in all directions, he tried to fly off with his prize, but it was too heavy for him and he let it fall on the carpet, contenting himself with securing a cold partridge, which he carried off to his perch, for nobody ventured to take it from him.

Mr. Buckland at length grew tired of keeping such a troublesome pet at home, so he was placed in a courtyard in Westminster all by himself, where it was thought he would be out of mischief. A keeper was paid to look after him. But even from here he managed to escape, and the crowds that thronged the streets of Westminster were astonished one day to observe, soaring high in the air, a majestic sea eagle. He flew round and round in the air uncertainly, till at last he settled on one of the pinnacles of Westminster Abbey. The people, as you may suppose, were rather alarmed at the sight, but some of them, who were preparing for a grand political demonstration on the following day, considered the singular appearance as a good omen of the success of their cause.

His keeper, however, hoped that hunger would bring the eagle back to his old quarters; so a chicken was tied to a stick in the court-yard to attract him. The bait proved successful: he saw the chicken, and down he swooped to secure it. A great plaid was thrown over him, and so Master Eagle was again fairly caught.

After this little adventure he was sent to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park.

A Good Rule.

If ever you incline to do
Aught false, unkind, or worthy blame,
First find a spot where God is not,
Wherein to do the same.

Scripture Enigma.

You will find me in *chapel*, but though you may search,
You ne'er will be able to find me in *church!*
I hang on each *branch*, yet am not in the *tree*,
Am found in the *river*, but not in the *sea*.
In the *fly* you can view me, as plain may be seen,
But in no *spider's web* have I ever yet been.
In the *wing of an angel* I clearly appear,
But in *heaven*,—alas! I am never found there.
The *leper* can claim me, though I know not *disease*.
Discover my whole from these hints, if you please,
And to you the name of a man I'll declare
Who set out for Gaza, but never got there!

Give the texts where the words in italics are found. The proper letters, when puzzled out, will make the Scripture name.

J. Yeames.

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Eagle and Ham.

See page 63.

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MAY, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

The Robin.

See page 66.

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THE ROBIN.

A LOVELY robin built its nest
Close by the nursery window here,
And there was sunshine on its breast,
And in its voice a note of cheer.

The children watched it at their play,
And mimick'd well its cheery song;
While Robin, pleased and glad as they,
Sang to amuse them all day long.

One day the skies were clouded o'er,
And quickly fell the summer rain;
But 'midst the crash and deafening roar
We heard the Robin's sweet refrain.

'Come, learn a lesson from the bird,'
Said I to little Golden-hair;
'It sings as sweet when storms are heard
As when the skies are bright and fair.

'And thus, my darling, may we still
Be brave and glad amid the strife,
With sunny tempers naught can chill,
Smiling amid the frowns of life.'

M. A. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF MASTER THOMAS PLATTER.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

NEARLY four hundred years ago, in a small Swiss village, a little boy was born, on Shrove-Tuesday; and because he was born just as the service was beginning in the church, the ignorant country people said he would be sure to become a priest. When the child, whose name was Thomas, was still very young, his father died of that terrible disease, the plague, (of which I dare say you have heard,) and his family were left in great poverty. When Thomas was about three years old, a confirmation was held in the place where he lived; and he thought he should like to be confirmed, because it was usual to give children a crown piece at their confirmation. So when all the people were in the church, Thomas ran in too, and went up to the bishop, who was just beginning the service. Of course the bishop was very much surprised to see the little fellow there, so he asked him what he wanted. 'Please I want to be confirmed,' he said. You may be sure every one laughed at this speech; but the bishop said, smiling pleasantly, 'What is your name?' 'My name is Master Thomas.' The bishop smiled again, and said to the boy's uncle, who had just come forward to explain, 'Certainly that child will become something wonderful—probably a priest.' But though Master Thomas had many adventures, as we shall see presently, he never became what all his friends expected him to be.

Before he was seven years old he was sent to take care of the goats belonging to a farmer who lived at a place called Eisenthal, and here he had to endure very many hardships. Often he lost his shoes in the snow and had to wander about barefoot; and in the morning, when he went to let the goats out of their stable, unless he ran away very quickly, they would knock him down and run over him, which of course hurt and bruised him much. Often his goats would stray into the corn-fields, and the little fellow was not able to drive them out. He used then to be very frightened, and would cry bitterly, because he knew that at night his master would beat him. But he was not altogether without friends: a kind-hearted goat-

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herd, named Thomas of Leidenbach, took pity on him, and when he saw his trouble, would help him to get his goats together again.

One day as he was following his flock up the mountains, he climbed to a place just above a frightful precipice, where he could neither get up nor down. Here he stayed a long time unable to help himself; but, as he says, 'waiting for the help of God.' And God did not forget the boy, for presently his good friend Thomas saw him, climbed up the precipice, and carried him down to a place of safety. Well done, Thomas of Leidenbach! though more than three centuries have passed since you befriended the orphan goatherd in his childish troubles and dangers, the good deeds have not been quite forgotten yet, nor shall they ever be forgotten by Him Who says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

Many other dangers Master Thomas passed through, but the good Lord delivered him out of them all. One day while he was playing with a little girl who also tended a herd of goats, the animals strayed away from them and were lost. The little girl went home; but Thomas, fearing to return without his flock, climbed up the mountains in search of them. Night overtook him, and he was alone, far away from any house. He wandered about, till at length he heard by the falling of the loose earth on which he trod, that he was near the verge of a deep chasm. So fearing to go further, he scooped out a hole in the ground that he might not move in his sleep, lay down in it, and thus passed the night. When he awoke in the morning, he found that he had slept within four yards of a chasm several thousand feet deep. Thus wondrously did God care for the apparently friendless orphan boy.

When he was nine years old he went to school to an uncle who shamefully ill-treated him, and taught him little that was good for him to learn; so he was in great misery, and prayed God to deliver him from his teacher's cruelty. How the deliverance came, you shall hear next month.

BEWARE!

An Allegory.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

A GNAT on a river was dancing,
A minnow swam slyly about;
A trout had his eye on the minnow,
An angler look'd after the trout.

'O, dear Master Gnat,' said Miss Minnow,
'I love you! why won't you come near?
'Because,' said the gnat, 'I have scruples—
You wait for your luncheon, I fear.'

'O, darling Miss Minnow, I want you—
Come hither, my love!' said the trout.
Said the minnow, 'Excuse me, good neighbour,
You want me for dinner, no doubt.'

'O, fair Mister Trout,' said the angler,
'I could see you much better close by!'
'Of course,' said the trout; 'but, Sir Angler,
You look just a little too sly.'

The gnat went on dancing and singing,
The minnow kept wagging her tail,
The trout sailing backwards and forwards,
The angler was biting his nail.

But the minnow, the trout, and the angler
Continued to coax and allure;
And it never is safe in temptation
To think ourselves wholly secure.

Of the gnat, all his danger forgetting,
The minnow soon made a good tea;
The trout had the minnow for supper,
The angler walked off with the three.

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'FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.'

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

TRUDA sat on the floor in her bed-room, with a box of coloured beads in her lap. On a stool by her side stood a tray, and on the tray a number of little glass-lidded boxes, into which she was sorting the beads.'

'Truda.'—'Yes.'

'Where are you?'—'Here,' said Truda.

'Where's *here?*' and Wallace came bounding upstairs, three at a time. 'You've got to come downstairs and mend my jacket-sleeve, directly.'

'Who says so?' asked Truda, looking up in dismay.

'Who says so?' mimicked Wallace. 'Father says so; so there, miss. Now are you coming?'

'I don't believe father did say so,' said Truda, doubtfully.

'Didn't he though! you'd better go and ask him.'

'Isn't Mr. Forbes with him?'

'Yes, but what does that matter! Go in and say, "Father, please, must I mend Wallace's sleeve?"' said her brother, in the whining tone which he knew was especially provoking to his little sister.

'Go and ask Jane to mend it, you disagreeable boy.'

'Jane is busy, and I mean you to do it.'

'I won't!' said Truda, indignantly; 'you can't make me.'

'Can't I?' said her brother, coolly; 'I think I can, Miss Gertrude. If you don't come and do it at once I'll upset all these beads.'

Truda screamed and seized the tray, but Wallace was stronger than she.

'You might as well take it quietly,' he said, unclasping her fingers from one of the boxes. 'Now, I'll give you while I count three. One, two, will you? three, then;' and down went the red beads on the floor, scattered in all directions.

'I won't touch your old sleeve,' cried Truda, in a passion of sobs. 'You're a wicked boy, Wallace, and I wish you'd go away and never come back again!'

'One, two, three,' said Wallace, slowly, 'blues to follow;' and the second box was turned upside down.

Suddenly checking her sobs, Truda gave a gasp and sat quite still.

'Well?' said Wallace, looking at her: 'are you ready?'

'No,' was the determined reply.

'O! very well: please yourself;' and down went the yellow beads.

The little girl tried hard to keep back the tears, but they would come welling up in her eyes and almost blinding her. It had taken her so long to sort the beads, and now her work must all begin afresh! it was very hard.

She did not speak again, and this disconcerted Wallace. It was good fun to tease her and work her up into a passion and laugh at her rage; but there was no fun in seeing only a little, still, white face, with downcast eyes, and big rolling tears; so, having mixed all the beads, he scattered them with his feet, and went off, out of humour with his little sister and with himself, though he would not have owned it for the world.

'I wonder what she will do,' he thought, as he walked down the street; 'she'll pay me out, I suppose; little vixen!'

He did not feel at all comfortable as he ran over the list of his belongings, and wondered which one she would take her revenge upon.

Something of the same sort was passing through Truda's mind as she sat motionless where he had left her: 'What should she do to pay him out?' that was her question.

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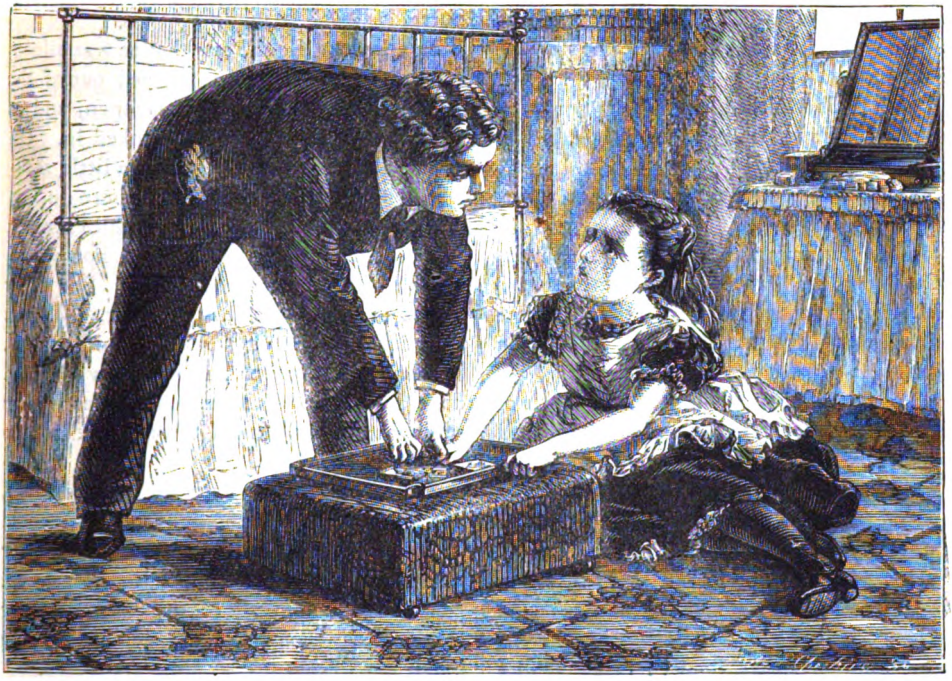

She did not stay very long on the floor. Sweeping all the beads into the box, she put them in a drawer out of sight, and then sat down on her favourite seat by the window. This window looked into the orchard, which was now bare and leafless. The sun was shining, but there was not much warmth in its rays, and after a while she began to feel cold. A gentleman was with her father, so she went down to the kitchen, and sat on the dresser while Jane made a pudding for dinner. She was very fond of making puddings herself, and Jane liked to teach her; but she was too late this morning, so was obliged to be content with watching.

'What a funny thing a pudding is,' she said, as Jane put it into the oven; 'I don't like many of the things by themselves much, but the pudding is nice.'

'A pudding is like a family,' said Jane, who was given to moralizing occasionally: 'there's good and middling, but seems as if we can't do without one.'

'O! cried Truda: 'what am I, Jane? am I the flour?'

'No; master's the flour that keeps the pudding together, you may say. Maybe you are the candied peel, or the sugar.'

'Am I sweet, then?' said the little one, opening her eyes.

Jane laughed. 'Sometimes; not always.'

'What is Wallace, Jane? he isn't sweet, I'm sure. I think he's the pinch of salt!'

'Well, we want a pinch of salt,' said Jane, who firmly believed that no dish of any description could be perfect without salt.

Truda pondered: 'I like being the sugar; what are you, Jane?'

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'The baking-powder,' said Jane; not knowing what to say: but this did very well, as neither was quite sure what office the powder performed.

The hall-door closed, and Truda ran up to her father. 'Papa,' she cried abruptly, 'do you know you are flour?'

'No, indeed! that *is* news,' replied her father, laughing.

'In the pudding, I mean,' went on Truda, trying to explain. 'Jane says, and I'm the sugar.'

Mr. Marchmont began to understand. 'Come and tell me all about it,' he said; and Truda began.

'Don't you think Wallace is the pinch of salt, papa?' she said, anxiously, as she finished the story.

'Then if he is we shall want all the more sugar; for Wallace makes a very good pinch of anything.'

'He is so unkind,' said Truda, her eyes filling with tears.

'Poor little girl! he does tease her, I know,' said her father, fondly: 'what shall I do to him?'

'Nothing, papa.'

'Then what will you do to him?'

Truda did not answer.

'There are two ways of managing that pinch of salt,' said her father, quietly: 'one is to cover it and mix it with so much sugar that it is hardly noticed in the pudding.'

Truda understood. 'It's the Lord's Prayer again,' she said soberly.

'Which part of it, Truda?'

'Forgiving, papa, isn't it? it's just the same, only it's different.'

Her father smiled. 'Differently expressed, but the spirit is the same. Yes, put it how you will, it comes back to the Lord's Prayer.'

'Are you tired, papa?' asked Truda, anxiously, as he closed his eyes. He did not answer, and she sat in silence, smoothing his hair with her little hand. Mr. Marchmont often said that his little daughter was his best nurse.

In a little while she saw that he was asleep, and leaving her seat, she slipped out of the room. The library door was open, and as she passed it she paused and looked in. On the window-ledge in the sun lay a little shell-box, which Wallace had placed there to dry. A curious thought came into the child's mind: suppose she dipped the box in hot water, wouldn't that loosen the shells? She drew in her breath as she thought of it. What a splendid revenge that would be! and besides, Wallace would never find out how she had done it. There was some fun in it as well as revenge, and she turned toward the kitchen to get the hot water.

At the foot of the stairs she paused again, irresolute. Suppose she did this, what would be the result? Wallace would be vexed, for he had made the little box with great care. But it was not Wallace she was specially thinking of, though he did come into her mind.

'If I do it,' she said to herself, 'I can't say the Lord's Prayer to-night. I can't ask God to forgive me when I won't forgive Wallace. What shall I do?'

It was hard to give up this novel way of paying Wallace, but it seemed much harder to the little girl to go to bed without saying 'Our Father.' She had never missed since she was a tiny little thing in the nursery, and she could not imagine what it must feel like to go to bed without.

'O, dear,' she said, with a little sob, 'I wish it was easier to be good!' and then she put her head down on her kitten, who had crept into her arms, and what she did I think all my little readers must guess. After a while she got up, and without looking at the box, went back to the parlour. Wallace came in to dinner, and looked anxiously round the room. The last time he had offended his

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sister she had mixed all the paints on his pallet; he could see no signs of her handiwork now. He went upstairs, and marvelled to find everything as he had left it. All dinner-time he was unusually quiet, feeling rather anxious about his sister's state of mind. The fact was he somewhat distrusted the sober look on her usually bright little face; he thought it meant mischief.

Their father saw that something was wrong between them; but he knew how to read his little daughter's face better than Wallace did, and thought it best to leave them to themselves.

When dinner was over, Truda opened her work-box.

'I will mend your sleeve now, Wallace,' she said. He looked very much astonished, and a little bit ashamed as he stood very still while she stitched away, and when she had finished, he said graciously:

'I will have a game with you, if you like, Truda, I'm not going out again.'

Truda understood; this was Wallace's way of 'making up,' as the children call it. So she felt very hopeful that after all Wallace would turn out something nicer than a 'pinch of salt.'

So the Lord's Prayer was said that night, after all.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER III.—MORE EFFORTS.

A FEW days after that first Sunday, as Mary was leaving her room, she met an old servant who was called 'Nurse;' but as neither Reginald nor Lilian needed a nurse now, she had not much to do; but Mrs. Ellerslie kept her because she was old and had few friends.

'Miss Mary, my dear,' said she, 'Jenny, the gardener's daughter, has been a tellin' us all the good things you tell 'em of a Sunday; now, Miss Mary, my dear, if it wouldn't be troublin' you too much, I'd be very glad to hear a little out o' the Bible sometimes, for I haven't heard much of it since I was a little gal, and my old eyes won't make it out very well now, you know.'

'I will do anything I can for you, nurse,' Mary replied; 'you will have most time on Sunday, will you not? I will read to you then, and at any other time you like.'

The old woman thanked her, and went away. When she was gone, Mary ran back to her room and walked restlessly up and down for some time. 'O, dear!' she thought to herself, 'I wish Jenny had said nothing about that! how can I pass all those servants to read to nurse? I cannot! O, I cannot! yet it is very wrong to feel so. O! I wish mother was here, she would tell me what I ought to do; yet I know I ought to be willing to confess the Lord Jesus before men, that He may not deny me before God and the holy angels. O! I can't tell what to do.'

Mary sank on her knees by her little bed, and remained there some time; I do not know what she said, but when she rose her usual calm and bright expression was on her face.

The next Sunday, after her little meeting on the island, Mary might have been seen standing before the old nurse's door, afraid to enter, yet not liking to turn back; she heard a step upon the stairs above her, and looking up saw Reginald coming towards her; he smiled, saying,

'I will go in too. I often sit there in the afternoon, it is such a nice sunny room.' He opened the door, and followed Mary in, and sat down by the window; and though he did not appear to take any notice of what passed, he

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KITTY.

HERE and there and everywhere,
Climbing, running, frisking;
On the table, in the chair,
Round the parlour whisking,
Kitty seems for ever flitting.
Maids and mistress scold and laugh;
Now she's in a basket sitting;
Let me take her photograph.

Most important person, Kitty!
Equal to the baby—nearly!
Full of mischief—more's the pity,
Everybody sees *that* clearly!
See! she's on the parlour table
Breakfasting on milk and cream,
Steals as much as she is able,
Of the rest she makes a stream.

Scrambling up the window curtain,
To the mantlepiece she leaps;
Down go ornaments, that's certain!
Broken fragments lie in heaps.

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Kitty never feels she's sorry,
Never has the slightest shock;
So she dozes, free from worry,
Sitting calmly on the clock.

Mrs. Pussy, her dear mother,
Watches her in mute delight;
Wondering at so much pother
With her Kit from morn till night.
Kitty plumps on mother's back,
Bites her ears, and pulls her tail,
Gets a scolding and a smack,
But it's all of no avail.

Here and there and everywhere
Kitty scampers through the house;
Mother shows her how to scare,
How to kill a slaughtered mouse.
Up the trees, and on the wall,
Heedless she of all reproof,
Deaf to the maternal squall,
She is playing on the roof!

O Miss Kitty! of to-morrow
Little know you, little care;
Never dream of coming sorrow,
How you may in future fare.
Happy now and full of frolic,
Only eat and drink and play,
Never suffer gout or colic,
Or meet misery half way.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

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knew very little of what was in his book. Mary read two chapters in St. John, and then the old woman asked her to sing. She had a sweet voice, and she sang several hymns, which the old nurse liked very much. So every Sunday afternoon Mary would go to read and sing to her; and often some of the other servants came in to listen: Reginald was always present, 'it was such a nice sunny room,' he still said; but he never was seen there at any other time.

The weeks passed very quickly, and the time had almost come when Mary must return home. Every one was sorry to lose her. On the Sunday before she left the old nurse said to her:

'You will soon be going away, my dear, and maybe I'll never see you again in this world, but Miss Mary, my dear, I'll never forget what you've read to me. I thought it 'ud be like *old* days, but I trust it 'll be the beginning of *new* days to me, my dear; you've brought to my mind what my old mother used to say, and I hope I'll mind it better than I have.'

One evening, shortly before Mary was to leave, she and Reginald were walking alone in the grounds; she wished very much to say something to her cousin, but she was a shy child, and did not know how to begin; at last, however, she laid her hand upon his arm, saying:

'Reginald, I want to speak to you, if you will come in here,' and she led him to a little summer-house, where they sat down.

'Reginald,' she said again, 'you know that text that you told me about when I first came. Do you ever think about it now?' She spoke in a low tone, without looking up; he did not reply.

'Do tell me,' Mary asked again; 'I want so much to know, Reginald.'

'Of course I remember, Mary; I should not forget so soon. I'm tired of sitting here, let us have a walk.'

They went on to the end of the grounds: there was a pretty view over the fields. Reginald began to talk about many things that he thought would interest Mary, and for some time he did not notice that she made no reply, but looking round at her he saw that she was in tears.

'What is the matter, Mary?' he asked; 'do not cry so: tell me.'

At last Mary said, 'I am very sorry, Reginald; I wanted you to think about that text; I want you to be a good boy, and to love the Lord Jesus; I should so like to see you in heaven.'

He did not reply for a minute, then he said,

'I don't think it would do for me to be like you, Mary; my father would not like me to think about such things, and mamma would not like it either: she says that if I obey her, and learn my lessons well, that is all I need do: she says you are too religious.'

'But, Reginald,' said Mary, 'I am not unhappy. I am sure I am not as religious as I ought to be; but the more I love God and try to please *Him*, the more happy I am. I do not think your papa would mind, if you asked him: do you really wish to love God?'

Before Reginald could answer, Lilian came up, and asked them to join in a game: so off they all ran, and were soon merrily at play; but neither Mary nor Reginald forgot the conversation.

Sending His Love by the Sun.

A little boy who had heard about the heathen children on the other side of the world showed his interest in them in a beautiful and novel manner. One evening at sunset, after a storm of several days' continuance, he was attracted by the unusually beautiful appearance, and stood by our west window some time watching, when,

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as if recalling the thought that the sun rose in China when it set here, as he had been told by his mother, he began to repeat in a low, meditative tone, 'Farewell, sun! farewell, sun! Good-bye! Give my love to the little boys in China.'

A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

ALL the little flowers, I see,
Their tiny eyes are closing;
The birds are roosting on the tree,
The lambkins are reposing.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away;
That I may waken fresh and bright
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me and bless me;
And who will talk to me the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies
That flutter through the bowers.

He keeps them underneath His wings,
And there they safely rest;
Yet, though they're bright and lovely things,
He loves us far the best.

For when the birds and flowers are dead,
Their little life is past;
But, though we die, yet He hath said,
Our life shall always last;

And we shall live with Him in heaven,
For He has sent His Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow like His own,—
All loving, good and mild;
For He will send His Spirit down,
And take me for His child.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep,
Within my little nest;
For well I know that He will keep
His children while they rest.

E. S. R. A.

HOW MAY CONQUERED BERTIE.

GOOD little May Stanley is a sweet child about six years of age. She goes to school with a few other children, amongst whom are some little boys. One afternoon when she came home from school, she threw herself down on the hearth-rug and cried bitterly.

'May, May,' said her mother, 'what is the matter? Come, my child, don't cry in that way.' But May only sobbed more sadly. Soon tea was ready, and May's little sisters were seated at the table. At last she rose and crept to her mother's side. 'Mother,' she said, 'I don't love Bertie Foster a bit; I don't

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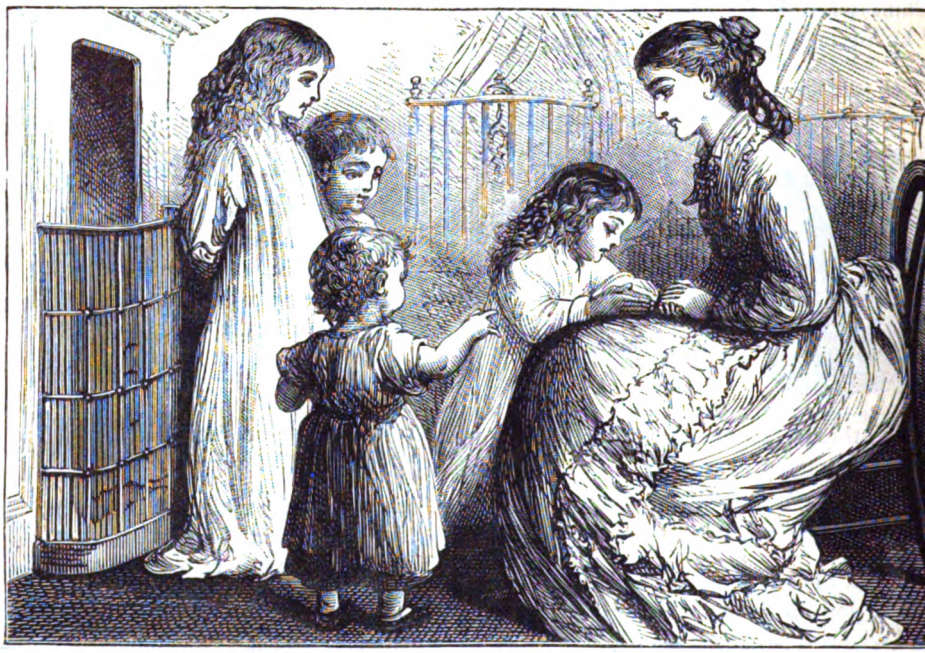

even like him; what shall I do? I have tried to like him, but it's no use, and to-day he said he'd bring a great stick to beat me.'

'He won't do it, child,' said her mother, 'he only said so to tease you; you will like him better soon; come, get your tea, love; see, sisters have nearly finished.'

So May took her seat at the table, but her eyes were full of tears, and she could not eat. At last a bright smile lit up her face and chased the tears away, as she exclaimed, 'Mother, I know now what I shall do about Bertie Foster;' so having settled the difficulty in her own mind, she seemed quite happy.

Soon the little ones were called to say their evening prayers at their mother's knee, and in addition to her usual prayer, May asked to say a prayer *all to herself.* (May's private prayers were said in a whisper, but loud enough to be heard.)

Her little sister Lottie listened attentively, and exclaimed in great surprise, 'Why, mother, May is talking about Bertie Foster; she's not saying her prayers;'—for May's whispered prayer was, 'Lord Jesus, give Bertie Foster a clean heart, and make him a good boy. Help me to love him, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

When May and Bertie were at school again, they were often together. She taught him how to pronounce the long words in his lesson (for he was younger than she), and now and then she gave him a sweetmeat, with one of her sunniest smiles, and Bertie seemed to catch her loving spirit, for he smiled too.

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A week passed, the afternoon lessons were over, and May returned home once more, but instead of lying down on the hearth-rug and crying over her little school-fellow's unkindness, she ran to her mother with a face beaming with delight, and said, 'Mother, it's done! Jesus has given Bertie Foster a new heart, I am sure He has, and now we are good friends.'

Dear reader, will you try to follow the example of May Stanley? Take all your little trials to Jesus, and ask Him to help and to comfort you. If any one should tease you, do not be unkind in return; but pray for those who are unkind to you, and try to conquer them as May conquered Bertie.

J. Brigg.

TRUSTING FATHER.

'Johnny, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?' said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. 'You've got more than you can carry now!'

'Never mind,' said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice, 'my father knows how much I can carry!'

How long it takes some of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart: 'Father knows how much I can carry!' No grumbling, no discontent, but a sweet trust in his father's love and care that he should not be overburdened. Our Heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us that we cannot bear. Do we trust Him as little Johnny did his father?

A gentleman once found his little boy punching holes in a piece of leather, and to teach him not to meddle with the tool again, he asked him to put out his tongue, that he might use the punch on that. The little boy hung back, when his little sister, three years old, who had been eagerly watching him, sprang forward and said, 'I will do it, papa,' putting out her tongue as she spoke.

To put her to the test, the father laid on the

punch. She showed no fear, and so he pressed it closer, but she stood looking up smilingly into his face until, overcome, he withdrew the instrument.

'I *knew* you wouldn't do it papa!' said the trusting little girl; 'I knew papa wouldn't hurt his little Lizzie!'

O, when can we learn, like little Lizzie, to trust a Father's hand!

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CARL LINNÉ.

(*Concluded from page* 51.)

We will pass over the events which intervene between the death of Boerhaave, and the marriage of Linnæus with Sarah Elizabeth Morens, June 26th, 1739. He was then Member of the Royal Academy of France, Physician to the navy at Stockholm, Lecturer and Founder of the present Academy of Stockholm. He had enemies, but he did not allow them to interfere with his peace of mind. As he gave volume after volume of useful information to the world, he was willing to be corrected where his statements were at fault; for it was not himself, but his science that he wished to exalt. Nearly all his books began and ended with some verse from the Scriptures expressing the goodness and greatness of the Creator in His works, and the homage and adoration that ought to be rendered to Him by His intelligent creature man. Of all books Linnæus loved the Bible best. He was one of a committee appointed to superintend a better translation of it into Swedish, and he wrote about the plants and vegetables mentioned in its sacred pages.

Linnæus at length removed to Upsal, where you may remember was a college and a Botanical garden. In this garden he had soon eleven hundred species of plants which did not belong to Sweden; and the number of students at the college increased from five hundred to fifteen hundred. When Linnæus went out for a country ramble, two or three hundred of them would join him. Each one carried a horn or a little trumpet with him, and when one of these horns was blown, all the rest of the students ran in the direction of the sound. It was a sign to them that a new plant, or flower, or insect had been discovered, and every one would want to see it, and hear from Linnæus all about it. What pleasant times those students must have had!

In 1761, Adolphus Frederick, his friend and sovereign, raised Linnæus to the rank of a noble. The King and Queen often sent for him, for they liked his company. He arranged a museum for them in their castle of Ulrichsdale.

He had a great deal now to make him very happy; but human nature is never long without its cross, as Linnæus proved, for he began to suffer severely from the gout. One day, when he was in great agony, some one told him that his pupil Kalm had come from America, and had brought several curiosities for him to see. Immediately he forgot all about the gout, and was as lively during Kalm's stay as if he had had no pain. Here is a proof of the influence the mind has over the body.

Finding he was unable to attend to his duties, Linnæus sent in his resignation of the professorship of Upsal, but the King would not accept it; he increased his salary, and appointed his son to assist him. Linnæus was delighted at this favour. His son was only twenty-two, but he had published some scientific works, and was well qualified for his post, —the Botanical Garden.

In 1776, Linnæus had a fit of apoplexy, which affected his speech and reduced his fast-declining strength. He was still very cheerful, and liked to be carried to his museum, always showing interest if anything new had been introduced into it; but a third seizure of apoplexy completed his helplessness. He lingered another year, suffering great agonies, and died January 10th, 1778, aged seventy years and seven months. Great honour was paid to his remains, and all Upsal mourned for him, while the King said they had 'lost,

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alas! a man whose celebrity was as great all over the world, as the honour was bright which his country derived from him as a citizen. Long will Upsal remember the renown which it acquired by the name of Linnæus.'

Nobly had Linnæus lived out his favourite motto, which was, 'to extend fame by deeds,' *Famam extendere factis;* and his whole story shows how single-heartedness, diligence and self-denial may win for an unrecognized genius the place which it deserves among men. We have seen him, once the dunce of the Gymnasium, and the shame of a mistaken parent, establish a world-wide reputation, and confer upon Science a benefit which will never be forgotten. Should you like to know what Linnæus thought of his own life? how he felt when students came from America to learn of him, and kings honoured him, and citizens flattered him? Did he say, 'Ah! if my father could have foreseen, or if he had lived to this day he would have felt ashamed of his blunder? And my old schoolmasters and professors, how small they all appear now! I have made my way in spite of them, and I shall live in Sweden when they are forgotten?'

No, there is no trace of any feeling of this kind; but the Diary we have alluded to has this preface:

'The Lord Himself hath led him with His own Almighty hand.' And it concludes with: 'The Lord hath been with him whithersoever he hath walked, and hath cut off his enemies from before him, and hath made him a name like the name of the great men that are on the earth.'

So in every success in life let us ascribe the praise to God, for He has said, 'Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.'

SARSON.

A Book of Three Leaves.

An old minister used to carry about a little book with only three leaves, and no words in it. The first leaf was black, the next scarlet, the last white. Day by day he looked at it, and at last told what it meant: 'Here,' he said, 'is the black leaf, that shows my sin, and what it deserves. Then comes the red page, that tells me of the blood of Jesus. I look at it, and weep, and look again. Lastly comes the white leaf, a picture of my dark soul washed in the cleansing fountain and made clean.'

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

(*See page* 63.)

References.

chapel, Amos vii. 13.	church, Rom. xvi. 5.
branch, John xv. 2.	tree, Gen. ii. 9.
river, Rev. xxii. 1.	sea, Rev. xxi. 1.
fly, Isai. vii. 18.	spider's web, Isai. lix. 5.
wing of angel, Isai. vi. 2.	heaven, Matt. vi. 9.
leper, 2 Kings v. 1.	disease, 2 Chron. xvi. 12.

PHILIP, Acts viii. 26.

Scripture Puzzle.

My whole is the dress of the Church.

1. My 1 7 9 6 the sweetest of Bible flowers.
2. My 12 2 10 is a reproach to any people.
3. My 2 1 7 10 part of the image Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream.
4. My 3 11 10 6 13 2 9 the first of Scripture Books.
5. My 4 8 1 Moses' helper in prayer.
6. My 5 1 6 11 the first occasion of sin.

Find the texts to which these words refer.

F. E. B.

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Discovering a new Plant. *See page* 78.

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JUNE, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Our Little Merry Girl.

See page 83.

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'CLEAN HANDS.'

'I SAY, Harry, whatever has made you take this wonderfully clean fit all of a sudden?' asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. 'This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day.'

'Because I want to be strong,' replied Harry.

'Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong.'

'Yes it will, the Bible says so.'

'I don't believe it does,' said John.

'I'm sure it does, though,' returned Harry, positively; 'papa read it at prayers this morning: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger;"' and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings during the day had increased his strength.

'Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands; you are a silly boy. You have had all your trouble for nothing.'

'No I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says.'

So in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began:

'Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have "clean hands" you'll be strong?'

'Certainly, my boy,' said Mr. Shelford, smiling; 'I see you remember what we read this morning,—how Job said: "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."'

'There,' cried Harry, 'I knew I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?'

'It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can't get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift up his hand to strike his sister; that made it far dirtier than if he had been making mud-pies for a whole day.'

Harry blushed, and his papa went on:

'When I was a little boy, I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing,—picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the trees that I tell you not to touch.'

'Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit,' put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

'Yes, indeed she did; and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Now, John, can you remember the name of a man who "stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church"? That made his hands very dirty indeed.'

'That was Herod, papa, when he killed James, and put Peter into prison.'

'Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself from the blame of a very terrible act by washing his hands?'

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again:

'Who took water and washed his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person"?'

'O! that was Pilate, papa,' said Harry; 'when he let the people crucify Jesus.'

'Yes, but the stain of the sin was just as

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much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we cannot get rid of them, or of their consequences, however we may try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean?'

'God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean, isn't it? because David said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."'

'And Peter,' added John, 'asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet, but his hands and his head; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed.'

'Yes, because, as the Lord said, he was washed already, by faith in Christ's cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." And I want my dear boys to pray, too:

"Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart."

Then you will have the blessing that is promised to him that "hath clean hands and a pure heart;" and you will every day grow "stronger and stronger" in the best kind of strength, till you are like those to whom St. John said, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."'

OUR LITTLE MERRY GIRL.

WHO is it trips along so gay,
With rapid steps upon the way,
Who ne'er seems weary all the day?
Our little merry girl.

Whose laugh rings out those merry peals,
Which echo forth the joy she feels,
Who from us our affection steals?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it looks through deep blue eyes,
As lovely as the azure skies,
And often looks so wond'rous wise?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it bears that dimpled chin,
Those rosy cheeks, that marble skin,
Whose smiling sweetness love doth win?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it blooms so young and fair,
And carries curls of golden hair,
And flings them on her forehead bare?
Our little merry girl.

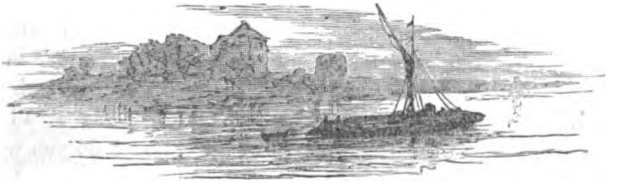
Who is it talks in rapid style,
And Mamma's trouble doth beguile,
Nor e'er seems weary all the while?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it sings in metres queer,
Yet oft in notes so sweet and clear,
That list'ning angels stoop to hear?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it plucks the flowers so fair,
And plants some in her golden hair,
The rest to Mamma's lap doth bear?
Our little merry girl.

Who is it, when the day doth close,
Prays tenderly for all she knows,
Then sings herself to sweet repose?
Our little merry girl.

JOHN TESSEYMAN.



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AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

THE battle was over! all day long it had raged, but now the conflict had ceased, for the victory was won.

A dearly-won victory! the life-blood of many a gallant heart stained the turf, and upon countless homes had fallen the darkness of the shadow of death. Throughout the length and breadth of the land was heard the wail of mourning, and the sobs of the widowed and fatherless mingled with the triumphant swell of the martial music. Sorrow and gladness walked hand in hand; the sound of the requiem ascended with the glad *Venite exultemus*, and the flag of victory waved over the open grave.

Upon the solemn battle-field, among the wounded, the dying, and the dead, lay one who had fought bravely and well through the battle's wild alarm. The dimness of death was upon his eyes; its icy hand was stopping the slow beating of his heart, and checking the current of his blood.

He was dying, and he knew it! The cries of victory had fallen upon unheeding ears; and now, in the quiet evening, he lay, silent and still, waiting for the end.

Searching for the living among the dead, two of his comrades found him there, and with gentle hands lifted him, to carry him to the camp. All tender as they were, the movement was more than he could bear, and stifling the moan upon his lips, he bade them lay him down and let him die in peace.

They laid him down, and stood beside him with uncertain will. It seemed so cruel to leave him there, untended and alone; 'besides,' they said, 'to leave him here means death.' So once more they raised him in their arms, and with slow and steady step proceeded on their way.

But the cold sweat broke out upon his brow, and the dim eyes looked the entreaty that his lips refused to speak. To carry him further was but to hasten his death; there was no mistaking now the impress of the great destroyer's hand, and again they laid him gently down upon the blood-stained turf, and left him there to die.

And now he was alone. Around him lay the silent forms of grey old veterans; of fair-haired boys, upon whose blue-veined foreheads no loving hands would ever more be placed; of stalwart men, whose cold lips wore the curve of stern determination. No comrade's hand was there to wipe the death-dews from his brow, or raise his dying head. He was alone, and what visions rose before him none can tell.

It may be he went back to the careless, happy days of childhood, and dreamed of the dear old home. It may be he heard, in fancy, voices long silent, and saw around him faces once dear and cherished. It may be he saw the heavens opened, and radiant white-winged messengers waiting to take him home.

An officer passing, with careful step and watchful eye, saw him, and stopped.

'Shall I get you a drink of water, my poor fellow?' he asked gently.

'No, thank you, Sir.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'No, thank you, Sir.'

'Have you any relative or friend to whom you would like to send a message? I will gladly take it.'

'I have not—a friend—in the world.'

The officer was silent: he had stood by many a dying man, but never yet by one who had not some loved name upon his lips. Kneeling down, he wiped the death-damp from the bronzed forehead with pitying hand.

'Is there nothing at all I can do for you, my poor fellow? do you wish for *nothing?*'

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Slowly the dying man opened his eyes and looked up into the kindly, sympathizing young face.

'There is one thing, Sir—I should like,' he murmured. 'In my knapsack—my Bible.'

Opening the knapsack, the young officer took out a little well-worn Bible.

'Is there any particular part you wish to hear?' he asked.

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'The fourteenth chapter of St. John—near the end—you will find something—about *peace*.'

He turned over the leaves and found the place.

'Is this it?—"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."'

Fitting words for that solemn battle-field! The world was waiting to lavish its applause and honours upon the victorious living; the song of triumph, and their country's love and praise, were theirs; glad hearts and open arms awaited their coming to fatherland and home.

But for the lonely, friendless soldier, unknown, un-named, the *peace* 'which passeth all understanding'!

The dim eyes opened, and a look of radiant happiness fell upon the soldier's face. All was forgotten! the pain and suffering, the feverish thirst and aching wound! the heart-sick longing for the touch of a loving hand, the wearying strife and life's long toil!—all gone for ever!

The cold lips moved with broken, murmured words, and the officer bowed his head to listen.

'That peace—is mine! that Saviour—is mine! heaven—is—mine!'

The night closed round, drawing its pall of darkness over the dying and the dead. Motionless and still, with upturned face and folded hands, lay the dead body of the friendless man, with his little worn old Bible lying on his breast.

With careless glance and step they passed him by; he was only a dead soldier of the ranks! Only an unknown soldier of the ranks, one among the many slain! only one less to swell the victor's song of triumph, to claim his meed of England's praise! And they laid him in a nameless grave in a strange and far-off land.

'And no man mourn'd his memory, or gave to his grave a tear:
But grasping his hand in the valley of death, there was One who held him dear.'

RUTH ELLIOTT.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER IV.—A REWARD.

THE Sunday after the conversation recorded last month, all went to church, and this was the text: 'And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' Reginald had never before paid particular attention to the text, but as he saw Mary do so, he thought *he* would; for there is a great deal in example. The Clergyman was a stranger, and I suppose that was why Reginald paid unusual attention. The sermon and the text frightened him more than anything he had ever heard before, for generally he was a bold boy; so he thought he would look round and see how others took it: Mrs. Ellerslie was leaning back, fanning herself; Lilian was playing with one of her beautiful curls. Then he looked at Mary; she, too, was leaning back, her quiet grey eyes were fixed on the Clergyman's face, while a sweet smile rested on her own. Reginald thought at first that she could not be listen-

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ing; but he soon changed his mind, and felt, as he had never felt before, that there was a great difference between himself and Mary; and he resolved he would find out what it was. He was very silent all the way home.

In the afternoon, when Mary started for the island, Reginald ran after her, and took his seat in the willow-tree. Mary talked a good deal about the text of the morning (I would willingly write down all she said, but it would take too much space); and when the little girls went, she did not as usual go with them, but lingered till they were all gone over the bridge, and then she knelt down upon the grass; and Reginald heard her pray for them, for her mother, and after a while she prayed for *him*. He had never heard any one pray like that before. He said prayers himself every night and morning, but he had always thought it a troublesome duty that must be got through quickly; but Mary prayed as if some One were really by her, and as he or Lilian might speak to their mother. It did not seem right to be watching her when she thought herself alone, yet he felt as if he could not go away; and when at last Mary rose and went softly back into the house, he still sat and thought, he scarcely knew of what. At last, he remembered he must not miss Mary's last reading with the old nurse, so he sprang up and ran in. She had begun to read, and one or two of the other servants were there, for now she was not afraid to show how she loved the things she read about.

Reginald sat down by the window, and Mary read some of the last words of the Lord Jesus, from St. John, and the account of the crucifixion. Of course, he had heard it before, but it had never appeared so sad, and he found he could not hide his tears; so he got up and went to his own room, and sitting down, he began to wonder very much how it was that Jesus, Who seemed so kind when Mary read of Him, could yet be the dreadful Judge he had heard about in the morning. He could not understand it, yet he very much wished to know. At first he thought he would ask Mary; then he thought it would be babyish to be taught by a *girl;* but his desire to know at last overcame every other feeling, and he resolved to ask her. Before the children went to bed, all took a walk on the Downs. Two or three gentlemen had come to see Mr. Ellerslie, and they flattered Lilian very much about her beauty, and kept her with them; so Reginald and Mary found themselves alone. Then Reginald said:

'Were you frightened, Mary, at what the Clergyman said this morning?'

'No,' said Mary, very quietly.

'But are you not very much afraid when you think that such a dreadful day must come?' said Reginald, with a shudder.

'No,' replied Mary.

'Well, what can you mean?' said Reginald, who was beginning to get impatient; 'everyone is frightened, and I am sure you must be.'

'But I am not. I know I deserve to go to hell; so does everybody; but you know, God knew it too; and He pitied us and loved us so, that He sent the Lord Jesus to die, and bear our punishment for us. So you see, Reginald, that if I believe in Him and love Him (and I *do* love Him), God will forgive me for His Son's sake, and blot my sins out of His book; so when every one is judged, He will take me to heaven to live with Him for ever. So you see I *cannot* be afraid, and I am not at all.'

'Then how is it that every one does not go to heaven?' asked Reginald.

'Because,' replied Mary, 'they do not all accept the Lord Jesus, nor love Him: some think they are good enough without Him, and some don't care at all.'

Reginald said nothing more just then, but still he did not quite understand.

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'Timothy found them, and stole them away.' *See page* 90.

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'Two little hearts are quite broken in twain!' See page 90.

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FIVE PRETTY EGGS.

BY REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

FIVE pretty eggs of two
hedge-sparrows lay
Snug in their nest one
fine morning in May.
Timothy found them,
and stole them away;
How could he be
happy without
them?

O they were pretty! Less blue is the sky;
Fanny's new frock was less pure in its dye.
Homewards he bore them, and laid them all by;
And quickly forgot all about them.

Two loving hedge-sparrows sit on a spray,
Gaze on the nest where their pretty ones lay;
Find that some robber has borne them away,
And make a sad moaning about them.
Two little hearts are quite broken in twain!
'O they were pretty!' I hear them complain.
When will these hedge-sparrows chirrup again?
How can they be happy without them?

THE ADVENTURES OF MASTER THOMAS PLATTER.

A TRUE STORY.

II.

THERE were but few schools in the days when our hero lived; so that those who wished to learn were often compelled to travel long distances in search of teachers. The scholars journeyed in companies; and as most of them were very poor they obtained their living by begging, and, when they were unsuccessful in getting alms, by stealing. The older scholars generally managed to have one or two little boys (*fags*, we should call them) to beg and perform other services for them. Whilst Master Thomas was praying to be saved from his uncle's cruelty, a relation of his, named Paul, who had travelled with companies of scholars to Ulm and Munich, returned to his own home and offered to take Thomas with him to the German schools.

Any change was welcome to the poor child; arrangements were soon made, and Thomas began his wanderings. I cannot tell you all the hardships he suffered—he had to walk many miles in a day, having little or no food; if, tired and faint, he walked slowly, Paul would come behind him and drive him on with a stick. But worse than all, his wicked relative taught him to do many bad things; and the little slave (for such he really was), having never learned that it was wrong to lie and cheat and steal, did just as he was bidden. Amongst other things, Paul had told him that in certain places the scholars were allowed to kill and eat the geese belonging to the farmers.

One day, passing through a village, Thomas killed a goose by throwing stones at it; and then hiding it under his little coat, he ran to join his companions, who were some distance away. The goosherd however noticed the legs of the bird hanging from under the child's coat, which was too short to cover them, so shouting out, 'The young scamp has stolen one of my geese,' he ran after him. Some men at work near hearing him call, joined in the chase. At length poor Thomas being

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almost tired out, and finding that his pursuers were getting nearer and nearer, dropped the goose, and whilst they stopped to pick it up hid behind a hedge. The men passed without seeing him, and after being still a long time, he ventured to join his companions, who laughed at him and abused him, not for stealing, but for being found out. This adventure cured the little scholar of stealing geese; though, like many poor children in our own time, he thought it was a greater sin to be caught stealing than to steal.

In course of time the scholars came to Breslau, where they went sometimes to school, but learnt hardly anything. Most of their time was spent in begging from door to door. Whilst they were here a gentleman took pity on Master Thomas, and very much wished to adopt him and treat him as his own son; but Paul, who was living an idle life on what his little servant obtained for him, was not willing to part with him. Although this gentleman could not take him altogether, yet in many ways he showed kindness to the young wanderer.

From Breslau our hero, with seven other travelling scholars, went to Dresden; but suffered much from hunger on the way. When they were leaving Dresden they came to a cottage where, as soon as the people heard they were Swiss, they took them in and gave them a good meal. An old woman who lived in the house said that all her life she had wished to see a Swiss, and that now she could die happily.

After many wanderings they came to Ulm, where they were not very successful; and as the elder scholars took most of the food that was given to the fags, Thomas was often so hungry that he would snatch bones from dogs in the street and gnaw them. But even here he was not quite friendless, for a good widow took pity on him, and gave him food, and wrapped his frozen feet in a rug which she used to lay behind the stove to keep it warm for him when he called on his begging-round.

They stayed some time at Ulm, and then went to Munich. Here a butcher's widow took Master Thomas to live with her; but when Paul found that he no longer brought him food and money, he came to claim him again. The widow told Thomas to say he was ill, and he, not knowing it was wicked to tell a lie, did so. Paul, however, met him a few days after in the street, and threatened to punish him dreadfully if he did not come back to him. This so terrified the child that saying nothing to any one he ran away from the town. Paul followed him; but Thomas got back to his good friend at Ulm, who took him into her house, and there he lived very happily for two months. But even here his cruel master followed him, and he was obliged to run away again. You may be sure he cried bitterly at leaving the widow, who had cared for him and loved him as his own mother had never done.

Soon he got back to his native village, and after a short stay there started again on his travels. Being now free from Paul's tyranny, and anxious to learn, he went to the school of a celebrated teacher, called Sapidus; but though he was almost grown up, he was so ignorant that he was obliged to learn with the youngest boys, amongst whom, he says, he looked like a hen with its chickens.

From this school he went to Zurich, where his teacher, Myconius, who was, though secretly, a believer in the Reformed or Protestant doctrine, showed him much kindness and helped him in his studies. Myconius also made Thomas his servant in the school, and amongst other duties he had to light the fire in the Roman Catholic church to which Father Myconius took his scholars. One day when Zwingli, a great preacher of whom you will read much when you are older, came to preach at the church, very early in

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the morning, Thomas had no wood to light the fire with, so he took a wooden figure of St. John from one of the altars and used it, saying, 'Now, Johnny, bend yourself, you must go into the stove though you are a St. John.' The priests were very much surprised and vexed to find the figure gone, and lamented its loss a great deal, but they never found out that Thomas had lighted the fire with it. It was very well for him they did not, for if they had the people would probably have killed him.

DOGGY, KITTY AND BUNNY.

ONCE there was a dog whose name was Jack, who belonged to a little girl called Polly. He had white, woolly hair, and long, black ears, and a black spot on his back; so you see he was a funny-looking dog.

One day when Jack was out, he found a

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poor little kitten,—I don't know where, perhaps in a ditch. But doggies don't talk, do they? so he could not say where he picked it up. Polly heard him at the door, and opened it; and there he was with this poor little kitten in his mouth. It seemed half-dead, and was very wet and dirty, but in he walked with it. Jack's saucer of milk was standing ready for him, so he made Kitty drink some, and when she took it he seemed so pleased. Then he picked her up in his mouth again, and carried her on to the hearth-rug, put her down, and stood and looked at her. Perhaps he was wondering what he should do next. Well, what do you think he did? I don't think you could guess. He saw that Kitty wanted washing, so he set to work and licked her all over—head and legs and body. He licked and licked until he had got all the mud and dirt off and made her quite clean. Don't you think he was a kind dog?

When he had finished that operation and had had his supper, he lay down on the hearth-rug and coiled himself up comfortably, folded his great paws round Kitty, and made her lie still and go to sleep. Does anybody ever cuddle you up in bed? Well, Jack cuddled the little cat and kept it safe and warm, and he would take care of it night and day, and always gave it part of his food, and would not let any one hurt or tease it. But he disliked all other cats, barked at and chased them.

Now Polly had a rabbit also,—a nice, fat bunny,—that lived in a hutch in the garden, but was let out very often to run about. Polly used to go out up and down the roads, to pick up hay that hay-carts had let fall, and bring it in to make a soft bed for her rabbit. The cut below will show you what this rabbit was like.

Jack, and the kitten and the rabbit used to play together in the garden and have fine fun. Once the kitten flew at the rabbit and tried to scratch it, but the rabbit gave Miss Kitty a slap with one of its feet and knocked it over. Then Jack was angry with Kitty for trying to hurt Bunny; after that, there was no more quarrelling, but they were all three very good friends.

If any strange cats came and looked over the wall, or tried to get into the garden, Jack would bark until they went; and then he and the rabbit and the kitten would run round and round the garden, and make such a noise that I think strange cats would be afraid to venture near.

Kitty grew up to be a fine cat; but she was always fond of Jack, and he was always kind to her. She liked to tease him just for fun, and sometimes she would get on his back and sit there; and he couldn't reach to get her off, and then he would run round the garden and bark, and so that funny young cat would have a nice ride.

M. A. E.

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A TALK WITH MY CHILDREN ABOUT BEING GOOD.

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I owe a great deal to my parents, especially to my mother. Not only did she wash and dress and feed me when I was very little, but as I grew older she taught me many good things about God, and Jesus and heaven; among other good things which I remember very thankfully, she taught me to *love poetry*. How well do I remember sitting at the table in the winter evening, while she sat with her sewing, and dictated some beautiful lines, which I wrote down! The fire was burning cheerily within, and the wind was blowing drearily without; and as we looked at the fire and listened to the storm, we should have been quite comfortable if we had not known that poor father was out in the night. But then we knew that he was not made of tissue paper; and we did not think the wind would blow him away, and we were quite sure too that his Father, and our Father, would take care of him. And so God did take care of him; and of dear mother too, and a long time since He sent for her to come and live with Him in heaven.

Yes, I'll tell you all about it some time; how peacefully she died, and how we carried the cold, but beautiful form, and laid it in the little country churchyard, while the Minister said, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Why did he not cry when he said it, as father, and I, and Dickey, and Uncle did? So we thought. It was a blustering day in March, and sometimes the cold wind seemed to scold the few little primroses that had just peeped up, for their boldness in coming out of the ground so early; and then the wind would be quieter, and the sun would pop out and smile at them, as though he said, 'Never mind the bad-tempered wind, come on and I'll take care of you.' But cloud or sunshine it seemed all the same to us; we thought we should never laugh again. But we have done, father, and I, and Dickey, and Uncle, and all of us; and we hope to laugh a great deal more before we die, if it please God to spare us. But although it is so long ago since dear mother taught me to love poetry, I have never forgotten the lesson, and I think my love of poetry and my memory of her seem to be very much bound up together. I want you all to love *good* poetry, my dear children, and so I will begin my talk about being good, with eight beautiful lines, and ask you to learn the last four:

'Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Laugh at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

Now you have learned those four lines—never to forget them, I hope,—will you listen while I say *three things* to you about being good?

I. WE MUST BE GOOD BEFORE WE CAN DO GOOD.—We cannot do good until we are good. Being made good, therefore, is the very first thing. My father once had a wild brier in his garden, one that he found growing in a hedge, and he wanted to make it bear roses. What did he do? He got a little bud out of a proper rose-tree, and put it in the wild brier, and by doing that he *changed its nature*, and then it bore beautiful

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roses without giving him any farther trouble. What was that? Why it was making the brier be good so that it might do good. When people are good, they will be sure to do good, and how can they expect to do good before? You have often heard it said that water will not rise above its level. Let me explain this to you:

Very near my native city there is a very beautiful hill, called Robin Hood's Hill. Whether it got that name because the 'bold Robin Hood' once went there, I do not know, but I rather think not, because it is a long way from the part of the country where he lived. About half-way up it is a beautiful and never-failing spring of water, and in times of siege and in very dry summers the people of the city below would have been very thankful to have had this beautiful water to drink. But it was so far away that that could not be, or so they thought. But as their Abbot had received the body of Edward the Second, who had been murdered in the castle of Berkeley, and interred it in the Abbey, when everybody else was afraid to give the murdered king a grave, his son—Edward the Third—was anxious to do them a kindness. So hearing of their difficulty about the water, he caused a large lead pipe to be laid under ground from the spring in the hill-side to the Abbey, which at the time of the Reformation was diverted to the Cross, which was in the principal part of the city; and from that time the citizens have had abundance of water. Well do I remember seeing the old women take their buckets and pitchers to the two large brass-taps that were fixed in the wall near the 'Cross,' and the great force with which the water ran.

Receiving the body of Edward the Second proved to be a good thing for the monks, for so many pilgrims came to give offerings at his shrine, that they were enabled to build a very noble tower to their Abbey, which was soon afterwards made a Cathedral. And by placing pipes within this tower, they could carry the water just to the top of it, but no farther. But why did the water stop just there? Why did it not burst out at the top of the pipe, and spring into the air, just as you have seen it in a fountain when it was playing? Because the top of the Cathedral tower was exactly the same height as the spring from which the water came. So it ran down the hill, through the valley, up the hill again, and through the pipes till it reached its own level, and then it stopped. So it is with goodness. When your hearts are filled with the love of Jesus, it will be like having a spring of goodness within, it will flow out of its own accord, and go just as far as the force within will carry it.

(*To be concluded.*)

Scripture Enigma.

BY REV. J. YEAMES.

My first, with golden wings outspread,
Bent o'er the sacred mercy-seat;
My second neither fear'd nor fled,
But dared the fiery furnace' heat;
My third her grandson wisely taught;
My fourth was mother to us all;
My fifth—the guilty, was released,
When vengeance on the Just did fall:

Arrange the letters, first and last,
Of all the names that here are given,—
And find one who o'er Jordan pass'd,
And one who found his rest in heaven.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

(*See page* 79.)

'Righteousness.'—Revelation xix. 8.

1. Rose, Song of Solomon, ii. 1..
2. Sin, Proverbs xiv. 34.
3. Iron, Daniel ii. 33.
4. Genesis.
5. Hur, Exodus xvii. 12.
6. Tree, Genesis ii. 17.

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JULY, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

'Good old Grandpa sweetly slept.'

See page 98.

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GRANDPA'S NAP.

BY REV. EDMUND POTTS.

THE grandsire ask'd for an easy seat,
And a hassock on which to rest his feet,
So they gave him a cushion'd elbow-chair,
And left him to sleep, with no one there;
So the door was closed, and guard was kept,
While good old Grandpa sweetly slept.

Then the grandsire placed himself to rest,
And loosed the throat of his shining vest,
And his kerchief clean, without a speck,
He loosely closed about his neck;
And the velvet cap of the mother's make
(Which he wore, he said, for his daughter's sake)
He pulled down strangely corner-wise,
And the tassel fell between his eyes,
And a few gray locks of silver hair,
Which time had left remaining there,
Peep'd out beneath that velvet cap,
And watch'd while Grandpa took his nap.

'Tread softly, children, Grandpa sleeps,
You must not make a noise just now;'
Thus speaks the housemaid while she sweeps
The crumbs, dispersed in litter'd heaps;
Her kindly heart will not allow
That Grandpapa should be distress'd
With children's noises while at rest.

So peaceful is the grandsire's rest,
As peaceful as his happy face;
And he declares the sparrow's nest
Is not a softer place of rest
Than his old easy-cushion'd place.
He always sleeps as soundly there
As though he had no earthly care;
And I have found that in his breast
There dwells the secret of his rest.

I'll tell you what he told to me:
He once was in a storm at sea,
And while the tempest shook the ship,
And tore the rigging from the mast,
There sped a prayer from many a lip,—
A wish that this might soon be past;
For manly eyes betray'd a tear,
And sailor hearts began to fear.
Then in that time of terror wild,
There came upon the deck a child,
A little boy of summers ten,
Who smiled and chatted to the men:
And much they wonder'd him to see
Discoursing thus so merrily.

It seem'd amid the fight with death,
A moment's calm, a moment's rest,
A moment's chance to take a breath,
A bit of cheer for every breast.

But Grandpa whisper'd to the boy,
And having set him on his knee,
He asked him how he found such joy
Amid that awful storm at sea?
'Why,' said the lad, 'our Father there'
(He pointed upward to the sky)
'Has told us that He answers prayer,
And so I know we shall not die.'
Up started Grandpa to his feet,
And in a moment sought retreat,
And hiding quickly out of sight,
He pray'd to God with all his might.

The storm abated, and the calm
Which follow'd smoothly after this,
Was like the inward healing balm
Which Grandpa says began his bliss:
Amid that storm he found the Friend
'That sticketh closer than a brother,'
And now he nears his journey's end
He does not need to find another;
And his sweet face will recommend
The same to you or any other.

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GERTRUDE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

PART I.

It was Gertrude's birthday. Jane was deep in the mysteries of pies and cakes, jellies and tarts; for there was to be a grand gathering of lads and lassies that evening, and she knew of old what that meant. Gertrude was helping her: that is to say, she beat a few eggs and stoned some plums, and ran away every five minutes to look at her birthday presents, and admire her new white frock, with its pretty laces and blue ribbons, or to hug her kitten, and whisper to it what fun they were going to have presently.

It was summer: beautiful, bright, warm summer, and Mr. Marchmont had taken an old-fashioned house in the country for a few months. There was a large garden all round it, full of fruit and vegetables and flowers. Such fruit! bonnie big apples, and tempting pears, and luscious plums. And such flowers! roses almost as big as plates! lilies and honeysuckle, and laughing pansies, and a wilderness of sweet mignonnette. We will not say anything about the vegetables, but they were there! enough to supply half-a-dozen tables.

Gertie called it her garden, because she watered and weeded it to her heart's content. There was an arbour with a big table in it, where sometimes they had tea; and there was a fountain on the lawn, and a mossy sundial which was Gertie's great admiration. Wallace wanted to clean it up and paint it red; but fortunately his father heard the scheme and came to the rescue. Shading the lawn were three big trees—oaks; and under these trees Gertrude's party was to have tea.

Aunt Margaret was coming to superintend everything, and Gertie could not imagine why she did not come. It was twelve o'clock and she was not in sight. At last the old gray pony was seen in the distance, and Aunt Margaret's pretty phaeton behind it. Gertie almost flew down the road to meet it, and jumping in, hugged first her aunt, then Polly, then little Burt, and then Burt's little dog.

'Did you think we were never coming?' cried Polly. 'Burt couldn't find his shoe, and the other pair hurt him and his old ones had gone to be mended. We found it at last: Flick had run off with it and hid it in the stable. Naughty Flick!'

Flick hung his head and got under the seat, and did not appear again till they stopped before the door. Wallace came out to meet them and took charge of the pony; and while Aunt Margaret went into the house to see her brother, Polly and Gertie walked round the garden. They did not stay there long, for there were all the presents to be seen and admired. Aunt Margaret soon found them plenty to do. Dear little Burt tried to help too. He upset the sugar-basin, and spilt the cream. In fact, he helped very much, and Flick was delighted with it all, especially the cream.

'What time are they coming?' asked Aunt Margaret at dinner: 'and how many will there be?'

'Fourteen besides Wallace and Polly and Burt and me,' answered Gertie. 'Papa has sent

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the wagonette, and they'll all be here by three. O, Polly, make haste!'

'I am,' said Polly, divided between a great wish to run out and look down the road and a greater wish to have another piece of pie.

'I am sure you have had enough,' cried Gertie, with more candour than politeness. 'If you eat so much dinner you won't want any tea.'

'O yes, I shall!' replied Polly, confidently, in no wise dismayed by such a possibility. 'You have some more too, and then you won't fidget so.'

After a little consideration Gertie saw the wisdom of this remark, and took the advice.

'What are they going to do to amuse themselves?' asked Aunt Margaret. 'Gertie, what are you going to do with your guests?'

'Why, Aunt Margaret, there's lots to do: we are going to play every game we know, and have tea under the trees. Papa says we may do just what we like. Thomas has put up a splendid swing in the barn.'

'And I have six white mice in the loft for them to see,' put in Wallace.

His father looked up quickly. 'Wallace, I thought Thomas said that loft was a dangerous place for children.'

'Well, papa, I am not a child,' replied Wallace, calmly.

'Yes, you are,' said Polly, contradicting him flatly, as she was rather in the habit of doing. 'You are as much a child as I am, only a little older.'

'It is not a nice place for little girls, nor for little boys,' said their father; 'Wallace is old enough to take care of himself, and he knows where the danger is: but I cannot have any of the other children going up. Wallace, you must bring your mice down if you want to show them.'

Wallace shrugged his shoulders, but did not speak.

'You hear me, Wallace?'

'Yes, papa. I won't let any of the girls go up.'

'Nor the boys; if one goes another will want to. Be a good boy, and bring the mice down.'

When their father spoke in that tone the children knew he was to be obeyed. After dinner Wallace fetched the mice down and left them in the barn.

At three o'clock the company arrived, and then began the fun. Gertie was the queen, of course, and a most gracious little majesty she made! not one bit too grand to kiss all her maids of honour, and allow all her courtiers unlimited license. Why, one of the audacious rogues actually stole the blue ribbon which tied up her bonnie brown hair, and wore it round his hat all the evening. Was there ever another queen who allowed such things as that? Ask history.

Surely such a splendid place for hide and seek was never seen before! There were shrubberies with all sorts of nooks and corners, and haystacks, and the big barn, and the orchard and the little copse down by the stream.

Gertie and Polly always hid together and ran together, and generally got caught together. Burt liked being caught; he thought that was what hide and seek was for; and if, as sometimes happened, the seekers passed him by in chase of larger game, he ran after them, crying, 'Catch me! O, please catch me!'

Everybody laughed, but Burt was everybody's pet, so they caught him and kissed him and let him go. Dear little Burt! he was quite satisfied then, and at tea-time told Aunt Margaret, with great glee, that he had been 'caughted firteen times!'

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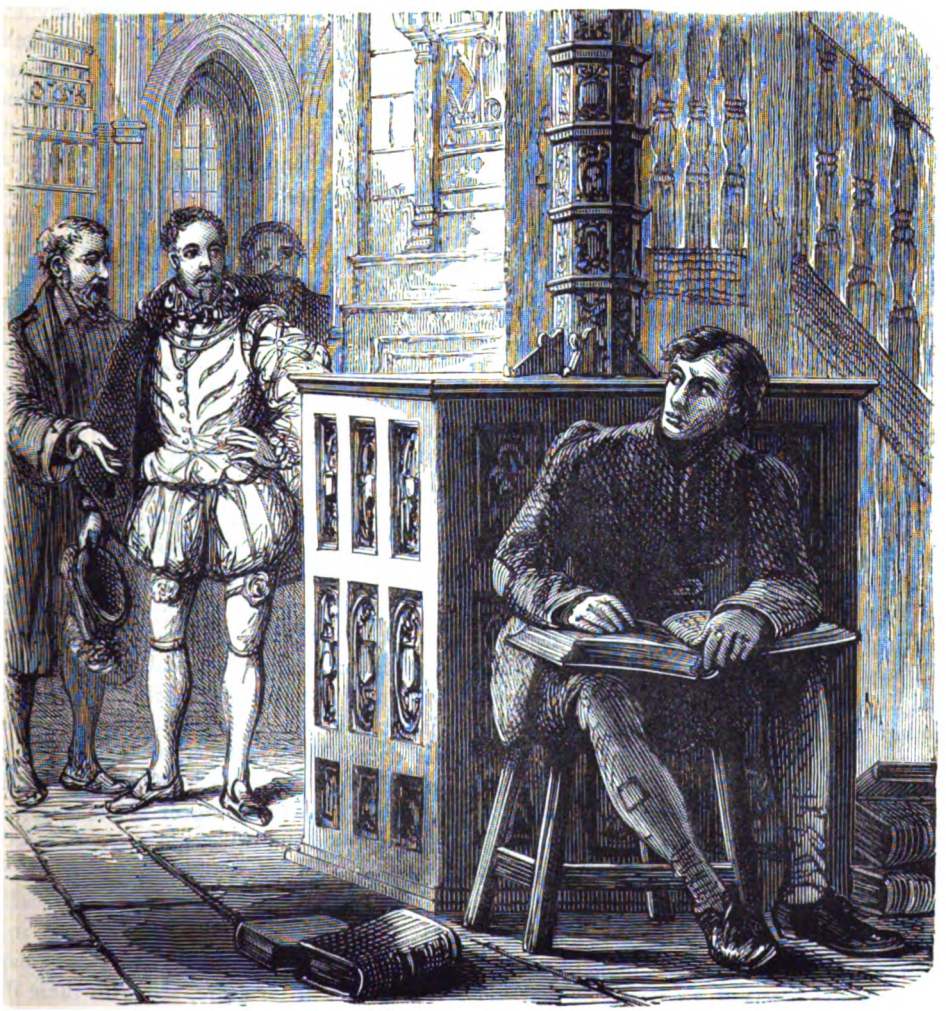
THE ADVENTURES OF MASTER THOMAS PLATTER.

A TRUE STORY.

III.

UP to this time Master Thomas had professed to be a Roman Catholic, but he had very little real religion. He used to pray to various saints, asking St. Catherine that he might become learned, St. Barbara that he might not die without the sacrament, and the Virgin Mary that she would intercede with Jesus for him. For many years his friends had cherished the hope that he would become a priest when he was old enough, but



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one day having heard Zwingli preach from 'I am the Good Shepherd,' he was so impressed with the importance of a Pastor's office, and the wickedness of those who entered it only to make a living, that he resolved he would never become a priest.

After a short visit to his native village, Thomas returned to Zurich, where he soon yielded to the influence of Zwingli and Myconius, and became secretly an adherent of the Reformed or Protestant faith. At Zurich he continued his studies, though suffering great poverty. By dint of hard work he acquired a considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin, and also learnt a little Hebrew. At length he was engaged by a gentleman as tutor to his two sons; this was the beginning of happier days for poor Thomas, for now he was always sure of his dinner. He continued his studies with even greater diligence, and scarcely allowed himself any time for sleep; but after a hard day's work he sometimes found it no easy thing to keep awake, so he would put cold water, and even raw turnips and sand into his mouth that it might rouse him when he dozed over his books. Though still very poor, he managed to buy a copy of the Hebrew Bible, and soon became one of the most learned men in the town.

One day as he was reading his Hebrew Bible, the Pastor from a neighbouring place saw him, and immediately engaged him as his teacher. With him he remained twenty-seven weeks; and thought himself quite a rich man because he had plenty to eat and drink. After this he taught another Pastor more than eighty years old to read Hebrew, so anxious was the old man to be able to read the Scriptures in the language in which they were first written. Then he returned to Zurich, where his poverty compelled him to work as a rope-maker. As he walked backwards and forwards twisting the hemp, he used to read the unbound sheets of a Latin book that had been given him: these he stuck into a forked stick fastened into his belt, so that both hands might be free for his work.

In those days few people could read Hebrew, so that Master Thomas was thought to be very learned. One day a scholar of the town, Doctor Oporinus, came to him, and begged him to teach him Hebrew; at first Thomas refused, saying he knew little himself, but at last he consented to instruct him for an hour a day. Without saying anything to Thomas, Dr. Oporinus put up a notice that Hebrew lessons would be given in the church at four o'clock in the afternoon. When the poor rope-maker got to the church, he found eighteen learned men, all very well dressed, waiting for the Hebrew Professor to come and lecture to them. Master Thomas, who wore very shabby clothes, and had his rope-maker's apron on, when he saw all these gentlemen, was quite frightened, and tried to run away, but Dr. Oporinus and the others begged him to stay and teach them. At last he consented; but in order that his shabby garments might not be noticed, he always sat on a small stool behind the stove. His fame as a teacher soon spread, and during the year a very rich Frenchman came from Basle on purpose to learn Hebrew. This man was dressed in costly clothing, and had a servant to carry his cloak for him. When Master Thomas came in, dressed as usual, and sat down behind the stove, the stranger asked, 'When is the Professor coming?' he could scarcely believe his eyes when Dr. Oporinus pointed to the ragged man in the corner of the room. But he soon learned to respect his teacher, and tried to help him in several ways.

After some years Thomas married the housekeeper of his old friend and teacher Myconius. His wife had two florins, and a relative had lately died leaving Thomas a few articles of furniture, and with these they

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set up housekeeping. Master Thomas now left Zurich and went to St. Visp, where he opened a school, and also continued his trade of rope-making.

He remained at St. Visp for some years, and then went to Basle, where he was appointed assistant to his old pupil, Dr. Oporinus, who was schoolmaster there. Then he and Oporinus went into partnership as printers; but after continuing the business for some years Thomas grew tired of it, and at the earnest entreaty of the Town Council became Professor in their principal school.

These were golden days for poor Thomas, after his life of toil and hardship, for he had now not only plenty of money, but was beloved and respected by all who knew him; and I am sure you will say that his wealth and honour were well earned.

He held this Professorship for thirty-one years, and died very peacefully when more than eighty years old.

Thus you see, girls and boys, how by earnest, persevering study and simple faith in God, the poor, ignorant, ill-used orphan boy became a brave, happy and useful man.

I have told you this old story to show you, dear girls and boys, how the good Lord cared for and guided, centuries ago, a poor, ignorant, ill-used child, until he became, by diligent study and simple faith in God, a learned, useful and happy man. I want you also to remember that though all this happened so long ago, yet our God is just the same now, and that perseverance and faith, with His blessing, can make the poorest and most ignorant of us quite as useful and good as was Master Thomas Platter.* A. E.

* The facts narrated above are taken from an English Translation, by Mrs. Finn, of Master Thomas Platter's Autobiography.

THE 'LITTLE MAID.'

(2 Kings v.)

BY REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

Seized by the Syrians and bound as their prey,
Grieved for the altars which desolate lay,
Sad for beloved ones slain with the sword,
Weeping she went from the land of the Lord.

Yet did Jehovah His little one bless,
Heard in the day of her hopeless distress;
Made her obedient and truthful and just,
Gave her My Lady's affection and trust.

Great was her master, for had he not won
Freedom for Syria by prodigies done?
Yet was he wasting in sickness and woe,
Leprous and loathsome, and white as the snow.

Seeing his anguish and hearing his moan,
Wept the small captive, forgetting her own;
Daily his heavy affliction deplored,
Spake to My Lady, and she to My Lord:

'Only Elisha the leper can cleanse;
Dwells he at Gilgal, and cometh not thence.
Say you, "Remote are Samaria's meads?"
Strong are the chariots, and fleet are the steeds!'

O, but the master was jubilant then!
Went with his chariot and horses and men;
Not as aforetime with pitiless sword—
Went to be healed in the land of the Lord.

O! but with feverish longings the maid
Watch'd for his coming, and waited, and pray'd;
Pray'd that the loathsome disease might depart,
Pray'd that good seed might take root in his heart.

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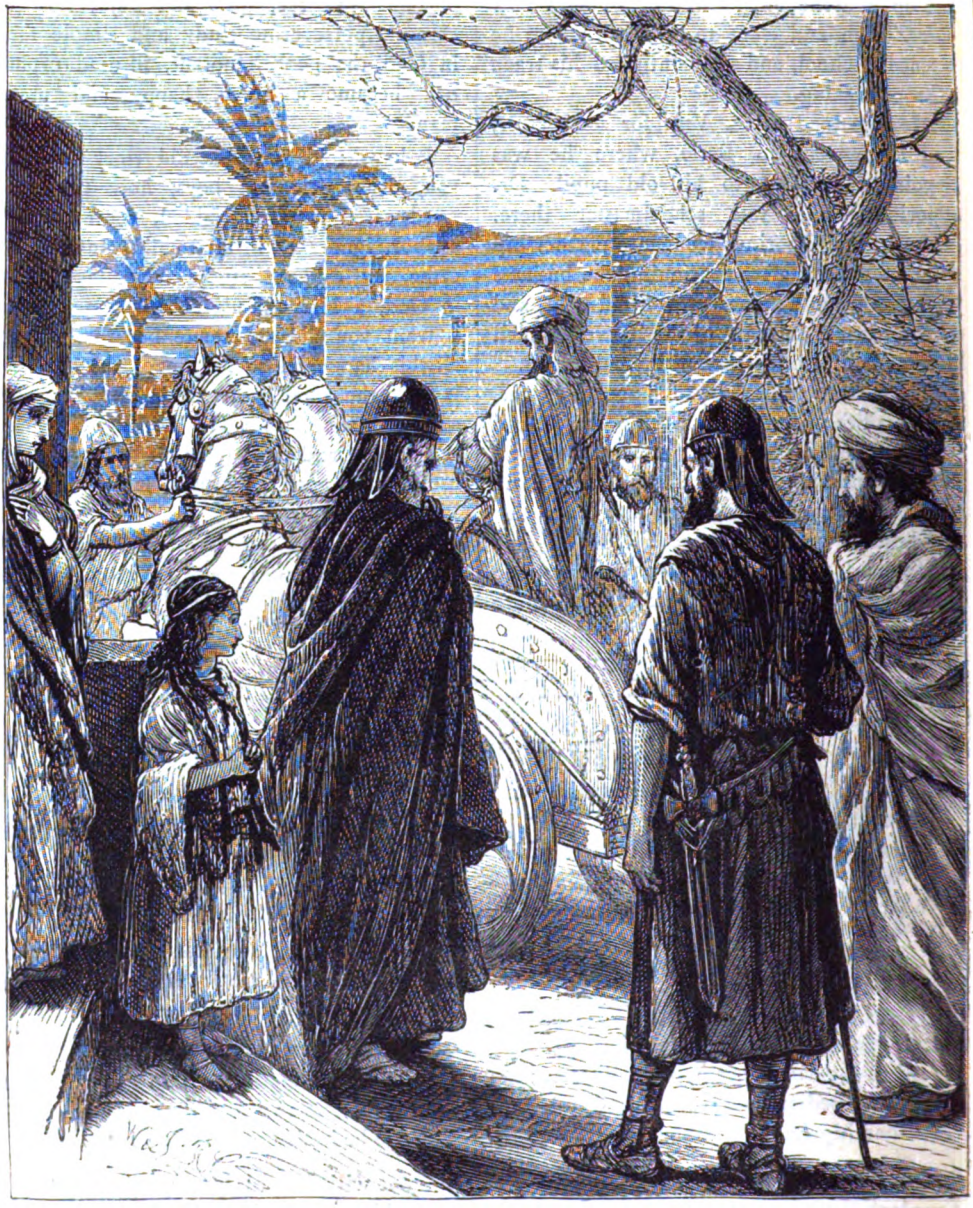

The 'Little Maid.'

See page 103.

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The Long-tailed Titmouse. *See page* 106.

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Oft to the loftiest lattice she stole,
Hope and misgiving at strife in her soul;
Out on the watch-tower often she said—
'Surely he tarrieth! Hath he not sped?'

Is it a dust-cloud that gathers and nears?
Are they the bells of the horses she hears?
Catch you the music that floats o'er the plain?
Hark, there is rapturous joy in the strain!

Yonder his chariot and horses appear;
Swiftly he travels, and now he is here—
Not as a leper with visage defiled;
Blusheth his face like the face of a child.

Proudly My Lady makes claim to her place,
Lock'd in a long and a loving embrace;
Anguish, and distance and danger are past,
Love hath its guerdon in gladness at last.

Low to the God of Elisha he bows,
Gratefully, humbly performing his vows;
Stoopeth his spirit to Rimmon no more—
All through the 'little maid' taken in war.

Once as a servant for duty approved,
Lives she in splendour—a daughter beloved;
Lives in the heart of a nation engraved,
Saviour of him who the Syrians saved.

THE LITTLE ARCHITECT.

WHAT a strange-looking nest! How was it made? and what kind of birds live in it?

This is the nest of the Long-tailed Titmouse. Let us look at it closely, and we shall find that it is even more wonderful than it seems at first sight. How firmly the moss, and wool, and hair and the pretty silver-coloured lichens are woven! and I want you to notice that the materials of this substantial structure are cemented or fastened together in very much the same way that the tiny humming-birds fasten their little nests,—with spiders' webs, and the silky beds of caterpillars.

Like most oval nests, this has probably been the work of two architects, one outside and the other in the nest, but the mother-bird is the chief workman; and so strong and secure does she make her house, that it cannot be taken away without cutting with it part of the bark or the branches of the tree in which it is fixed.

In one respect this nest resembles the great city of Rome—It 'was not built in a day.' Some of them have occupied their clever little builders for three weeks.

You would hardly believe that this strange-looking habitation is the home of twelve or fourteen birds; but so it is, though it is even smaller inside than you would gather from the outside, for it is nearly half filled up with a warm lining of downy feathers. In this soft bed the mother-bird lays ten or twelve small, white eggs, some of them having tiny spots of pink. When they are hatched the young birds live with their parents for several months, all huddled together in their close quarters.

The best time to make the acquaintance of these interesting little creatures is about day-break on a summer morning; for the Titmouse is almost the earliest of all the early birds. At that time they may be seen darting like tiny arrows from branch to branch of the tree where their nest is; and every now and then, with a quick sharp peck from their strong little beaks, killing an insect, and then another, and another, so getting their breakfast by instalments.

But you must watch them very quietly, for they are shy, and afraid of human beings. About five or six o'clock, when workmen begin to go to work, the birds fly away into a wood or some quiet place where there is no danger

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of molestation. Sometimes, however, if they are lucky enough to have built their nest in a garden which is enclosed by high walls, and whose owner respects his feathered guests, and will not allow them to be disturbed, they will stay pecking and chirping all day. And the owner of the garden is lucky, too; for 'every Long-tailed Titmouse,' we are told, 'is worth its tiny weight in gold.' The principal food of these little creatures is the kind of insects that are most destructive to fruit and vegetables, such as the mischievous saw-flies that spoil gooseberries, and many others. So you see the Titmouse is not only an interesting but a very useful member of Society. E. T. N.

NANNIE'S LOCKET.

In all probability little Nannie's earliest remembrance was that of standing on a chair in her aunt's dressing-room to have her first *black* frock tried on—her infant mourning for her dear young mother. Her father was in great grief, and her aunt so anxious about him, that poor Nannie was hardly thought of for several days. She had a kind nurse and pleasant nursery, plenty of playthings, and a garden full of flowers. But young as she was, she missed the evenings on her mother's knee, the stories she told her, the good-night kiss and blessing of the mother whose loss could never be made up to her. A few days after the funeral, her father sent for Nannie, and her nurse brought her, and set her on his knee. He pressed his poor motherless child to his heart, saying, 'Nannie, you will never forget Mamma!' Poor Nannie's answer was a burst of tears. Her father then comforted her as well as he could, and taking a little box from his pocket, opened it, and hung round her neck by a black ribbon a little plain gold locket, enclosing a bright, glossy, brown curl of her mother's hair. He kissed her tenderly as he said, 'Nannie, my child, I hope you will take great care of this locket; I had it made for you to remind you of your dear mother.'

Nannie was delighted with her father's present, and whenever she was with him in the evenings, she saw that he looked at her locket, and was pleased with her care of it. She felt it a solemn charge, as a reminder of her mother, and nothing would have induced her to let any one take it off or put it on but herself. Things went on thus for a year or two, when a young girl was engaged by her aunt (who kept house for her father) in order to relieve old nurse, who was not so strong as she was when she first came to the house when Nannie was a baby.

One Sunday morning, after Nannie was dressed, she went to the looking-glass to put on her locket; but what was her fright and grief to find that the locket was not in its place! She hunted over every part of the table, looked through the drawers, and on the carpet; although she perfectly recollected hanging it on the glass the night before—but it was not to be found. She told the nurse, and nurse spoke to the nursery-maid, and a general search was made in all places, likely and unlikely, but still it was not found, and Nannie was in sore trouble. She dreaded to appear before her father without it. As it drew near the time for church, nurse said to her, 'Come, Miss Nannie, it is time for you to be dressed for the service, you must not keep the master waiting; and do not fret about your locket, it *cannot* be *lost*, and it will turn up when you are not looking for it. Maybe

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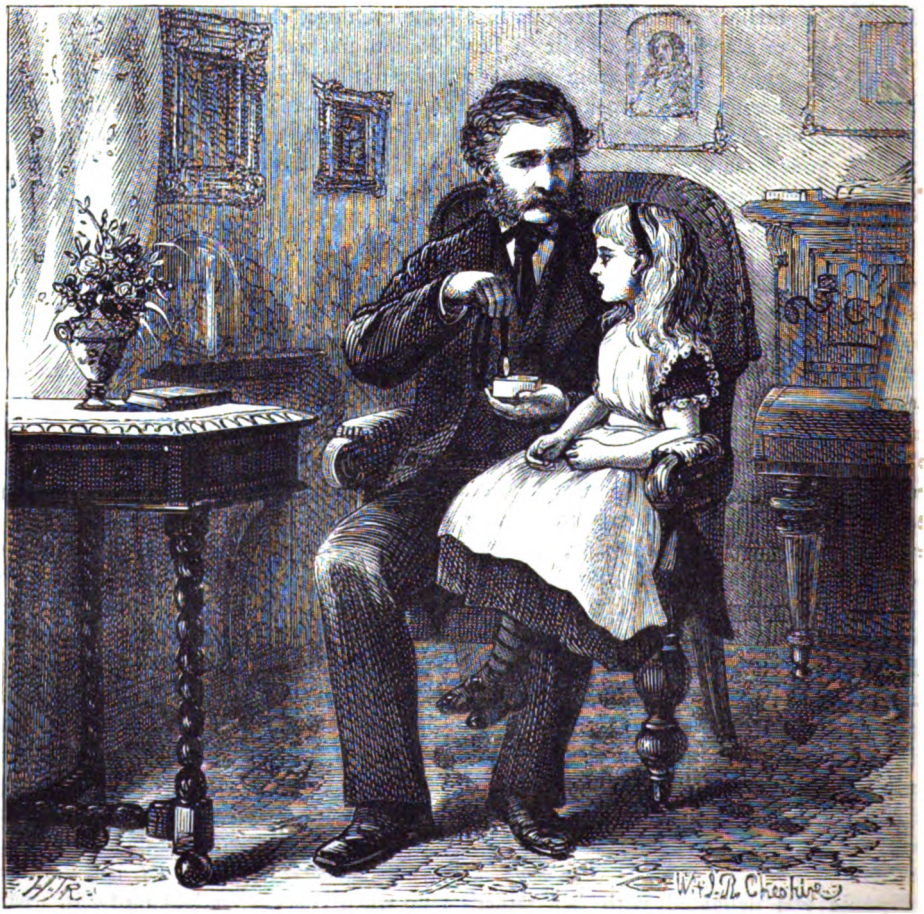
you dropped it off your neck in the drawing-room, and when you go to the service I will look there.'

'O, nurse, I know I left it on the glass last night, and father will be so sorry, and so angry with me! what shall I do?'

Just then her father called her, so she had to run down-stairs at once. When she went into the large old square pew, she knelt down as usual in her corner, and instead of her accustomed little prayer, she lifted up her sorrowful heart to God, and asked Him for Jesus Christ's sake to be so very good to her as to show her where her locket was, so that her father might not be grieved and angry at its loss. Her mind grew calmer after her prayer as she remembered how her dear mother used to say to her, '*Tell God everything*, my pet; He loves you, and He sees your heart, and knows all your little troubles, and He says to us, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."'



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The sermon was a very searching one, showing how nothing could be hidden from God; and that sin, if ever so secret, would find out the sinner. It so happened that this Sunday it was the new nursery-maid's turn to go to morning service, so she had the benefit of the sermon. It was not lost on her: she became very unhappy, and felt as if the Clergyman knew all about her. As soon as the service was over, she hurried home; and her first act on returning to the house, was to run up to the nursery, and hang the little locket in its usual place on the glass. It was her first offence. She was young, and easily tempted by the little gold ornament. It was well she repented in time.

When Nannie came back from the service, on going to the table to lay down her little Prayer-book and gloves, the joyful sight met her eye. O, how thankful she felt to God for answering her prayer! She did not know then who had taken it and restored it. All she knew was that God had heard her prayer; and as she tied on her locket to go down to dine with her father, she thought that if God was so good and loving to her, she should love Him and pray to Him all her life. Her father knew nothing about the loss, and the nursery-maid was careful in future to be perfectly honest.

Nannie grew up to be a good woman, and, like other good women, she had many sore trials; but she always felt she had *Him* to help her, Who had heard her childish prayer.

Now, dear young reader, you may not have lost a locket, or anything else, and yet you may have some little sorrow to tell to Him Who loved you, and gave Himself for you; and if you have, remember this true story of Little Nannie and her Locket. R. R. T.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER V.—MARY'S FAREWELL.

A FEW days after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, Mr. Macpherson arrived. The next day Mary was to return home with him. In the evening they all went out in the grounds. After a while, Mary drew her father away to a shady part at some distance from the house. They sat down together upon a fallen tree. Mary put her hand into her father's, and raising her soft gray eyes to his face, said,

'Papa, I like Reginald very much. I want you to talk to him.'

'About what, my child?'

'O, I don't know,' said Mary, 'but I think he *wants* to be a good boy, only he is not. I want you to talk to him, and make him good.'

'*I* cannot do that, dear Mary; we may indeed sow and water, but it is God alone who can give the increase.'

'I know that, papa,' said Mary; 'but he asks me such strange questions, it puzzles me; I can't answer them all, but you can, I know. Do get to know him, father; I'm sure you would like him.'

Mary was silent a minute, then added,

'Papa, you must see that beautiful part of the garden where there is such a lovely view; Reginald calls it his observatory, he's so fond of astronomy; and he climbs to the top of a tree to look at the stars. I'll take you now.'

'No, my child, it is too late for you now; your uncle will go with me, he said he would, and you must take no headache back to London; so go in now, and good-night.'

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Mary went unwillingly towards the house, and her father walked to the rest of the party.

He had hardly made his appearance, when Mr. Ellerslie said,

'I really must show you that beautiful view, John, which you heard me mention; this is just the right time. Let us go.'

'And I'll go too, papa,' said Reginald.

'It is your bed-time, Reggie,' said his mother. But Reginald was not in the habit of obeying his parents, so he only said, 'Never mind,' and ran after his father and uncle.

The view was very lovely from the point to which Mr. Ellerslie took his brother-in-law. It was high up on the Downs, and quite free from trees, except the one up which Reginald climbed to look at the stars. The hills, and the pretty little village bathed in moonlight, looked beautiful.

Mr. Ellerslie went away after awhile, and Reginald and his uncle were left alone. Mr. Macpherson told Reginald that the long white path which we call 'the Milky Way,' was made up of millions and millions of stars. He told him, too, of stars so far off that if we could travel as fast as light does,—that is, eight millions of miles in a minute,—it would take us seven hundred thousand years to reach them; and many other wonderful things. When he paused, the boy drew a long, deep breath, and said: 'It is very wonderful!'

'Yes,' said his uncle; 'but there are things more wonderful than these.'

'More wonderful than Astronomy, Uncle John! what do you mean?'

'Do you not think, dear Reginald, that it is more wonderful that God, Who made these stars, and calls them all by their names, Who numbers them, and upholds them and this world by the word of His power, should pity us so much as to send His Son into the world to die for us? Do you not think that we ought to love Him with our whole soul, and mind, and strength?'

Reginald did not reply; and Mr. Macpherson went on: 'Do you love Him, dear boy?'

Reginald hung down his head; but he was a truthful boy, so he answered, 'No, I don't.'

'Do you wish to love Him, Reginald?' asked his uncle, gently.

'Yes,—no,—I don't know,' said the boy. 'I should like to be like Mary, but it is quite impossible for me to be so *here;* and I should have to leave off doing so many things that I like; I think I'd rather think nothing about it, as I did a little time ago.'

'If "the pleasures of sin" are your pleasures, Reginald, it is true that you will have to give up much that you now like; but think of what you would have in exchange: you would feel that God was your Father, and that He would let nothing happen to you that was not for your good; and you would have no fear (you need have no fear) of death, since Jesus Christ has taken away its sting; and you would be always happy in His love.'

After a short pause, Mr. Macpherson continued: 'You said it was impossible to do right *here;* but, my dear boy, this is very wrong. Yet God forbid that I should say you will have no battles to fight, no difficulties to overcome. You must be a little soldier of Jesus; but if He is the Captain of your salvation, you need fear nothing; He will make you "more than conqueror" if you serve Him faithfully. Should you like, Reginald, to be His little soldier?'

Reginald did not know what to say, and his uncle added: 'We can do nothing without His help, but that He will grant us if we seek it; so let us ask Him to help you, that you may be His servant on earth, and at last see Him as He is, and be His better servant in heaven for ever.'

As Mr. Macpherson said this, he took Reginald's hand in his own, and knelt down. His prayer was short, and the boy could understand every word. When they rose, his

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uncle, remembering it was long past his bed-time, bade him 'Good-night,' and sent him away; but it was long before he went to sleep that night.

The next morning, Mary and her father went home. Reginald could not go with them to the station, for he was busy with his tutor; but when he went up to his room afterwards, he found a little note directed to him, in Mary's handwriting. He opened and read:

'MY DEAR REGINALD,

'You must forgive me for troubling you with this letter, but I cannot be happy about you, for I think that God's good Spirit is speaking to you, and asking you to give your heart to God; and I write to entreat you not to resist that Spirit. It would be very wrong of me, a little girl of eleven, to say anything against my uncle and aunt, yet I cannot help seeing that it will be very hard for you to serve the Lord Jesus; yet His grace, I know, is sufficient for you. I know some people say that religion makes people dull, especially children. If any one tells you that, Reginald, don't listen; for I'm sure it can't be true that people feel dull, when they know that Jesus loves them. Papa keeps saying "Make haste, Mary, or we shall lose the train;" so I must say "Good-bye." Ever

'YOUR LOVING MARY.'

Reginald held the letter open in his hand, and when at last he rose, it was to kneel; and these were the words of his prayer, 'O Lord! I am a very sinful child, I know it now, though I did not know it before; yet forgive me, for Thou didst die for me; and help me to love Thee back again, for Thy great love to me. Amen.' And from that day, little Reginald did love God 'back again,' and tried to live no longer to himself, but unto Him Who died for him, and rose again.

It would take too long to tell of the many difficulties that Reginald had; again and again he gave up trying, but at length he learnt to trust fully in strength not his own, and after many a hard battle he did conquer most of his difficulties. His friends, too, loved him much more than they had done before; and no one had reason to find fault with him for being dull and unhappy, for he was the joy and sunshine of the house, and of many of the cottage homes around them.

Elsie and the Birds-Royal.

SEE little Elsie feeding her papa's swans. She thinks them very white and beautiful; and they are so tame. She is very fond of them, and glad that they know her, but she has no idea how noble the birds are; she does not know that by English law the swans are birds-royal. It is one of the rights of the Crown to claim all stray and half-wild swans. So if these be lost the Queen's swanherd might take them for his Royal Mistress, unless Elsie's papa could prove that they were his own tame swans, and had been really lost from his pond.

We wish Elsie would think, and that all children who read this would remember, that they are like the swans in one particular,—they are all belonging to Royalty, they are all the property of the King of kings, and they may all bear the royal mark of heaven upon them; and, best of all, though they are helpless and lost, and have gone astray, they may, if they will, return and claim the care of God, and find a home with His people.

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

(*See page* 95.)

C herubi M, Exodus xxxvii. 7.
A bedneg O, Daniel iii. 12.
L oi S, 2 Timothy i. 5.
E v E, Genesis iii. 20.
B arabba S, Matthew xxvii. 26.
Caleb, Numbers xiv. 30.
Moses, Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5.

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Elsie and the Swans.

See page 111.

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EARLY DAYS

Little Nurse Velvet Paw,

See page 114.

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LITTLE NURSE VELVET PAW.

We often hear the poor cat spoken of as a selfish animal, incapable of attachment except to place; but many honourable exceptions have come in my way, and amongst them is one that I saw in a farm-house last summer,—a kitten, Little Nurse Velvet Paw, I suppose, about three months old. There were a great number of fowls at the farm, and amongst them a sturdy old duck, who chose to bring up her family in a curious way of her own; and so instead of laying her eggs in the fowl-yard, she made a nice warm cosy nest for herself in a sheltered ditch near the brook that ran through the lower fields farthest from the house.

The duck was missed at feeding time, and it was feared the fox had picked her up on one of his nightly rambles. Meanwhile, she was sitting quietly on nine eggs, in the snug nest so cunningly set under the willows. Two weeks she sat patiently, and then came a spell of very bad weather, rain—rain, close summer rain.

At the end of the fourth week of the duck's absence from her friends, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning came, and the farmer's family were uneasy about their sitting birds, as thunder often spoils the eggs and frightens the mothers from the nests. The first day that the fields were passable, a sound was heard from the ditch near the brook, a very faint sound, but enough to attract one to the place whence it came; and looking closely and lifting the branches of the old willow, the farmer's daughter found a deserted little family of ducks, five in number, whose nest was almost in the water. The girl ran back to the house for a basket, put a piece of warm flannel in it, and soon the weak, tiny, yellow puff-balls, hardly able to stand, were safely established in warm quarters on the kitchen hearth.

The poor, downy little ducklings appeared to revive with the heat, and by evening were able to take some food. Next morning they tried to tumble out of the basket on to the warm hearth, not knowing what to do with themselves without their mother's warm wings to creep under. Often in the course of an hour they were gently put into the basket again, and covered up with the warm flannel, but they would not lie still five minutes together. When things were in this unsatisfactory state, and it seemed a problem whether they would live or die, little Velvet Paw, whose post on the hearth had been invaded by the duck's basket, looked very knowingly into it, and then at its tenants, and suddenly she seemed to make up her mind to adopt the orphans; so instead of pouncing on the helpless birds, as one would have expected a lively young cat to do, she allowed them to creep on her back and lie there, or between her legs, which they so enjoyed, that they began to thrive forthwith. She would stand quietly while they were fed, and then let them sleep on her warm fur till they were ready for another meal; and when they were able to go out to the yard, the careful pussy went with them, and sometimes tried to play with them, but never hurt the little things; so the ducks throve apace, and at last became able to take care of themselves.

I wish I could say that the good little cat escaped all harm herself, but alas! one sad day she was drowned by falling into the water-butt from the roof of the house, where she had fled to escape from a dog. We were all very sorry for her, and she seemed to deserve a better fate.

I hope this story will interest my young

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readers in Pussy, who, if treated with gentleness and kindness, will reward her friends with a degree of attachment which will, perhaps, surprise them. It must be pleasing to our loving Heavenly Father, Whose 'tender mercies are over all His works,' that we should be kind to His dumb creatures. Children who are fond of animals and who treat them kindly, will, as a rule, grow up loving and helpful to their fellow-creatures. R. R. T.

A TALK WITH MY CHILDREN ABOUT BEING GOOD.

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

(*Concluded from page* 95.)

II. THE second thing I want to say is, THAT OUR GOODNESS MUST BE REAL.—Some people's goodness is not real. It does not go far down, it does not take deep hold of them, it does not go all the way through. They only play at being good, just as you played at being men and women the other night. You were not men and women; and so some people are not really good, though they think they are, or would like other people to think they are. But if our goodness is to be worth anything it must be real. A friend of mine was travelling the other day in a railway carriage. On the opposite seat there sat a man with more than one gold chain, and a number of fine seals hanging from his waistcoat. Soon after the train had started, this man took a handful of gold chains and watch-guards out of his pocket, and began to examine them. My friend was very much surprised, and could not help saying, 'What a number of valuable gold chains you have there, Sir.' 'O no!' said the stranger, 'they are not gold at all, or at least only washed over with it. I bought 'em for seven and sixpence apiece, and I shall sell 'em in America for two pounds apiece or more; they're such a good imitation of the real thing.'

Now of course you will say this man was not honest. Neither was he; though after all he was quite as honest as those people who profess to be good and are not really so. Remember, my dear children, God can see our very hearts. Besides, what is the use of sham goodness? It is very little use while we live, and it will be no use at all when we die—no more than a bad penny would be to you if you were very hungry, and standing in a baker's shop full of penny cakes. The bad penny would not buy you a cake, and the sham goodness will not take us into the presence of Jesus. Jesus does not say that those who wear sheep's clothing, or look like sheep, or seem to be sheep, shall be on His right hand in the last great day, but only those who *are* sheep. So in playing and working, at school and at home, when we are young and when we are old, let our goodness be real. But, you say, this will be hard sometimes. Yes, it will be hard often, but it will get easier the more we follow it; and let us never forget that if we—

'Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry us through.'

And this reminds me that the next thing I want to talk to you about is,—

III. HOW WE ARE TO BE GOOD.—Now there is only one way of being made good, and that is by coming to Jesus Christ, and putting our trust in Him for salvation. Then God, for Christ's sake, forgives us our sins, and sends His Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts, and the Good Spirit changes us and makes us good. And the change He works in us is what the Catechism calls *regeneration*. Let me try to make it plain to you. When I was a boy, I lived in a country where there were a great

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many apple and pear trees. Most of the apple trees bore good fruit. But there were some of them that bore very sour fruit indeed —so hard that you could scarcely bite it, and so sour that when you had bitten it, it made you pull a very wry face. These apples are called crabs, and from them some of the best vinegar in the world is made. But they are no use for anything else. And when a farmer wished to make these crab-trees bear a better fruit, what did he do? He sent for a man called a grafter. And the grafter came and cut short the large branches of the tree nearly to the trunk, and then splitting them open a little at the end, he took small slips cut from good trees, and fastened them in the openings he had made. Then he wrapped them up to keep them from the cold, or from falling out, and what happened? Why, the slips—or grafts, as they were called—grew year by year until they were as large as the branches of the old crab-tree had been. And when they bore fruit it was not crabs, like the trunk on which they stood, but the same beautiful kind as that borne by the tree from which they had been taken.

And that is the way in which we are to be made good. If we trust in Jesus, He will first clear away the old sinful life—as the grafter cleared away the branches of the tree—and then plant His life in us by His Holy Spirit, making our actions like His, and not like our old sinful actions before we came to Him for salvation.

You remember that when the poor jailer cried, 'What must I do to be saved?' the Apostle did not say 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' but 'Believe in Jesus Christ.' He knew very well that if he came to Jesus, *He* would soon make him all right, and that He would do it there and then. So, my dear children, that is how you are to be made good,—*here, now,* and *just as you are,* by trusting in Jesus. But hark! the clock is striking, the time is up, and I must say no more till we meet again.

GERTRUDE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

PART II.

'Have you had enough running about?' said Mr. Marchmont, after tea, patting Polly's curly head. 'What are you going to do? tell tales?'

Polly clapped her hands. 'O, will you tell us a tale, a real fairy tale? Please do.'

Uncle Richard's fairy tales were general favourites, though he often managed to squeeze a tiny bit of a moral in at the end, or sometimes nicely wrapped up in the very middle.

However, morals are not such very bad things, after all; and when tea was cleared away, the children seated themselves on the grass round the easy-chair, and Uncle Richard began:

'Once upon a time, a fairy lived on the banks of a stream in the middle of a wood. She had a lovely little home in a bed of moss, and used to go for rides on the back of a rabbit, or a sail down the stream on the leaf of a water-lily, and altogether was as happy a fairy as ever yet lived.'

'What was her name?' interrupted Polly.

'Silver-tip; because her wings were tipped with moonshine. Now all little fairies have some work to do; and hers was to watch over the birds. A little way down the valley outside the wood, there was a house about as big as ten of the sort of house that we live in. It was called the Old Palace, and belonged to a duke; and every year he came down there and brought all his children with him for a month or two. Well, near this house there were some trees, which were the home of a colony of starlings. Silver-tip used

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to visit them every day and settle their disputes; for they often quarrelled. One day she heard an unusual noise, and hastened down to see what was the matter. Matter enough! The duke had come, and was going to shoot them all! Young Spot-wing had heard him say so!

'Dear me! such a commotion had not been heard among them for years. Silver-tip called them all together, and settling herself on the top bough of the highest tree, summoned Spot-wing to repeat what he had heard. He had been in the garden the evening before helping himself to fruit, when out came the duke and the duchess and little Lord Herbert. "Dear me!" said the duchess, "where is all the fruit this year? These trees were loaded last year, and now they are nearly bare." "It is the birds," said Lord Herbert; "Graham says he can't keep any fruit. What is the use of coming here if those nasty birds are to steal all our fruit!"

'There was great fluttering of indignant wings at this part of the story.

'"Very well," said the duke, "if they come down here again we must shoot them; that is all."

'That was all indeed! Shoot them, the oldest colony of starlings in the county! the true blue-blooded family of Spot-wings and Black-sides? Never! they would emigrate first, and then let His Grace look out for his ancient grandeur.

'"Well," said Silver-tip, "I don't see what all this fuss is about. It is plain what you must do; you must keep out of the garden."

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'All the birds looked at each other. They had never thought of such a thing as that; it had never entered even the wisest head! No one but a fairy could have thought of it.

'"There is some sense in that!" said old Fleet-wing, gravely.

'"It opens a way of escape," said Blue-tip, thoughtfully.

'"It certainly is worth thinking about," said Limper, tucking up his game leg.

'"But we must give up our fruit!" cried Spot-wing; and all the birds stood aghast. How could they live without fruit?

'"Better to live without it than die with it," said Silver-tip, wisely. "Beside, perhaps His Grace won't stay very long. Take my advice and keep out of the garden."

'After a great deal of lamenting and whining, they agreed to do this; and Silver-tip unfolded her wings to fly home, for she was engaged to go out to tea that evening, and had to wash and iron her best white cloud dress.

'"Now be good children, and don't quarrel," she said; "you are nearly always quarrelling, Spot-wing."

'"I never quarrel without cause," replied Spot-wing, pertly; and as that very clever thing had been said before, all the birds flew at him and pecked him, till he really had cause to quarrel. In a bad temper he flew away, and sulked by himself all day; but nobody cared. At last evening came; and he saw the duke mount his horse and ride away. "There he goes!" he cried; "I will go and look over the wall, and see if that horrid Lord Herbert is anywhere about."

'So he hopped down from his perch, and hopped across the road and up on to the wall. "I won't go in, but I will look over the wall," he said, crossly. "I don't care for that Silver-tip. I'm old enough to mind my own business." So he perched himself on the wall and looked down. O! what beautiful fruit! it made his heart ache to think he couldn't have any. The longer he looked the more beautiful it seemed. That is why it is best to keep out of temptation.'

Polly nudged Gertie, and all the children slily looked at each other and laughed. That was a bit of moral.

'At last Spot-wing could bear it no longer. "There's no one in the garden, and it's quite safe," he said. "I'll just go and have one bite and come away." No sooner said than done. Down he flew, and just as he made a snap at a splendid plum, crack went the report of a gun, and he felt a dreadful pain all over him.'

'O! is he *died!*' cried Burt, with big tears in his eyes. 'Mend him up, Uncle Richard.'

'No, he was not dead, but his leg was broken. Herbert came running out of the shrubbery, and picking him up carried him to Graham. "Look! I've shot his leg," he said; "now let's mend it." So Graham got splinters and bandages and mended the leg, but Spot-wing was always lame.'

'Is that all? O, papa, did he go back to the other birds?'

'Yes; after a long while.'

'And was Silver-tip very angry?'

'So angry that she would not let him come to the grand tea-party when all the birds met together with the flowers and fairies.'

'O, poor Spot-wing! Papa, I know the moral.'

'So do I,' and 'So do I,' cried the rest, all but Burt, and Uncle Richard promised to tell him another time.

'Now what shall we do?' asked Rose.

'Come and swing. Thomas is to swing us. I will call him,' replied Gertie. 'It is such a lovely swing.'

All the children trooped off to the barn, Burt holding tight to Polly's hand. 'Let me swing too; over the hills and far away. Send me *wight* up to the sky,' he said bravely. 'I'm not 'fraid one bit.'

But he was; very much afraid indeed, and Polly had to hold him all the time he was in. Wallace was up in the loft, fetching a tame jackdaw who was on friendly terms with the white mice. When he came down with Rollo, as the jackdaw was called, on his shoulder, the swing was forgotten, and they all crowded round the cage to see the performance.

It was really worth seeing. Rollo hopped contentedly up and down, holding a pair of tiny reins in his beak, to which were attached the two mice. They ran before him, and seemed rather to like it. When they stopped, Rollo made a funny noise which Wallace called talking.

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'When he's alone with them it is much more fun. He won't act with so many looking on.'

'What does he do when he is alone with them?' asked Polly.

'Lots of things. They ride on his back. Rollo can swing, too: he has a swing of his own up in the loft.'

'Put him in this swing,' suggested Burt, who wanted to see everything.

'Pooh! it is a great deal too big!' said Wallace, contemptuously. 'His swing is a small one—just big enough for—'

'A fairy!' interrupted Polly. 'O, Wallace! I should like to see it. Bring it down.'

'I can't: it's fastened up.'

'Unfasten it, then.'

'And spoil it! A likely story. It's true, Polly: it really would spoil it. It is fixed up beautifully just by the beam, and I can't undo it.'

'Why can't we go up and see it?' asked Rose.

'Because the loft is dangerous. Papa said no one was to go up,' said Wallace.

'He only meant the girls,' said Frank. 'I can go up.'

'No, you can't, Frank. Papa said no one was to go: he said if one went another would, and so I had to fetch the mice down. It's an awful bore!'

Looking very cross and grumbling all the time, Frank watched Wallace take the cage back to the loft. 'It's a great shame!' he said. 'I've a good mind to go. Uncle Richard only meant the little boys and the girls: it's absurd nonsense not to let me go.'

'Well, he said it; I heard him,' said Polly.

'I'll go and ask him,' said Frank; and off he went. Uncle Richard heard him, and then said just the same as he had said before: 'It is dangerous, and I will not have one of you up there: not one. Now, Frank, you understand.'

Frank turned sullenly away, and instead of joining the others, went down the garden, and climbing a tree, sat there all by himself for nearly an hour. But as no one came to look for him, he went back to the barn, and found it deserted.

He could hear voices in the stack-yard, and knew that they were all having fine fun on the hay-stacks; but instead of going after them, he sat down in the barn and grew crosser and crosser. Nobody cared for him, that was very evident! Nobody cared whether he played or not. After a few more sensible remarks of this sort he turned his attention to the barn, and began to look about for what he could find. The ladder which Wallace had used to get up into the loft was lying on the ground, and jumping down he seized it and lifted it up.

'I'll have a look in the loft, at any rate,' he said, defiantly. 'I'll go up the ladder and sit at the top.'

And so he did. The loft looked very tempting. It was very large and dark; he could not see the further end at all.

Rollo was hopping about, and came to have a look at him, evidently wondering what business he had there: and the mice nibbled the bars of their cage in a most tempting manner. Altogether Frank thought it was the nicest place he had ever seen.

While he sat kicking his heels against the ladder, he suddenly saw something white moving about at the far end. It was too big for a mouse, and too small for a cat! What could it be?

With a glance into the barn to see if any one were looking, he sprang into the loft and ran across the floor. As he ran the little white thing ran, and with a flutter and a cluck flew up among the rafters. It was only a chicken after all!

'Now I am here I may as well have a good look,' he thought to himself: so he teased Rollo, and fed the mice, and rather enjoyed it, though he felt guilty and a little anxious.

'If it were like the story-books, I should tumble down a hole and break my leg,' he said, as he began to think of going down. Pooh! story-books tell stories.'

As he put his foot on the ladder he heard his own name called. 'Frank!' In a great hurry he jumped down, and forgetting the ladder, ran out and met Wallace at the barn-door.

'Come along, Frank,' he said, 'supper is ready.'

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'The little barks are tossing.' *See page* **122.**

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Reginald and Lilian caught in the Storm. *See page* 122.

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LIFE'S VOYAGERS.

THE little barks are tossing
Away on the restless deep;
And the dark, deep waves are dashing,
And the winds around them sweep.

And some have their sails half tatter'd
And torn by the fearful blast;
And some with their sides all batter'd
Strike sail till the storm be past.

And some of these barks are anchor'd
Far o'er on the other side,
And now they ride safe and shelter'd
From the stormy wind and tide.

And what are these tiny vessels?
And the tossing, stormy sea?
Dear children! *Life* is the ocean,
And the voyagers, *You* and *Me*.

And Christ is the Heavenly Pilot,
O'er the stormy sea so wide,
Who shall make our shatter'd vessels
Even fiercest storms outride.

And heaven is the haven yonder,
Where the vessels rest in peace;
God bring us all safely thither,
When the storms of life shall cease.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER VI.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THE sun was shining with all the heat and beauty of a June morning, upon the beach of a sea-side town where Reginald and Lilian Ellerslie might be seen digging in the sand. More than a year had passed since Mary left Heatherdell. Lilian was never a very healthy child, and the last few winters she had had a little cough, which she almost lost in the summer, but this winter it had been worse than ever, and she looked so pale and thin that her parents had brought her to the sea to try and get up her strength. The children had ponies to ride about upon; and one day, when riding, they were so busy talking, that they did not perceive the clouds which were gathering in the sky behind them. At last Reginald caught sight of them. 'Lilian!' cried he, 'we must go home at once; do you not see those clouds? ah! there is thunder, and it rains; let us make haste.'

But though they galloped as fast as possible, thunder and lightning came on, and afterwards torrents of rain, so that both the children were wet through. It did not hurt Reginald, but Lilian caught a severe cold; her cough became much worse, and a pain came in her side, her cheeks were very pale, only now there was a little red spot in each which almost every day grew brighter, and Lilian longed for home; and as Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie wished to consult a physician about her, they all returned. As autumn came on, almost every day Lilian got up later, and every day less play and more lying down, till her father and mother began to believe that their little daughter was indeed about to be taken away from them. They dared not tell her she was dying, for they could not point her to the One Who alone could take away the sting of death; neither did they tell Reginald. One day Lilian said to her mother, 'Mamma, may Reginald drive

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me out in the little carriage with Charlie?'

'Yes, my dear,' said her mother, 'I will tell him.'

Now Reginald had a beautiful pony named Prince, and Lilian had one named Mayflower, but besides these there was one which belonged to them both, called 'Charlie,' which drew a little carriage; it was this pony that was brought to the door a few minutes afterwards. Reginald helped his sister in, and they drove off to the Downs; the road was very beautiful; at the top of the hill was such a lovely view, that Reginald stopped to enjoy it.

The silence was only broken by the chirp of the cricket in the grass, and the murmur of Silvertone as it ran down the side of the Downs.

'Let us get out and sit upon the heather, Lillie,' said Reginald; and then helping her out, he found her a comfortable seat, and ran off to pick some yellow broom for her. After a while, however, he came and sat by her side, and began to talk; but Lilian was very silent.

'There is our path, Lillie,' he said at length, pointing to a narrow, rocky path which he and Lilian had often climbed.

'*Your* path, Reggie,' she said, sadly.

'Why not yours? what do you mean, Lilian?' said her brother; but to his surprise she only answered by a passionate burst of tears.

'Lilian! what is the matter? tell me!' said Reginald, throwing his arms round her.

'It is because it will never be *my* path again!' she sobbed.

'But what do you mean, Lillie? I can't understand you.'

Then Lilian dashed away her tears and replied, 'Because I am going to die! I know it, I am quite sure of it, and O! I do not want to die, and leave this beautiful world.'

'Darling Lillie! you are not going to die, you will be better when the spring comes.'

'No, I shall not be better, I am going to die. I am very ill, Reginald, I shall never be any better; no one has told me so, but I know it: I saw it in the doctor's face when he first came to see me; and I see papa and mamma know it, and I feel—I feel I am going to leave you all, and to be put in the cold grave!'

'O no! I do hope not; you will get better: but heaven is more beautiful than earth, Lilian. Would you not like to go there?'

But at this, Lilian burst into tears again as she said, 'I shall never go there.

Reginald uttered an exclamation of surprise, and his sister went on:

'I might have been good so often when Mary was here; she talked to me of these things, but I laughed at her, and at you too, Reginald; and so many bad things I have done. Mary said if I went to Jesus He would accept me; but I would not go, and He will not let me now.'

Reginald did not know what to say. He felt himself to be very ignorant indeed; but he remembered that Jesus has promised to give His children words to say for Him when the time comes; and in his heart he prayed for guidance, and then said,

'Dear Lilian, do you forget how much Jesus loves you, and what a dreadful death He suffered that you might go to heaven? You say He will not let you come to Him *now*, but the Bible says "*Now* is the accepted time." Read it, and you will find how good He is.'

Lilian shook her head. 'It is useless, Reginald; let us go home; I am *so* tired.'

And as he lifted her into the carriage, he noticed what a *very, very* light weight she was, so that he could have carried her with ease.

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THE FORBIDDEN BOOK.

BY REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

THERE is a queer-looking farmhouse in Norfolk, very long, with low walls—in fact, it looks all chimneys and thatch and gables. I often used to call there, and found more comfort inside than the outside promised. Farmer Henson was generally busy with his men; but I was always welcomed by his wife and their little daughter, a child about six years old. Polly loved me with all the warmth of her young heart, and I loved her with all the warmth of my old one.

Once when I called, a foal and three calves were in the paddock, and when they saw me they stretched out their tails like broomsticks, and made other attempts to amuse me; but though I certainly did laugh, I said, 'No, my young hearties, my business is not with *you!*'

Polly was always cheerful; but this time she was less noisy than usual, yet her eyes were so bright and her face so radiant that I knew something wonderful had happened.

'Polly,' said Mrs. Henson, after a while, 'take Dolly into the summer-house.' So Polly and Dolly went off together, and her mother told me all about it.

There was a large Bible in the parlour, containing many beautiful engravings. Polly was never so happy as when searching for these hid treasures; but the Book was too heavy for her small hands, and she was forbidden to touch it, except when father or mother was there to help her. The young lady's dutifulness was not equal to this trial. She was frequently caught opening the forbidden book—not always with clean fingers; several leaves were dog's-eared, and

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some of the pictures were creased and soiled by her unskilful handling.

That day, when Mrs. Henson was in the dairy, she heard a loud noise in the parlour, followed by a terrified scream from Polly. She was soon on the spot, and there she found the beautiful Bible lying open, face downwards, on the floor. It had gradually slipped off the table while Polly was far away in the wonderlands suggested by the pictures, and many leaves were sadly crumpled and doubled up.

Polly was greatly distressed and begged to be forgiven; but Mrs. Henson said she had often forgiven her and it made her no better. Mr. Henson at dinner-time was so grieved that he could not kiss her; and after dinner she came to her mother, sobbing, 'Do forgive me, and I won't ever touch that pretty Book again.'

'You have often said that,' was the answer, 'and I *cannot* forgive you this time.'

'Then,' said Polly, 'if you cannot, can father?'

'Father,' said Mrs. Henson, 'is much grieved, and I do not think he can.'

'Well, then, if you cannot, and father cannot, can Jesus?'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'Jesus *can*. Go and ask Him; and if *He* does *I* will.'

So Polly went upstairs, and did not see that her mother followed. Kneeling by her little white bed she cried aloud, 'Jesus! can *You* forgive me? Mother says she cannot, so she cannot; and she says father cannot, so he cannot; but she says You can, so You can. Do, Jesus! and make me not want to see the pretty pictures so much, and make me a good girl.'

And did Jesus forgive her? Yes; for He never was known not to pardon, when any one prayed in penitence and faith like hers. She rushed out of her room with a beaming face, and sprang into her mother's arms, crying, 'Jesus has forgiven me! I know He has! and He is going to help me to be good.'

So now I knew all about it, and I did not wonder at her quiet joy.

When I came away, the foal and the calves were doubtless in the paddock, the pigs in the mire, the ducks and geese in the pond, the turkeys and chickens on the grass—all asking me to laugh at them, but I never looked. I could think of nothing but Polly Henson.

After this Jesus did not give over helping her, and I never heard that she meddled again with the forbidden Book.

THE STORY OF BUFFON, THE NATURALIST.

GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC—Count of Buffon, in biography—was the son of a counsellor of the Parliament of Dijon, and was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, September 7th, 1707. His father intended him for a lawyer; but becoming acquainted, when at Dijon, with the young duke of Kingston and his tutor, he received from the latter a strong love for science. He was at first fascinated by astronomy, and this led him to apply so closely to geometry that he used to carry the Elements of Euclid in his pocket.

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He was at this age very ambitious of the accomplishment of easy and elegant writing. To the study of composition he devoted not a little time and pains. In 1728 he succeeded to his mother's estate, estimated at £12,000 a year. All this wealth enabled him to devote himself to the studies he loved, and, his travels over, he resided partly at Paris, partly on his inheritance at Montbard. His earliest works were on geometry, natural philosophy and rural economy. These works came before the Academy of Sciences, of which he was appointed a member in 1733. He had revived the burning-glass experiment of the ancient Archimedes, by making mirrors which should set bodies on fire at a great distance. He was appointed Superintendent of the Royal Gardens and Cabinet in 1736. This promotion excited in him a passion for the pursuit wherein he principally distinguished himself.

He was fond of society, and the high offices he now held threw him much into it; but he did not allow his attention to be distracted by spending more time in it than he was really obliged. He still studied fourteen hours a day. Not able often to retire till two in the morning, he insisted on rising at five. Frequently he was so tired that his resolution failed him, so he ordered his valet to pull him out of bed, promising him a reward for the service. The first time the valet attempted it, Buffon was so angry that he desisted. When his master rose, he scolded him for his cowardice, and said he would dismiss him if he did not prove equal to the occasion in future. The valet did not fail to do his duty when he saw that the Count was thoroughly in earnest.

Buffon's study was a pavilion called the tower of St. Louis; within it was another sanctum of his, which Prince Henry of Prussia prettily called the Cradle of Natural History. His habits were extremely regular. After dinner he slept an hour, took a walk, then came back to his desk: and thus passed fifty years of life with him.

Ten years of the fifty devoted to hard study were expended on the first three volumes of his Natural History. Between the years 1749 and 1767 twelve others appeared. He was the first to render the science interesting; and many a boy's heart has throbbed with delight as he has read Buffon's fine description of the horse.

In classification he was rather lax, ridiculing the zeal of the less imaginative Linnæus in this respect. As he had not patience nor accuracy for details, his friend Daubenton aided him in his work. The descriptive, thoughtful portions of the Natural History may be recognized at once as Buffon's; the analysis of the forms and the anatomy of animals are by Daubenton. Nine volumes which followed on birds and five on animals were compiled without Daubenton's assistance. Buffon lived to the advanced age of eighty years, and died on the 16th April, 1788. His embalmed body was presented first to St. Médard's Church, and afterwards conveyed to Montbard to be near the remains of his wife.

Lessons on the value of perseverance and of early rising may be drawn from Buffon's life, but he was not in many particulars worthy of imitation.

He made a profession of religion, it is true; but he was not sincere in it, nor had he any veneration for the great Creator of the universe. He was very vain and fond of dress. He loved to display his lace before the wondering villagers of Montbard, and created great amusement by saying: 'Capital works are scarce. I know but five great geniuses, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself.'

His wonderful genius and poetic fancy did not qualify a natural coarseness and impurity of mind. The Bible says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

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The poor, persecuted student Linnæus, with his sensitive refinement and goodness, commands more respect from us than the wealthy, brilliant Buffon.

So I would wish for my young readers to covet the sweet, devout spirit of Linnæus, rather than the brilliancy without moral purity of the great Count Buffon.

SARSON.

THE LITTLE WOULD-BE PAINTER.

DEAR LITTLE ROSIE thought it a very great treat to be allowed to sit quite still in her father's studio, and watch him paint his pictures. On this particular morning about which I write, she sat so still that when her papa was called suddenly away to speak to a visitor, he forgot that she was in the room at all: and so did not say as usual when he went out, 'Rosie, you had better run into the garden now;' or, 'Be sure, Rosie, not to meddle with anything.'

But what had kept Rosie so quiet? She had been busy thinking, criticizing her father's work, to be sure. 'Papa paints very slowly,' was her first thought; 'he was making that lady when I was in last week, and she is not nearly done yet.' 'I wonder if I couldn't make a picture! I wish I could,' was her next.

When the door closed behind her Papa, up jumped Rosie from her stool, and she was soon established in her father's chair, with his brush in her hand. 'I'll try to finish the pretty lady before Papa comes back,' she said to herself. So she stood upon the chair, feeling very business-like, but not without some qualms of conscience; for she had often been forbidden to touch any of Papa's 'painting things.' 'If I do it nicely, Papa will be pleased, and I shall have helped him,' she tried to think.

Just as she had laid the brush on the lady's face, an uncomfortable but wise suggestion entered her little brain: 'Suppose I should spoil Papa's picture, what should I do? I might make a "daub," as Willie says I do when I try to colour the pictures in his *Early Days*. Could Papa clean it off?' She jumped down to consider, and put the brush and palette back in their places. While she was weighing the subject, in came Papa.

'Papa,' cried Rosie, 'I didn't go on with your picture for fear I should spoil it; but I did so want to finish the pretty lady to surprise you when you came back; you get on so slowly.'

Papa laughed heartily as he kissed her, saying, 'No no, my darling, that would have been too hard a task even for your aspiring little genius. I am glad you let well alone.'

'But, Papa, I should so like to paint real pictures. Willie won't lend me his colour-box for fear I should lose the paints. Won't you teach me?'

'Very soon, Rosie, if you are good. Mamma will begin to teach you to draw, that is the first step; and we will settle the colour-box difficulty somehow.'

A few mornings afterwards, as Rosie took her place at the breakfast-table, she caught sight of a parcel directed to 'Rosie.' It was not her birthday, yet it looked like a birthday present. What could it be? Eagerly she untied the string, and with astonished delight discovered a beautiful new colour-box, just like Willie's. Inside it was a piece of paper, on which her papa had printed in letters that Rosie could read herself, 'A reward for resisting the temptation to spoil papa's picture.'

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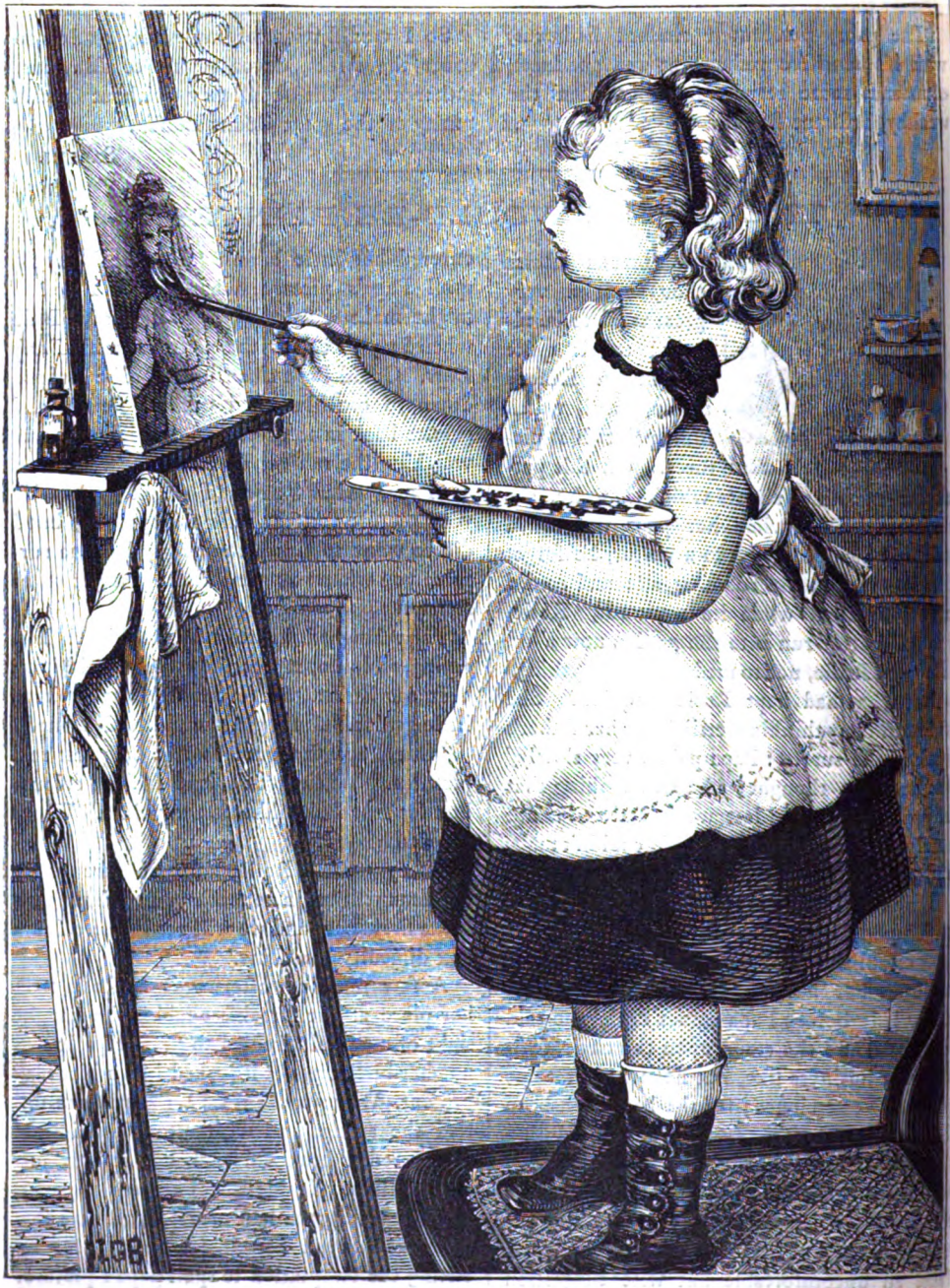

The Little Would-be Painter.

See page 127

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SEPTEMBER, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Cuvier Leaving Home.

See page 131.

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THE STORY OF THE NATURALIST, CUVIER.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS.

GEORGE LEOPOLD CHRISTIAN FREDERIC DAGOBERT, Baron of Cuvier, was born at Montbéliard, then belonging to the Duchy of Wurtemberg, on the twenty-third of August, 1769; the year that gave birth to Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, and three of Bonaparte's most distinguished marshals, Ney, Soult, and Lannes.

His father, an officer of a Swiss regiment in the French service, was appointed commandant of artillery at Montbéliard, with a small pension from government. George was a very delicate child, and it needed all the loving care of his mother to keep the little lamp of life burning. He was a grateful child, and never forgot what a cause of anxiety he had been to her. Her watchfulness, however, was not only directed to his health and bodily comfort, her chief concern was for that higher nature which is destined by God not only for work and happiness here, but for work and happiness hereafter.

She sought to make her little son early acquainted with the principles of religion, and with the duty of bending his own will to the will of his Heavenly Father. She aided him also in his Latin lessons and in his favourite study of drawing. At the age of ten the boy entered the public gymnasium, where he remained four years. He had grown strong enough to excel in boyish games; but his success in his classes might not have been so great had not patient home-training preceded the discipline of school. The books he took home from the school-library were such as bore chiefly upon plants and animals.

A coloured copy of the works of Gesner fascinated the boy; but later, Buffon, with his glowing descriptions of Creation, arrested his attention. You may be sure he read Buffon till he knew some of his pages by heart. The plates were a source of great delight to him. He was astonished to find that there were so many species of the same animals. His taste for drawing led him to copy these plates. When he had executed them to the best of his ability, he would show them to his cousin, Mons. Werner, an architect in the town of Montbéliard. The little Cuvier's best teacher, Werner, was also grandfather to the great zoological painter who illustrated Frederic Cuvier's work upon the Mammalia. Frederic Cuvier was George Cuvier's brother. When Buffon did not furnish a plate of an animal he had been describing, George would draw one answering to his description, showing much genius both in the idea and the execution of it.

A boy of so much talent and good principle was sure to be looked up to. He instituted a juvenile academy, of which he was president, and filled the office with real ability. Little did he think, as he heard papers read and discussed on the subjects he had proposed, that one day he would be President of the Academy of Paris. How true is it that 'the child is father of the man'!

His parents were not rich enough to allow George to follow his own bent, so they decided on sending him to college, that he might study for the Church; but a circumstance occurred which rescued him from the necessity of going by their desire to Tubingen. Prince Charles

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of Wurtemberg visiting Montbéliard, heard his sister speak very highly of the young Naturalist: he sent for him, and being satisfied as to his merit, he resolved to enrol him at the University of Stuttgart at his own expense, and also to place him at the Academie Caroline.

So at the age of fourteen Cuvier left his beloved home and his dear mother, and set out on a three days' journey, which none of my young readers would like to undertake. He sat between the duke's chamberlain and secretary. They spoke in German, of which he did not understand one word, and took not the slightest notice of the boy during the whole of that long journey. For five years he applied closely to different studies; but then scarcely knew how to decide on a profession, as circumstances were against his following law, which had been one of his subjects; and he had not the requisite means to maintain himself in the pursuit of natural history.

He resolved to take a situation as private tutor, as in such a capacity he could soon acquire wealth. This course was thought by his friends to be a step downward instead of upward; but Cuvier had high ideas of education, and urged that to be an instructor of the young was both a responsible and honourable position. He therefore entered the family of the Comte d'Heriçy, who was residing near Caen, in Normandy, as tutor to his only son. This brought him into a higher class of society, for he made acquaintance with all the nobility who were on visiting terms with the Count. As he walked by the sea-shore, alone or with his pupil, his enquiring mind longed to know something of the creatures which inhabit the crystal depths of ocean. His observation at that time of the Mollusca (animals without internal bones), was the first step to his study of the whole animal kingdom. SARSON.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT SERVING JESUS.

AND may *I* love the Saviour,—
A little sinful child,—
The Holy One in heaven,
Jesus the Undefiled?
I'm often disobedient,
I grieve my friends, I know;
I wish the Lord would change me,
And make me white as snow.

Dear little one, He loves you,
He hears each word you say;
The tender, gracious Jesus
Listens when children pray.
And if you want to serve Him,
He will forgive you now,
And seal you His for ever,
While quietly you bow.

For all the little children
Jesus has work to do;
However young and tender,
And He has work for you.
But you must ask the Saviour
To teach you every day;
Remember, He will answer,
When earnest children pray.

Be patient, try to follow
Where Christ the Saviour trod,
For even little children
May do the will of God.
I know He is in heaven,
A great, a glorious King,
But He accepts the service
That little children bring.

Be glad, and bright, and happy,
Be kind, and good, and true;
Be gentle and forgiving,
As Christ has been to you.

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Speak words of quiet blessing,
Wherever you may go;
For if you love the Saviour,
Your daily life will show.

Think of the home in heaven!
Think of the glorious song!
For many little children
Are in that holy throng.
If you belong to Jesus,
You too shall see His face;
Dear children, seek to enter
The kingdom of His grace.

ETHELWYN.

THE RESCUED BIRD.

THE fire burned cheerfully one cold spring evening in a pleasant parlour in Bayswater Terrace. The tea-table was laid, the father's slippers ready by the fire-side, and Mrs. Rowley sat knitting in her rocking-chair, while little Maude's face was pressed against the window-pane, watching for what she called '*father's omnibus*;' for at the same hour every evening Mr. Rowley came in from the Bank. At last the child said to her mother quite sorrowfully, 'O mother, the omnibus has passed, and father has not come! What can be the matter?'

'Nothing, I hope, dear,' replied her mother; 'do not be uneasy, he will be here by the next.'

But no! the next came and *passed*, and the *next*, but no Mr. Rowley!

Maude had been ill in the winter, and she was not strong yet, and so was nervous and easily frightened; her mother called her away from the window, and said, 'Come and sit on my knee, Maude, and I will tell you a story.'

'A *true* story, mother?'

'Yes.'

'A story of when you were a little girl?'

'Yes, Maude.'

'O thank you, mother!'

'Well, dear, when my sister and I were about your age, our dear father was very delicate, and he had to take a long journey by coach—for there were no railways then. Unfortunately, the day he was to come home was very wet, and there were but a few inside places in the coach; and our mother was frightened lest the fifty miles in the rain would make our father quite ill again. She looked very sad, and said to us, "O, children, what a day for poor father!" Then my sister (your aunt Milly) threw her arms about mother's neck, and said, "Don't fret, mother, father will not get any rain to-day." "But, Milly," said mother, "he *must* get it, for he is sure to have taken an outside place, yesterday was so fine." "Well, mother, I prayed to God to keep him safe from the rain, and I know He will answer my prayer, for I asked it for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ." My mother kissed Milly, but still she was uneasy till the coach arrived, and my father came in looking quite well, and his umbrella and overcoat perfectly dry. So mother said, "My dear, I feared you would be wet through." "Curiously enough," said my father, "just after we set out, a gentleman inside the coach put his head out of the window, 'Let me out, coachman,' he said, 'rain would be better than this imprisonment.' So I thankfully changed places with him, and here I am all right."'

Just at this point of the story Maude heard another omnibus coming, and ran to the window.

'O, here he is, mother! and he is carrying something with his handkerchief over it; what can it be?'

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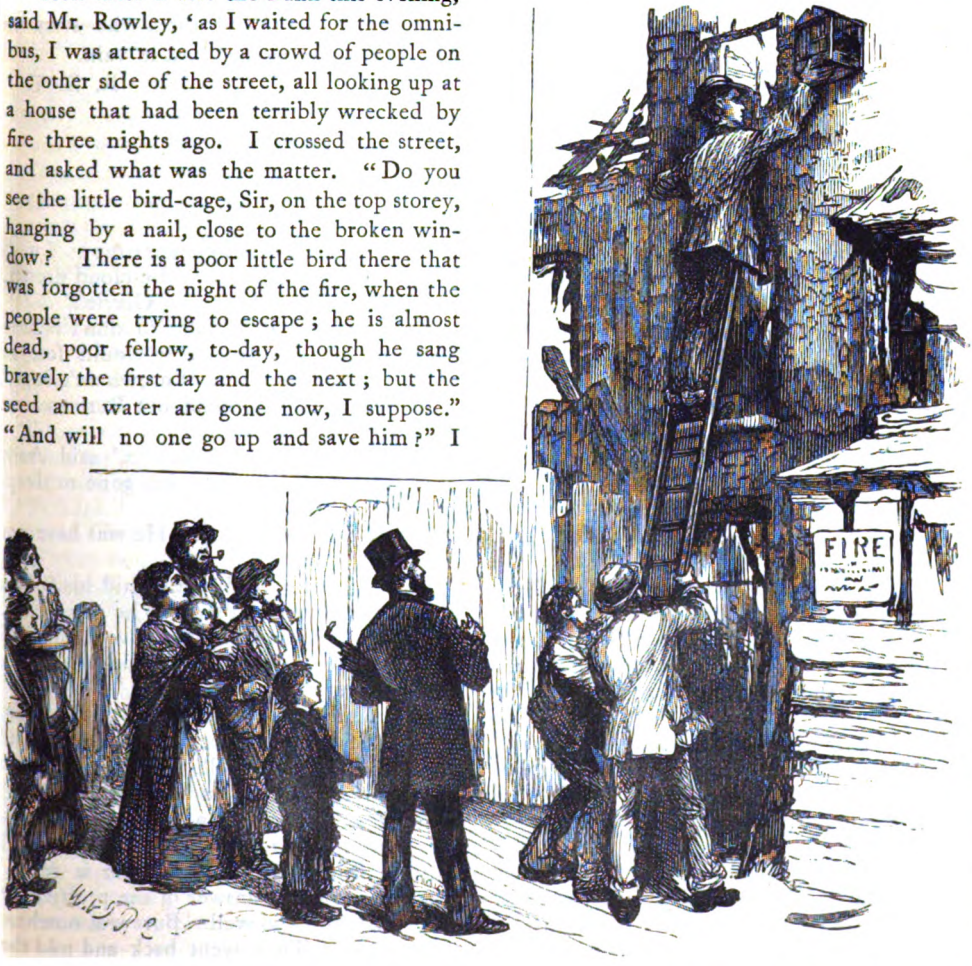
When Mr. Rowley came in, and kissed his little girl, he laid the *something* on the table, and Maude heard a little chirp.

'Maude,' said her father, 'here is a bird for you; and if he could tell you his story you would be surprised, for it is a strange one; but I will tell it for him when I have had a cup of tea, for I am tired and thirsty.'

When tea was over, Maude jumped on her father's knee to hear the story of her new bird.

'Soon after I left the Bank this evening,' said Mr. Rowley, 'as I waited for the omnibus, I was attracted by a crowd of people on the other side of the street, all looking up at a house that had been terribly wrecked by fire three nights ago. I crossed the street, and asked what was the matter. "Do you see the little bird-cage, Sir, on the top storey, hanging by a nail, close to the broken window? There is a poor little bird there that was forgotten the night of the fire, when the people were trying to escape; he is almost dead, poor fellow, to-day, though he sang bravely the first day and the next; but the seed and water are gone now, I suppose." "And will no one go up and save him?" I said. "There is danger, Sir, that the burnt wall would fall in with the weight of the ladder." Immediately I cried out as loudly as I could, "A sovereign for any one who will bring that poor bird safely down to me!" At last a young man said, "Well, Sir, I'll try." A ladder was brought, and carefully held for the man, who went up safely and took the cage from the nail. When he was seen coming down, the people below cried out, "Well done, comrade; you have



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earned your reward!" I shook the fellow's hand heartily as I put the sovereign into it, and hurried into a shop with my prize, and got seed and water for him; and then I took the next 'bus, and here we are!'

'O my dear, good father,' said Maude, 'if that dicky-bird could speak, I think his song would always be, "*Thank you, dear, good Mr. Rowley!*"'

'And Maude,' said her father, 'what thanks do you and I owe to Him Who bought us, not with silver and gold, but with His own blood! May we thank Him not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to His service, and walking before Him in holiness all the days of our life!'

I need not tell my young readers how Maude valued her father's gift,—the pretty, lively, green canary; nor how regularly she fed him, and how clean and sweet she always kept his cage; and when she heard him strain his little throat with a burst of song, she fancied that he sang, '*Good Mr. Rowley, how I love you!*' and then she would think of her father's application—of how she was in such danger, and Who had saved her, and how much she owed to Him. And if my young readers lay these truths to their hearts, I shall not have told them the story of Maude and her rescued bird in vain.

R. R. T.

GERTRUDE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

PART III.

HEN Frank and Wallace returned to the house they found all the children in the big front room. There were two tables loaded with all sorts of nice things, and the children were just remembering that they were very hungry.

'I wish I could have a birthday every day!' sighed Gertrude; 'I do love birthdays; they are the nicest things in the world.'

'Except Christmas,' said Polly.

'Well, that is a birthday too,' said Aunt Margaret.

'O, so it is! How funny! Well, New Year's Day isn't a birthday, and that's nice!'

'Yes it is, Polly; it is the birthday of the New Year,' cried Gertie; 'papa told me so.'

'I wonder if I shall get many presents on my birthday?' said Polly, pensively. 'I wonder what papa and mamma will give me!'

'I know what I'm going to give you, but I sha'n't tell,' said Gertie. 'I know what papa is going to give you, but I sha'n't tell.'

'Then don't!' replied Polly, philosophically. 'I know what I should like; a book of fairy tales. Uncle Richard, do you know any more about Silver-tip?'

'Plenty; enough to fill a big book.'

'Will you tell it to us some time? I wish I were a fairy, and wore white-cloud dresses, and had wings! Don't you, Gertie?'

Gertie looked doubtful. 'I don't believe I should like the frock; it would feel so queer. I'd like the wings. Why, where's Burt?'

Everybody looked round, but Burt was not to be seen.

'He is with Jane, I expect,' said Aunt Margaret; 'or perhaps he has gone to sleep. Jane, where is Burt?'

'I don't know, ma'am. He was here not long ago.'

'Go and call him, Wallace,' said his father. And Wallace went. Presently he came back. "I can't find him anywhere. I've shouted all over the place. A piece of chicken, please, Aunt Margaret!'

Aunt Margaret stopped cutting up the fowls, and looked up in surprise. 'Can't find Burt! why, where can the child be? Wallace, you must look again, and you too, Polly!'

Polly and Gertie ran off at once, calling Burt at the top of their voices: 'Burt! Burtie! Burtie Redding! supper is ready.' But there came no answer of the pretty little voice they knew so well. Burt was nowhere to be found. They went back and told the

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news, and of course there was a general scamper.

'We'll soon find him,' said Rose, as they trooped out. 'He isn't far off.'

But talking was one thing and doing another. They hunted all over the place; in the barn, in the stables even, in the garden and orchard, and in fact almost everywhere; still there was no Burt.

Then Aunt Margaret began to be frightened. 'The child must be somewhere,' she said. 'I've looked everywhere I can think of. Perhaps he is in the house all the time. I'll go upstairs.'

The words were not out of her mouth before Polly and Gertie were upstairs. They hunted in every place that was big enough to hold a cat, and in many that were not. Under the beds and in the beds; behind the doors and on the shelves; but no Burt!

'This is really getting serious,' said Aunt Margaret, looking as if she were going to cry. 'I cannot go home without the dear child; his mother would be frantic. Where is Thomas?'

'He went home half an hour ago,' said Jane.

'Go and fetch him, Wallace.' And off started Wallace, full speed, for he was beginning to be frightened. Indeed they all were. Polly sat down on the step and began to cry, refusing to be comforted.

'I'll never be happy again!' she sobbed. 'I've lost my little brother! Mamma told me to take care of him, and now I have lost him!'

'Perhaps he went home with Thomas,' suggested Gertie. 'Let us go and meet him.' So off they ran, and met Thomas; but Burt was not with him.

'He was running about with the rest the last time I saw him,' he said. 'Perhaps he's asleep on one of the stacks.'

'No, we have looked there, and shouted everywhere!' sobbed Polly. 'O, please find him, Thomas!'

'O, we'll soon find him, Miss Polly; don't cry. This isn't a place to get lost in.'

'Well then, where is he?' demanded Polly, through her tears. 'He *is* lost!'

'We must have a regular hunt,' said Uncle Richard, coming to the door. 'Thomas, you search every place well, and if you do not find him, we must send for Mr. Redding and some men. But perhaps he is in the fields.'

Not little Burt; he was not fond of taking walks by himself.

Thomas went everywhere, and began to look very grave. At last he came to a standstill in the barn, and looked up. The trap-door which opened into the loft was shut, and the ladder was lying on the ground.

'Has any one been in the loft?' he asked; and all the children looked at each other.

'But he could not possibly get there,' said Uncle Richard; 'the door is shut, and the ladder down.'

Thomas shook his head. 'I shut it myself before I went home, but perhaps he was in then. At any rate I'll look.'

With a very strange, queer feeling Frank saw him go up into the loft; and they all listened breathlessly as he walked across the floor.

'Fetch a light!' cried Uncle Richard; 'he can't see up there.'

Off flew Frank and Wallace, and in two minutes came back with a lantern.

'Let me go up, do papa! I know every inch,' cried Wallace; and seeing assent in his father's face, ran up eagerly.

They could hear him rustling about among the straw and bags, and Polly stopped crying to listen. Just as they were beginning to despair they heard a loud shout.

'Here he is! here he is! here he is!' And then they heard the dear little voice—very sleepy, but just the same as ever—asking, 'Is it morning now?'

Polly screamed and cried and laughed, all together; and when Burt appeared in Thomas' arms, he was nearly kissed to death.

It was a long time before he could answer any questions. But at last they were quiet; and as he sat on Uncle Richard's knee, he told them all about it; and this was it:

'I did want to see the pretty swing, so I did go up, and then I was frightened and went to sleep.'

It was quite enough; they all understood it. But one thing Uncle Richard and Wallace could not understand: How came the ladder at the trap-door, when it ought to have been on the ground?

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'The Happy Family.'

See page 138.

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'Poor Dora! it is a great disappointment.' *See page* 139.

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'You must have left it up, Wallace?'

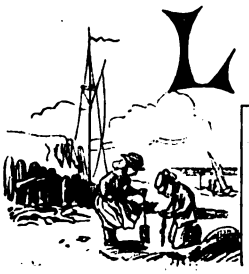
'Indeed I did not, papa; they all saw me take it down. Didn't you now?'

There were plenty of witnesses, and Wallace was cleared. It might have remained a mystery to this day, but Frank was so glad Burt was safe, that he bravely told all about it. He was so sorry, that Uncle Richard thought he would never forget the lesson; and indeed he never did. It was a happy party that went home that night. Polly stayed with Gertie; and after they had gone to bed that night Polly made a discovery.

'Gertie, Frank was like Spot-wing, wasn't he?'

A sleepy little voice said 'Yes;' and that was the end of the birthday party.

'THE HAPPY FAMILY.'



LAST summer I was staying at Margate, and went to see the Zoological Gardens there. Among all the curious and interesting animals and birds, nothing pleased me more than 'The Happy Family.' Who were they? Well, the members of this family were a considerable number of rabbits, several doves and two little guinea-pigs. They had a very nice house, for they dwelt in a large roomy cage about twelve feet long, and there they were all living pleasantly and comfortably together. It was a most amusing and beautiful sight to see one of the doves quietly perched on the back of a rabbit; and Master Bunny did not try to shake her off, but peacefully went to sleep nursing the dove. Now, you know rabbits, doves and guinea pigs are not naturally alike in disposition, but they can be trained to live together without quarrelling or fighting; which, I am sorry to say, is more than some brothers and sisters can, who ought to be very much better than these poor dumb creatures.

Little boys and girls are not all alike; of course not. God made them different, just as He made the guinea-pig unlike the dove; but if they would try to bear and forbear, and be willing to give up to each other, instead of each being determined to have his own way, they would find these differences no disadvantage, and life would be so much pleasanter. I should like all quarrelsome children to learn this lesson from 'The Happy Family.'

'THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL.'

HOLIDAYS, holidays!' This was all the girls could talk of, think of, or dream of, in Mrs. Lester's school now; and perhaps no one had a greater right to look forward with pleasant anticipation to this coming holiday than Dora Maitland. She was one of the 'little ones;' but she had been so attentive and industrious during the last year, that she had carried off two of the best prizes, and was consequently looked upon by her companions with no small amount of envy.

'If I were only as lucky as Dora Maitland, I should long for the holidays ten times more than ever. Only think, she has *two* prizes to take home with her!'

'While you have a book full of bad marks,' retorted another. 'Whose fault is that, Caroline?'

'O, it's all luck! I tell you I am one of the unlucky girls, while Dora Maitland—well, she is just the luckiest girl in the school, and everybody knows that.'

Just at this moment there was a little shout of 'Letters! letters!' and everybody crowded

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forward in hope of receiving some missive. But there was only one to-day, and that was for Dora Maitland.

'Now, who says she is not the luckiest girl in the school? Only one letter, and that is for her. O yes, I could be as good as she is if I was only half as lucky!' and Caroline felt herself a very ill-used little girl just at that minute.

Dora was of course delighted at receiving her letter, and eagerly tore open the envelope, wondering what her mamma could have to write about when the holidays were so near; for all the directions about her journey, and how her luggage was to be sent, and who should meet her at the railway-station, had been given. But before she had read many lines the envelope fell from her hand and the tears rushed to her eyes.

'What is it—what is the matter?' asked one.

'O, Dora, don't cry! tell us what your letter is about,' said another, pressing forward to comfort her friend.

But poor Dora felt as though she was choking.

'Don't, don't,' she said in a hoarse whisper; and then she turned and left the room.

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Lester came into the play-room carrying an open letter in her hand. 'Where is Dora Maitland?' she asked, looking round the room.

'I think I know, ma'am,' said her friend. 'I will go and bring her.'

It was some minutes, however, before she returned, and Dora's eyes were swollen, and she was still sobbing when she came into the room.

'Poor Dora! it is a great disappointment,' said her governess, 'not to be able to go home. I am very sorry indeed to hear the sad news about your papa.' For the letter had told them that Dora's papa was very ill, and that her mamma wished Dora to remain with Mrs. Lester during the holidays.

The girls looked at each other, and then at Dora and Caroline.

'Who says she is the luckiest girl in the school now?' whispered one.

'I should have cried and screamed myself into fits if anybody said I was not to go home to-morrow,' said another.

'I know something: I know why Dora doesn't rave and scream,' said the little girl who went upstairs to fetch her.

'Perhaps she doesn't care much about going home after all,' suggested Caroline.

'O yes, she does! you should have heard how she sobbed, and how hard she prayed.'

'Prayed!' exclaimed two or three together.

'Yes, that's Dora's secret—that's how it is she is so good, and yet so merry. She just tells God everything. I heard her telling Him how hard it was for her to be patient, and not fret at having to stay at school for the holidays. "I can't bear it, I can't bear it," she kept saying; and I waited, for I didn't like to disturb her, and presently she seemed to get better, and then I told her Mrs. Lester was here. "I can't go home for the holidays, but God will help me to be good, and He will help my dear papa and mamma," she whispered as we came along the passage. That is Dora's secret. That makes her "the luckiest girl in the school."'

AN ELEPHANT STORY.

I AM going to tell you a very sad story of how a poor elephant and its little one, while playing together, were attacked and killed. Dr. Livingstone tells us in his Travels—a most interesting book, which some of you boys would delight to read,—that once when he and his party came to a beautiful valley, he wandered away from the natives,

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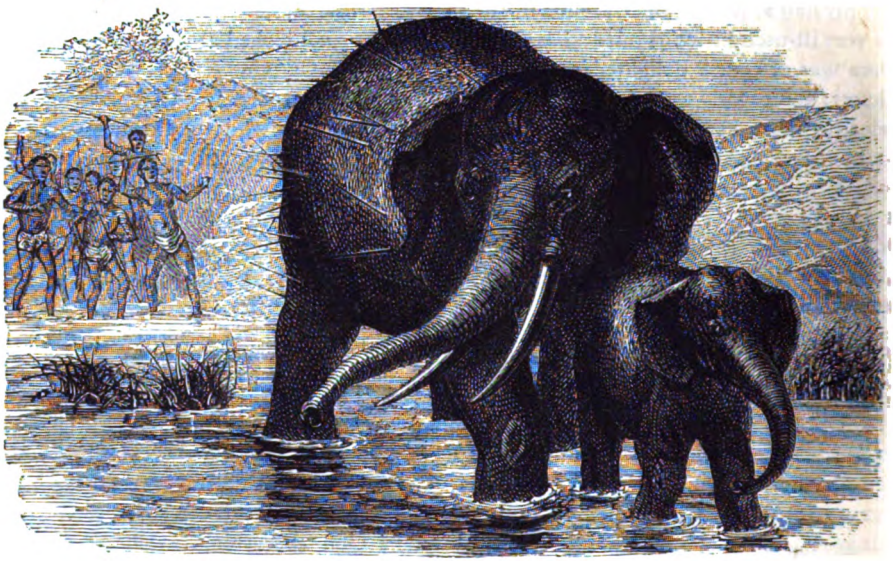
who were busy cutting up an elephant that had been killed the day before. Looking through his glass, he saw distinctly, right away at the end of the valley, about two miles off, a great mother-elephant playing with its little baby. The little thing was rolling in the mud in a state of great glee, and would jump up and frisk about her mother, much in the same way as a kitten would round a cat; and the old mother enjoyed the fun quite as much



as the baby did. Poor things! they did not know that they were having their last gambol.

It so happened that on that morning some of the Africans belonging to Dr. Livingstone's party had gone off again elephant-hunting; and just when the mother was wagging her tail and flapping her ears in the excitement of the game, both animals heard a noise which made them stand still, and expand their ears, to listen. It was the hunters' blowing through tubes to attract their attention, and shouting loudly—

'O chief. chief! we have come to kill you,
O chief! chief! many more will die beside you, etc.'

The little calf, as the elephant's young one is called, started off in terror, but seeing the men she ran up to her mother, just as you would run to yours if anything frightened you,—and what would your mother do? Throw her arms around you, wouldn't she? and assure you that no one should hurt you. And so this mother threw her trunk around her child, and stood between it and their enemies. Then came a shower of sharp javelins, which covered her sides with blood, and made her flee for her life, even forgetting her baby in the terrible pain. So the poor little one was easily shot to death; and then the mother, with a piercing shriek, turned and charged her pursuers. But it was easy for the nimble natives to escape, while the poor animal got weaker and weaker from loss of blood, for fresh showers of spears came, till at last she reeled, and fell down dead.

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You won't wonder that good Dr. Livingstone could not bear to watch the painful scene. 'I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of these noble animals,' says he, 'with a feeling of sickness, unrelieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine.'

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER VII.—FADING AWAY.

REGINALD often wondered what he could do to help Lilian to understand how full of love and pity Jesus is; but whenever he tried to speak to her of Him, Lilian either turned the conversation, or she would beg him not to talk about such things. At length he remembered his text. 'It helped me so much, will it not help dear Lilian?' he thought. So he knelt down, and asked God to bless Lilian, and to help her to look away from her sins to Him Who bore them all on Calvary; and then he took the text and directed it to Lilian, and laid it on her pillow that she might see it when she woke.

Some days passed, and Reginald did not know what Lilian thought of the text; once indeed, when he looked up, he caught her eye fixed upon him with a troubled, enquiring gaze, but she turned her head quickly on meeting his eye.

One day, however, he heard her voice gently calling him. She was lying on the sofa by the open window; she looked troubled, and as Reginald drew near, without speaking she took the text from under her cushion; while she held it in her hand, both read: 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have

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turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all.'

'Reginald,' said Lilian, in a low voice, so low he could hardly hear it, 'is it *my* iniquity?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'if you feel as if you had any.'

'O yes, more than any one ever had; and more than anybody can understand!'

Again Reginald prayed that God would give him the right word to say, then he answered:

'But not more than Jesus died for, not more than He is willing to wash away; O, dear Lilian! trust Him.'

The next day, after Reginald had finished his lessons, his mother called him.

'Reginald,' said she, 'Lilian wants to see you, if you can spare time.'

'O yes!' said he, 'there's no hurry,' and he went to his sister's room. She was watching for him with unusual eagerness, and when he entered said hurriedly, 'Shut the door, Reginald, and come here; make haste!'

Reginald obeyed, and his sister began:

'I have been thinking about your text, Reginald; and this morning I thought I would read a little in the Bible, as you asked me: so I read about the Crucifixion; and as I read I seemed to see it all, and I felt what dreadful pain it must be. I never thought of it much before. I couldn't help crying; and then I felt I could almost hear Him say, "Little Lilian, it is for *you—for you!*" O, Reginald! I can withhold myself no longer when He has bought me with such a price!'

Reginald did not reply for a minute; when he did speak, he only said, 'O, Lillie, you don't know how thankful I am!'

That same evening, when Mrs. Ellerslie had gone to lie down, being almost worn out with watching, her husband was alone with Lilian. She had been lying quietly for some time, when suddenly she said, 'Take me in your arms, papa, and carry me to the window, that I may see the sun set.'

Her father lifted her gently in his arms, and sat down with her by the window.

'How beautiful it all looks in the light of the sun,' said Lilian; 'how lovely the grounds are, papa!'

'O, my Lillie!' said he, in a voice of great sadness, 'they will be gloomy without you!'

Lilian looked sad for a minute, then said:

'Papa, are you sorry the sun is going to set?'

'Rather,' he replied, surprised at her question; 'light is better than darkness; but the sun is going to shine somewhere else, and the people there want it as much as we do.'

'Ah!' said Lilian, 'that is just it; you can let the sun go, papa, because it is going to shine somewhere else; but do you forget that *I* am going to shine far more brightly than the beautiful sun, and Jesus has called me? Yes, He wants *me*—a poor, sinful child, who has forgotten Him all her life;—and I want to go. You wouldn't keep me back from my best Friend, would you, papa? Do you love Him?' she asked suddenly, as if the doubt had just struck her.

Her father pressed her closer in his arms, saying, 'How can I love Him when He is taking my child away?'

'O, papa! you must not speak so,' said Lilian; 'that *does* make me unhappy; when Jesus has loved me so, and even given His life for me, and is now going to take me to Himself, never to know what sin, or sorrow, or death mean any more.'

'But why should He take you away, my child? You have been very happy here, have you not, my Lillie?'

'O yes!' she replied; 'but I shall be much happier with Jesus. Dear papa, I am sure you would love Jesus if you knew more about Him, so I want you to have my Bible. I know, of course, there are plenty in the house, but I thought you would think about me in heaven more, if you had my Bible. Dear papa, promise me that you will meet

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me in heaven; and that when I am gone you will think of me there, and not in the dark, cold grave; for I shall not be there, I shall be at home with Jesus, waiting for you.'

A fit of coughing then came on, and Lilian was unable to talk any longer; but as her father wished her good-night, she threw her arms round his neck, and whispered, 'You will promise, won't you, papa?'

One day Reginald brought in a lovely white camellia for Lilian. For a long time she held it in her little thin hand without speaking; but at last she said, 'Only think, mamma, very soon I shall be like that, pure and white.'

Her mother shed tears as she thought how soon that might be; and Lilian called her to her sofa, saying very tenderly:

'O, dear mamma, don't cry, for I shall be so happy with Jesus; and, mamma, I want you to understand that although Jesus is taking me away, He loves you so much more than I can tell, and is so sorry for your sorrow, and wants—O, so much!—to turn it into joy.'

'But Lilian,' said her mother, 'if He loves us as much as you say He does, why does He not let us remain together? I feel that I could love Him then!'

For a minute Lilian looked thoughtful, and then said, 'Well, I don't think we can understand all the *whys* here, but the Bible says we shall by and by in heaven; and I think we can a little even here. Don't you remember, mamma, when I was a very little girl, how I went out for a walk, and found a bunch of berries? I did not know they would hurt me, and I thought them more beautiful than any of my toys; but at last *you* saw me, mamma, and took them away at once. Then don't you remember how I cried, and promised to be better than I had ever been before, if I might only keep them; but you knew they would poison me. And I think that is a little like Jesus; *we* often think we shall be better if we keep those we love; but *He* knows we should forget Him, and to forget Him would be to lose heaven; and so out of love to us, He sometimes takes those we love, to teach us to love Him best.'

Lilian paused, unable to say more just then. But long after the frail body was cold in the stillness of death, Mrs. Ellerslie treasured up the withered leaves of the camellia; and no less sacredly were her daughter's words treasured up in the mother's heart.

Scripture Enigma.

1. A man stoned in the court of the temple.
2. A place where a fugitive dwelt in strongholds. [Nineveh.
3. A prophet of Elkosh, who spoke against
4. A seaport from which the tribe of Asher did not drive out the Canaanites.
5. A city where took place a wedding, a fast, a banquet, a procession, and an execution.

The Initials make the name of a Lawyer.
The Finals the name of a Leper.

'Lord, Bless My Pennies!'

A LITTLE girl about six years old had, to her great delight, been allowed by her parents to put two bright new pennies into the missionary-box.

A few nights afterwards little Gracie was saying her prayers at her father's knee, and to her usual simple petitions, 'Bless papa and mamma, etc.,' she added, 'Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

'What made Gracie say that?' asked papa, after the child had gone to bed. 'She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary-box,' was her mother's reply.

I dare say some of my young readers give or collect pence and halfpence for the Missions, or for 'The Children's Home,' or for God's cause in some way. I think if they, too, were to pray, 'Lord, bless my pennies,' their prayer would do even more good than the money.

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LITTLE BUT LOVELY.

WHAT do I love that is little and fair?
Little may-blossoms perfuming the air;

Little white daisies, with fringes of gold;
Slim little harebells, that gladden the wold;

Little forget-me-nots, telling of truth;
Pure little snowdrops, like virtue in youth;

Plump little rosebuds, just ready to bloom;
Blue little violets, breathing perfume;

Gay little pimpernels, pleasing the eye;
Kind little stars, that give light from the sky;

Dewdrops, that tremble and shine in the sun;
Meek little lambs, full of frolic and fun;

Sweet little birds, as they sing in the trees;
Blithe little grasshoppers; brave little bees;

Bright little glowworms, assisting the stars;
Little soft winds, with their fairy guitars;

Good little children, at play in the street;
Clean little fingers—obedient feet;

Soft little cheeks, all aglow with delight;
Fond little eyes, with intelligence bright;

Dear little lips, that a fault will confess;
Tears of affection, which comfort and bless;

Loud little laughs, with an innocent ring;
Meek little tempers, that happiness bring;

Knees, that are frequently bended in prayer;
These are all lovely—so small, but so fair!

SAMUEL WRAY.

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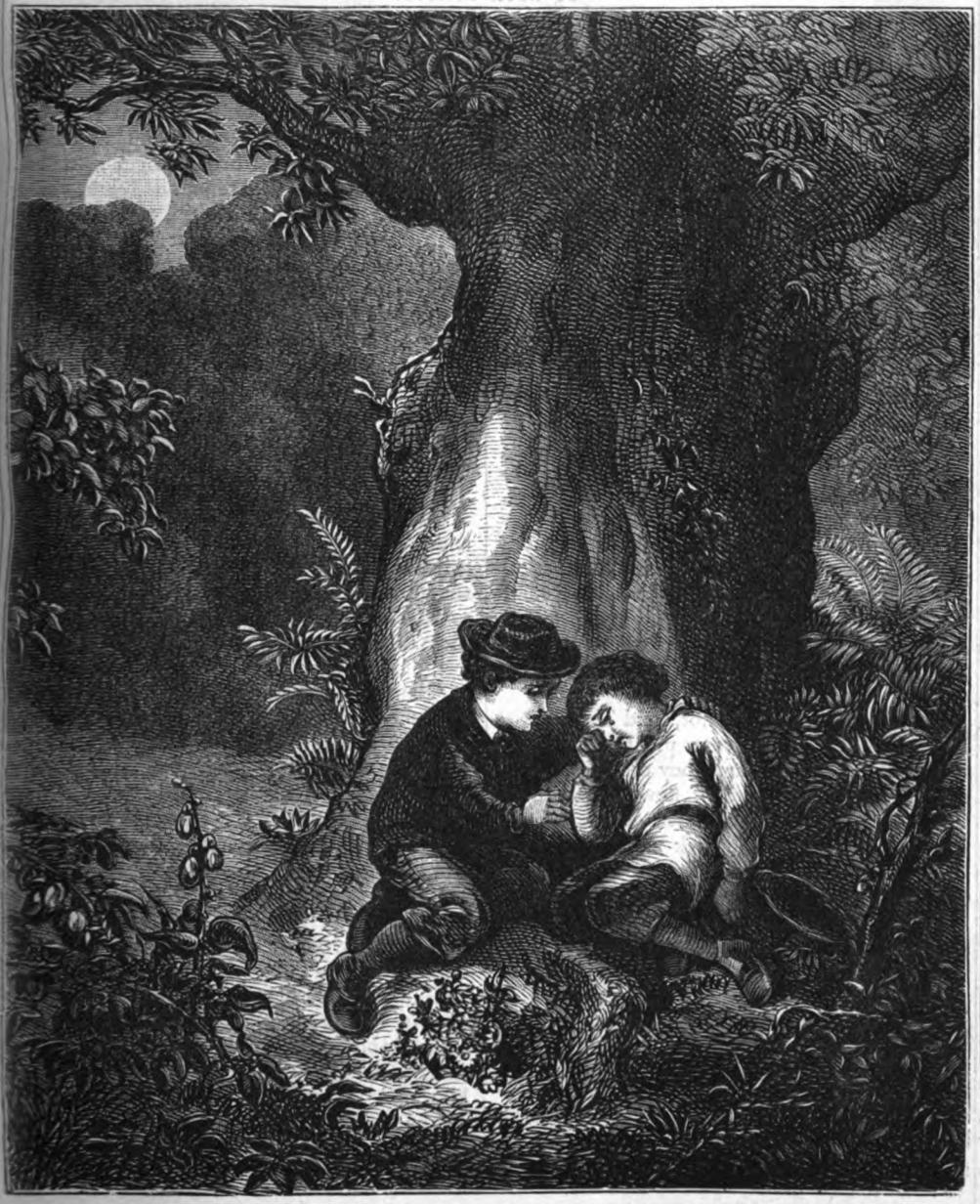
OCTOBER, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS



'Robin began to cry.' *See page* 146.

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FATHER'S STORY.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

'PAPA, doesn't everybody have daily bread?'

It was night, and Truda was going to bed. Her father put down his book, and took her on his knee.

'Come to say good-night?'

'Yes, papa; but I want to know something first. Doesn't everybody have daily bread? Jane says they don't. It is so easy to get bread!'

'Not always. I once knew some little children who had no bread for nearly two days!'

'What did they eat, then; porridge?'

'No; they had nothing to eat but blackberries. Shall I tell you all about it? Once upon a time, two little boys went out for a walk. It was in the summer time, and they meant to go to the woods and pick nuts, so they walked as fast as ever they could.'

'What were their names?' asked Truda, settling herself to listen. Truda liked tales.

'One was called Dick and the other Robin. Well, they got to the woods at last, and found that somebody had been there already, and picked all the nuts. They did not like that at all!'

'No! I should think not,' said Truda.

'However, there were plenty of pretty things in the woods, and they soon forgot the nuts. Robin was fond of flowers, and there were many that he had never seen before; so he was delighted. Dick had his pop-gun with him, and tried to kill every bird he saw, but somehow they always flew away before his shot reached them. They were very happy little boys, but after a while became very hungry boys, too.'

'Hadn't they brought anything to eat with them? Polly and I always take cake when we go nutting, papa.'

'Yes, they had cake, but they soon ate that all up, and then they got hungry again.'

'Then why didn't they go home?'

'Ah, why indeed! They could not.'

Truda looked puzzled. 'Why not?'

'They could not find the way. When they turned to go back, they went down the wrong path; and instead of going home, they went away from it. Of course they did not know that, but they thought the wood was very long. At last it began to get dark, and then they were frightened. Dick, being three years older than Robin, tried to make out that he did not care, but he did. The woods were so dark and lonely, and there were such queer noises, that his courage slowly oozed away, and presently there was not a bit left. The sun had gone down, and the moon had come instead; but they did not like the moon, it made everything look so cold and strange. When they were too tired to walk they sat down at the foot of a tree, and Robin began to cry.'

'O dear! what did Dick do, papa?'

'He cried too. Then they went to sleep and forgot all about everything. I don't even think they dreamed. When the sun came up the next morning he found them fast asleep; so he hurried to send a little painter to awake them.'

'A little what, papa?'

'Painter. He dipped his brush in the sunlight, and then dashed it across Dick's eyes, and made him open them. Well, all that day the two little boys wandered about the wood, going further from home all the time. They found some blackberries and picked them, and that was all the dinner they had that day.'

'Were they in the wood another night, papa?'

'No; they got out of the wood, and found themselves in a field. There was a big stone wall in front of them, and they tried to climb over it. Dick managed very well, but poor little Robin tumbled, and hurt his foot so that he couldn't walk. Dick tried to carry him, and got him to an old stack in a corner of the field, and there they had to stay all that night.'

'Poor little boys. Go on, papa,' said

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Truda, very much interested. 'What did they do the next morning?'

'Robin could not walk, and Dick was afraid to leave him; so they sat by the hay-stack and cried—two very forlorn little boys. They found some more blackberries in the hedge, and Dick picked all he could reach, and gave the larger share to Robin because he had hurt his foot. They felt very queer, and Robin could not keep awake; he would go to sleep, though Dick shook him every now and then, and shouted in his ear.'

'Where was their father all the time? Didn't he look for them, papa? If I were lost you would look for me,' said Truda.

'Their father and mother were away from home, and the servant was afraid to tell any one that the children were lost till the day after. Then she told some men, and they went to look for them, and one of them sent for the father to come home.'

'I am glad! now they will be found,' said Truda, contentedly.

'At last Dick saw some smoke curling up among the trees a little way off. Now Dick knew that where there was smoke there must be a fire, and where there was a fire there must be some one to attend to it. Robin was still fast asleep, and he couldn't wake him; so leaving him under the stack, he ran as fast as he could toward the trees, and there he found a little cottage. The door was open, and inside he saw an old woman warming up some potatoes in a frying-pan. He did not wait to knock, but walked straight in, and putting his arms round the little old woman, burst into tears. She was quite frightened at first, and could not think what was the matter; but he soon told her.

'"I'm lost," he sobbed, "and Robin is asleep under the stack, and we are so hungry." That was quite enough for the kind old woman. She made him tell her where the stack was, and went at once and fetched Robin, and then divided the potatoes between them. There were not many, and the boys were so hungry that they were gone directly, and Robin began to cry for more. The old woman looked troubled, and said she had not got any more, whereupon Dick suggested bread and butter. To his surprise she shook her head, and said she had not had a bit of bread in the house for three days. He asked her to get some more potatoes, but she shook her head again: they had eaten the last.'

'Why, papa, the poor old woman must have been hungry too,' cried Truda. 'Had she given them her supper?'

'Yes, every bit of it. I do not know what they would have done if the old woman had not remembered that it was nearly time for the mail-cart to pass. Taking both the little boys with her, she went down to the road, and there they stood waiting till the mail-cart came up. Then she stopped the driver and told him all about it, and he promised to send some one for the children, and putting his hand under the seat he pulled out a loaf of bread, and dropped it into the old woman's apron.'

'And the dear little old woman had some supper too?'

'O, yes! there was plenty for all. And after supper the boys went to sleep, but they were soon awoke.'

'I know! it was their father!' cried Truda. 'The mail-cart man told him, and he ran off directly. O, weren't they all glad?'

'*I* was,' said her father. 'Robin was too tired to know much about it.'

'Why, papa! was it you? And uncle Robert when he was a little boy? Did it really happen?'

'Every bit of it.'

'And the poor old woman gave you all her supper! I love that old woman, papa.'

'And so did I. Every Saturday, after that, Robin and I used to go and see her, and take a loaf of home-baked bread and some cheese or butter, or something else nice. Our mother never forgot who fed her little boys when they were hungry.'

'Was she a very poor old woman, papa?'

'So poor that she often had gone supperless to bed, and sometimes had had nothing but potatoes to eat for days.'

Truda's head went down on her father's shoulder. 'Papa, just now an old woman came to the door and asked me to give her some bread, and I wouldn't.'

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'Why wouldn't you?'

'I didn't want to leave my fairy tales. Papa, I am so sorry.'

'Poor old woman! perhaps she will go supperless to bed, Truda.'

The quick tears sprang to Truda's eyes. 'I will never, never do it again, papa!' And she never did. No poor old woman ever asked her for bread in vain; and many a poor old woman had a nice supper bought with Truda's pocket-money when she grew older.

THE STORY OF THE NATURALIST, CUVIER.

CHAPTER II.—PROGRESS INTO FAME.

N the family of the Count d'Hériçy, Cuvier remained for six years. In his study of the lower animals he had little assistance from books. Accidentally he became acquainted with a man of science, Monsieur Tessier, who introduced him to other scientific men, among whom was Geoffrey St. Hilaire. Already known by his writings, his new friends invited him to Paris, the city where it had been his early ambition to reside.

He went to Paris in 1795. Being appointed to an honourable place in the Jardin-des-Plantes (Garden of Plants), he found himself surrounded by the beauties of Nature, with every opportunity for furthering the interests of science. He examined a great many old skeletons, some of which were left to Paris by Buffon. This was not so attractive a study as examining flowers and gaily-painted butterflies; but there is dry, hard work to be done before success can be achieved in any department. One huge skeleton was made the subject of a memoir. It had been called by Jefferson the Megalonix, and was stated to have been an immense flesh-eating animal, powerful enough to be the enemy of the Mastodon; but by considering the skeleton, Cuvier was able to show that it was really a member of the lazy, good-natured Sloth family. He continued comparing and reasoning from fossils and skeletons to living species, till Napoleon, fully alive to his abilities and fitness for office, appointed him Perpetual Secretary to the Class of Natural Sciences. In 1800 Cuvier sent for his father and brother to reside with him. It was natural that they should take great pleasure in his prosperity and feel proud of his talents. His brother Frederic rendered him every assistance in his power, and published himself a beautiful work on Natural History.

Cuvier married in 1803 a widow lady of great intelligence and amiability. She was well fitted to be his companion. After the fatigues of the day he liked to hear her read some of her favourite authors. Her reading and conversation made him familiar with books that he would have had no leisure to study for himself. So we see what a charm there is in good reading. Few accomplishments give more pleasure to others. When parents or friends complain of failing sight, how pleasant it is for them if their children are able to read aloud intelligently and well!

Under the first Napoleon, honours were heaped upon Cuvier, until, in 1814, he became Counsellor of State; but on the return of Napoleon from Elba, he was obliged to leave the Court. He did not, however, lose his influence in the universities, and the Bourbons of the second restoration advanced him to many honourable offices.

It would be impossible to give our young readers an idea of Cuvier's duties, and the

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works completed by him during his Parisian life. In addition to his lectures and his personal superintendence of so many branches of science, by the year 1818 he had written no less than a hundred and thirty-seven memoirs or treatises on various departments of animated nature. The most laborious of his works was 'The Animal Kingdom.'

Now it ought to be explained to you that more than one hundred years ago a naturalist, called De Maillet, had stated a belief that God had not created separately each plant and animal, but that He had created a few, and that these plants had gradually changed into others, making accidentally the great variety we see. Cuvier strongly opposed these views, believing that God had separately and specially created each

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animal after its kind; that He had provided food for it, and adapted it to the circumstances of its existence.

After the distractions in France, when for a season there was calm, Cuvier, with his family, visited England. Among his scientific friends here were Sir Everard Home and Sir William Herschel.

On his return to Paris, his saloons were crowded with learned men; for enquiring minds were always looking to him for the knowledge he was so well able to impart. But no human happiness is perfect. To each one sorrow comes in some form or other, and Cuvier's submission to the will of God was severely tested when death removed one after another of his earthly treasures.

Two of his children died in early youth; the third, a fine boy of thirteen, was taken from him on his journey to Rome, where he was no doubt sent for his own improvement, as he was thirsting to enter on the same career as his distinguished father. His beautiful, accomplished daughter, Clementine, died of a rapid consumption soon after she had attained her twenty-second year.

The grief of the bereaved parents, who were now left childless, was very deep. Cuvier closed his saloons for a year, feeling unable to meet the society that assembled there. His mind reverted to the pure consolations he had learned from his mother, and he communicated these to his afflicted wife, rising above his own sorrow to give relief to hers.

SARSON.

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER VIII.—REST.

It was a cold frosty day in December, about a week before Christmas. But in Lilian's chamber everything looked warm and cheery by the light of the glowing fire. The old nurse was sitting by the table, casting a glance every now and then at the bed where Lilian lay. Soon the nurse met Lilian's eye fixed upon her with a troubled look.

'Nurse,' she said, 'I am so glad we can see the sunset so well to-night.'

'Why, Miss Lilian?' said nurse.

'Come here,' said the little girl, in a very low voice. The old woman obeyed; Lilian threw her arms round her neck. 'Nurse,' she said in faltering tones, 'I don't think I shall ever see another sunset!'

'Miss Lilian!' was all the astonished nurse could say; but Lilian went on:

'And O! nurse, I feel so afraid to die; I did not two months ago, but I do now. I think it must have been all fancy when I thought that I should go to heaven; I have been so very bad; O, if you all knew how naughty I have been, and am, I think you would all hate me!'

Lilian spoke with great difficulty, and with frequent pauses.

'Miss Lilian, my poor lamb,' said her nurse; 'I fancy if you think a bit, you'll understand why all these thoughts come.' Lilian looked up enquiringly. 'Why, I think, my dear, you're looking to yourself a bit, instead of to the Lord.'

'Looking to myself!' repeated Lilian; 'is it not right to think of our sins after we love Jesus?'

'Ay, and feel sorry for them too, Miss Lilian; but not think as they come between you and the Lord Jesus. Hasn't He said, "Your sins and your iniquities will I remem-

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ber no more," and "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"? Why, dear, it's wrong when the Lord says He won't remember your sin, to go and fancy He's a thinkin' and a broodin' over it all the time; and it's wrong when the Lord Jesus Christ says He's washed it all away, to think it's there just the same.'

The little girl looked thoughtful, and the nurse went on: 'You're very weak, I know, but He's Almighty; you're full of sin, but there's no spot in Him; you may not have loved Him as you should,—no one does; but He's loved you more than you can tell, for He only knows how much He's loved you. So, my dear,' she added, 'just put yourself down in His arms, and never think a word about dying, for He'll take care o' that: ain't He the Good Shepherd, Miss Lilian? and don't the Good Shepherd love to carry the lambs?'

And Lilian looked up with her blue eyes full of tears, saying,

'O! nurse, thank you; but I never thought of that before.'

Just as the great clock in Mr. Ellerslie's hall struck the hour of midnight, Reginald was awakened by the nurse. He started up in bed, saying, 'O, nurse, what is the matter; is Lilian worse?'

'Yes, Master Reginald,' replied the old woman, who was weeping bitterly; 'and you must dress as fast as you can, and come to her room.'

Reginald obeyed, telling himself all the while that it was only a dream, from which he should soon wake up—a dreadful dream. Then he crept tremblingly to his sister's room, but some moments passed before he could make up his mind to enter; at last, however, he opened the door, and saw his mother supporting Lilian's head, for high as the pillows were she could not breathe upon them now; his father was at the other side holding one of her little wasted hands. He met Lilian's eye fixed upon him with a look of tender love, and as he bent over her to catch the words which her trembling lips could hardly speak, he heard, 'Reginald—follow me!' and then he saw a change pass over her face, a change that made him tremble—yet that face looked more lovely than ever it had done in its rosy health, for a light not of earth shone on every feature; then after a while he saw, in a dreamy way, his father take the fair head from his mother's arms, and lay it on the pillow, and the nurse took his hand, and led him unresistingly from the chamber of death.

A TALK WITH MY CHILDREN ABOUT DOING GOOD.

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Although being good is the first thing, it is not the only thing. But when our goodness has been received from Jesus, and has really taken hold of us, it will be sure to lead us to do good. Long, long ago,—as the old fables say—when the trees were able to talk, a farmer went one day into his orchard. He walked about among the trees until he came to one that he had been watching for some time. It was a beautiful tree. It had a large trunk—round and smooth—and such splendid branches, and so many leaves that it was a pleasure to look at it. So the birds thought, for they often built in it; and so the children thought, for they

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MY CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. BRIGG.

COME and watch my children
At their merry play;
Bertie, bright and active,
Ethel, blithe and gay.
But of all the playthings
Children ever found,
If you want to see them,
Only look around!
There's a doll—it must be,
Though without a head;
All its early beauty
Long ago has fled.
There's a stick, which answers
For a horse at times;
Here's a book in tatters,
Once 'twas full of rhymes.
Now I see the vestige
Of a little cart
Bertie often plays with,
Bless his little heart!
Look you there, a marble!
There were nineteen more,
Where are they, I wonder,
P'rhaps about the floor.
There I see the remnants
Of a Noah's ark,
Here a dog, I fancy,
But it cannot bark.
Now I see a camel,
And a zebra too,

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Now a little pussy,
Don't you hear it mew?
Yonder is a match-box
Treasured with the rest,
Here a bird of Ethel's,
But it has no nest.
There I see some ninepins,
Here a bonny shell,
Half-a-dozen pictures,
Buttons, basket, bell.
Screws from father's tool-box,
Faded green rosette,
Here a pretty windmill,
There a wagonette.
Shoes of darling Ethel's,
Now too small become,
Humming-top and whistle,
Broken little drum.
Balls there are sufficient
I should think for six,
Here a slate and pencil,
There a box of bricks.
Happy little children,
Merry all the day,
Life to you is pleasant
As a morn in May.

May no evil shadow
All the coming years;
Or your sunny smiling
Change to bitter tears!
Till, to glory lifted,
You have gained the shore
Where the saved inherit
Joy for evermore!

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often played beneath it. But it did not matter what the birds and the children thought, the farmer was very dissatisfied. There he stood looking up at it, as he had often done before, for something he could not find. And when he had looked a long time, he shook his head, and said, 'Yes, I thought as much. After all that fine blossom, and in spite of all these beautiful leaves, there isn't a single pear to be seen; as soon as ever the Autumn comes, we'll have you down.' Then there was a rustling among the leaves, and at last a whisper came, 'Why, what harm have I ever done?' 'Well,' said the farmer, 'you've done harm enough for that matter, for you've kept the sun and rain off better folks than yourself. But you were not put there just to do no harm, but to do good, and you've never done any yet. Do you think I should ever let you take up all that room, just to have the pleasure of looking at you—you great, handsome, good-looking, good-for-nothing, idle thing?' Soon after, the wood-cutters went and cut the poor tree to pieces.

Did you ever read a parable, spoken by the Lord Jesus, about the barren fig-tree, in the thirteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel? That shows us that just as the farmer would not keep a tree in his orchard simply because it was a nice tree, so God will not take us to heaven unless we really do good. If we are true Christians we must show it by working for Christ.

'What is that you say, John?'

'I say I should like to do good, and I mean to do it, if God will help me; but I do not know *how*.'

'Not know how, my boy? Well, let me tell you a story of a good lad I once knew, whose name was Tom. His parents lived in a country village. They had goodness of the right sort, for it led them to do good to other people. So they opened their house for preaching on the Sunday evenings. Tom was then quite a little boy; but as he loved Jesus and wanted to do something for Him, he did not say, "Wait till I'm a man, then I'll do a lot of good; you'll see!" no; but he began to do what he could while he was a little boy. He had a good voice, so he helped to sing. Then his sight was better than that of some of the old women who came to the service, so he found the hymns for them, and then he would put the light where they could see. And after the service was over, he would hold the Preacher's horse while its master got upon its back; or if the horse was not a well-behaved one, he would hold the light while his father held the horse.

'His mother used to go round to the cottages to take little books to the people. One day she was ill, and could not go. She was very sorry, because she knew the poor people would be very much disappointed. But presently Tom came to her bed-side, and said, "Mother, let me take the books." And though his mother was almost afraid to let him go, she at last consented. And off he went, very proud of his errand, and yet rather afraid, for he had to go through the Windmill field, where Farmer Dumplin kept his great bull. But he got there and back again quite safely; and the people were very glad to see him. So the years went on until he was fourteen. Then his father was taken ill, and could not go to the Sunday-school in the next village, as he used to do every Sunday. And the teachers came, and said how they missed Tom's father, and how sorry they were. At last one of them said, "You come, Tom. You've had a better education than we have; you come and do what you can." Thus invited, and after obtaining his father's consent, he went. The day passed; but when he returned in the evening he found a sad home, for his father had been taken suddenly worse during the day, and had died just before Tom entered the house. This was a terrible grief for

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Tom, but he went to school again, and continued to go; for he said, "If my dear father knew what I was doing and could speak to me, he would say, 'Go on, Tom, try to fill up my place; live to do good.'"

'Sometimes it happened that the good men who should have preached in the village did not come, and then the people would ask Tom to pray with them, and talk to them. And thus it fell out that before he was seventeen he was made a Local Preacher, and by the time he was twenty-two he was a Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He continued to be a very successful Minister for many years, and then went to meet his father in heaven. Now, John, do you see how to be good? Begin when you are young to do what you can, and grow up into it, as this good man did.'

'But,' says little Jim, 'we can't all grow up to be Ministers, and so what's the use of trying?' 'No use at all, Jim. Tom didn't try to grow up a Minister, he just did what he could when he was a little boy, and kept on doing it, and then left the Lord to take care of him, and open his way before him.'

Ever so many years ago I read a beautiful story about a little boy who was a cripple. I cannot remember where I read it, but as you may not have heard it, and as it teaches the lesson I want you to learn, I will tell it you. It is about

Hans the Cripple.

He lived in a little village in Italy at the foot of the Alps. His mother was a widow, and he, her only child, was a poor little cripple. When he thought of his sad condition—that he could not play like other boys, and that if he grew up he would not be able to work like other men,—he felt very unhappy. One day he was going through the village, and stood to rest under the open window of a room in which some children were playing. One of them chanced to break a plaything, when another took hold of it, and throwing it out of the window, said, 'I'll throw it away; it's no more use than Hans the cripple.' O, how sad the words made poor Hans feel! He crept back home, and told his mother, while the hot tears ran down his pinched little face very fast indeed. And his mother took him upon her knee, and sang a little song to him that she had often sung before; it ended with this little chorus, 'God has His plan, For every man.'

And although Hans felt happy while listening to the sweet tune and voice, yet he could not believe that God had any plan for him. But he was mistaken. Just at this time the Austrians were fighting against the Italians, and trying to take their country; and in order that the Italians might know when the Austrian soldiers were coming, they had built large piles of dry wood on the tops of the hills, and put men to watch them night and day; and when any one of these men saw the Austrians coming, it was his duty to set fire to the pile, then the man upon the next hill-top would see it and set fire to his, and so on until all the valleys were made aware that the enemy was coming, and aroused to meet him. The piles were called beacons, and the men that watched them sentinels. Now, one night there was a festival being kept up in Hans' village, and all the villagers save Hans and his mother were there; and although Hans had gone to bed, he could not sleep. So in a while he rose up silently, and crept up the hill to stay a little while with the sentinel. But no sentinel was there. Thinking there would be no danger that night, and being tempted to join the people in the village, he had left his post. But Hans thought that now he might be of some use, for he could watch the beacon-hill till the sentinel returned. He had not watched long before he thought he saw the dark form of an Austrian soldier coming upon his hands

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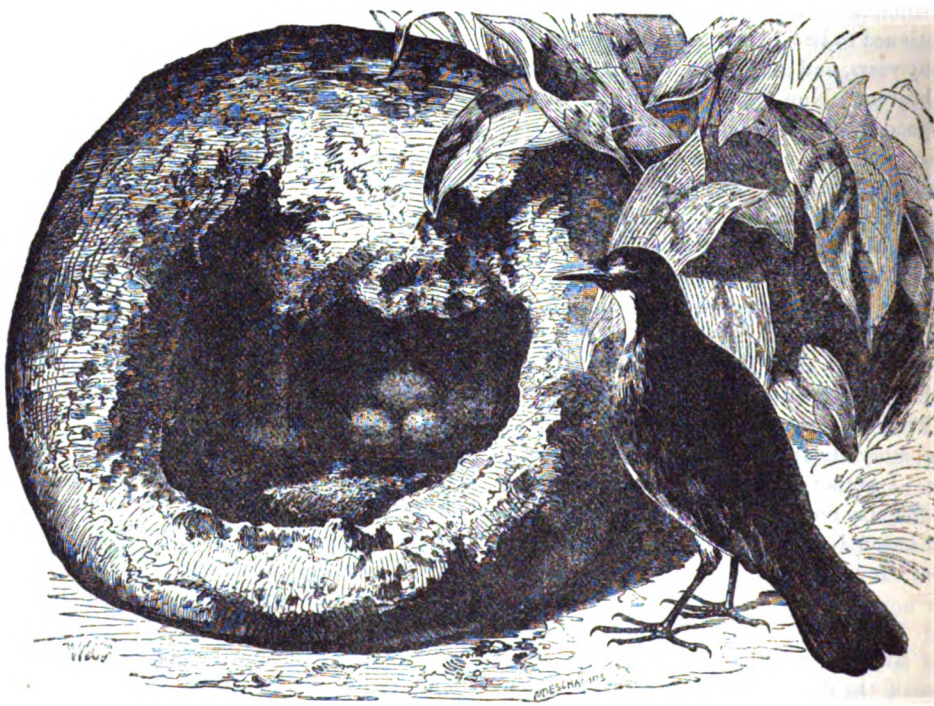
and knees very stealthily along towards the pile. Yes, so it was; and now he could hear distinctly the measured tramp, tramp of a number of armed men. Quick as thought he set fire to the pile. Now the country was warned, and the people would be saved. But the enraged Austrian soldier saw him, and firing his gun at him, Hans fell mortally wounded. Hours after he was found by some of the villagers, and carried, bleeding and dying, to his mother. She took him upon her knees, and wept over him as though her heart would break. But Hans looked into her face with his loving eyes, and whispered, 'Dear mother, "God has His plan, For every man."'

So He has for each of you, dear children.

THE BAKER BIRD.



THIS very sharp-looking bird in the picture is called the *Baker*, on account of its peculiar oven-shaped nest, which is built, not like most birds' nests, in a tree, but on the burning sand of the sea-shore in the Malouine Islands; so that it looks, and I should think feels, if we could get inside to judge, exceedingly hot. It is a massive-looking structure, and unusually large for a bird's nest, being six inches and a half in diameter, and the walls are one inch thick.

Yet these active little masons, the bird and his wife, manage to build their oven-house in

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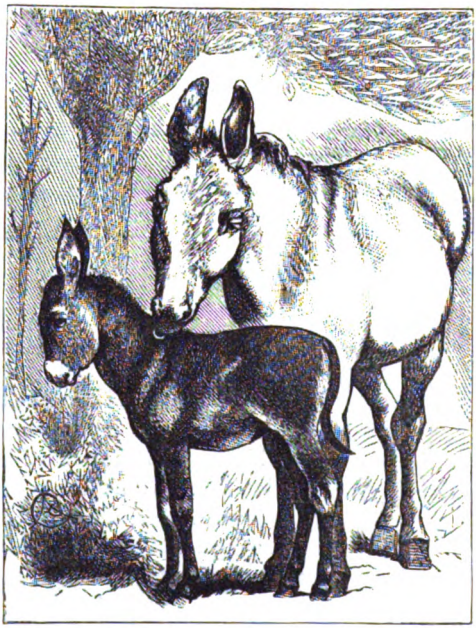
two days ; for they work together, carrying in their beaks by turns little balls of earth or mud about the size of a filbert, which they use for mortar, to build the wall of their house. The inside is divided into two compartments, and in the inner one the mother baker lays her eggs. They are very tame birds. One reason of this is that their wings are so short that even if they are disturbed they cannot fly far away. But they are not often disturbed. But why does it live on the sea-shore? In order to find its food; for it lives on the worms and small shrimps which are thrown up by the waves.

TOMMY'S MORNING TOILETTE.

I am not going to tell you about a little boy called Tommy. You know what his morning toilette would be, and all the various processes of washing, dressing and hair-brushing that he would have to go through. No, our Tommy is a baby donkey. Such a funny little fellow! The big mother donkey is very fond of him, and proud of her baby, too. She wants to keep Tommy as nice and clean as possible, but as she has no soap and flannel, she uses her great rough tongue instead, just as a cat licks a kitten.

Tommy will have a pleasant life while he is a baby, rolling about and playing in the green fields; but when he is strong enough, he will have to get to work, as his mother has done before him. What will his work be? Carrying little boys and girls on his back along the sea-shore, while they laugh and shout in delighted enjoyment of their donkey-ride. But it is not always pleasant work for the donkey. Let us hope Tommy will get a kind master, who will not beat him, and force him to gallop, when he is so tired that he can scarcely trot. Some boys like to beat and kick a donkey when they ride him, because they think it shows their power; but they are mistaken: it only shows that they are mean little bullies. The boy who would ill-treat a poor dumb animal, would torment and



tease his little brothers and sisters; and the bully is almost always a coward.

For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do his best
To make music for the rest.

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A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

I SING of birthdays, one, two, three,
And sing them backward, three, two, one;
Recalling how there came to me
News of the sweet life just begun.

A buoyant, sportive, fawn-like child
Is the first picture of the Muse;
The next, a woman, gracious, mild,
Rare spells to bind at will, or loose.

A golden sunbeam's revel play,
Shall typify thy childhood bright,
And then reluctantly give way
To womanhood's serener light.

A little stream, thy life must flow
Into a vast unfathom'd sea,
And every winding here below
Leave trace through an eternity.

God spare thee to enrich the heart
On which He laid thee for a boon,
And gift thee for a nobler part
As 'morning rises into noon.'

We will not dream of other fate,
But leave thy future in His care;
For should He call thee soon or late,
Not Faith, but Nature, cries 'Forbear.'

What can we do but guide thy feet
Into His raiment's shining trail?
Until into the golden street
He brings thee when thy steps shall fail.

SARSON.

ROSETTA.

A FAIRY TALE.

ROSETTA was a young and very giddy fairy; she had only lived a hundred years, and was not at all inclined to settle to work and duty. However, Rosetta's fairy mother was rather tired of keeping her idle little daughter at home, and so was pleased when Queen Titania asked after her, and ordered her attendance at court. Here Rosetta came trembling, and listened with down-drooping wings whilst Titania gently reproved her, and said that as she could not be trusted to begin a fairy's duties by herself, she must commence under the care of Spinetta, and help her to take charge of the roses in the palace garden. Now this was a great disgrace; for a fairy of her age, who had an excellent mother, should not have needed looking after; and it was also a punishment, for Spinetta was very strict, so, I am sorry to say, Rosetta went in rather a sulky temper to her task.

Spinetta thought it would be best to give her the care of the moss-roses, because their mossy covering would enable them to bear Rosetta's careless handling, better than the timid white or blush roses, which she attended to herself. Rosetta hardly deigned to listen whilst Spinetta told her how to brush off insects and dust, and all the other parts of fairy rose-work; she thought she needed no teaching.

When she was left to herself, she began fluttering about the flowers, and played a great many silly tricks; but finding that the moss round the roses caught her careless wings and rubbed the gauze-like fabric the

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wrong way, she deliberately picked off the downy veil that gives its beauty to the moss-rose. She did not *mean* to be either cruel or selfish, but she said, 'Other roses look well without the moss, why should not these?' Ignorant, conceited Rosetta!

Happily for the flowers this was a long task, and evening stopped her before she had done much mischief; great, nevertheless, was her consternation when she saw the withered flowers and drooping plants next morning. Spinetta, too, was very angry: poor Rosetta heard all she said, and only buried her tearful face amongst her fallen rose leaves.

Rosetta had learned, First, that she might be mistaken; Second, that she might be taught. And as fairies when they once mean to attend, do not need telling the same thing over and over again, as, I am afraid, some children do, she soon became so careful and clever with the moss-roses, that Titania gave her the place of first rose-fairy at the court, and set Spinetta to take care of the cactus and aloe plants.

The Little Drawer.

'WHERE did you learn your orderly habits?' I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things which were out of their places.

'When I was four years old,' she answered, 'mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. "Make it your business, my dear child," she said, "to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder."

'Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see that I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old.'

The Wrong Side of the Head.

ROBERT KETTLE, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. 'Weel, ma lassie,' he remarked, 'I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but,' he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, 'ye have putten them on the wrang side o' your head!'

A Change of Occupation.

AN intelligent shopkeeper was once asked how he spent his evenings after the day's toil was over. 'O,' said he, 'at night I *store* my *mind*, and during the day I *mind* my *store*.'

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

(*See page* 143.)

Z acharia S, Matthew xxiii. 35; 2 Chronicles xxiv. 21.
E nged I, 1 Samuel xxiii. 29.
N ahu M, Nahum i. 1.
A cch O, Judges i. 31.
S husha N, Esther ii. 17, 18, iv. 16, vii. 1, vi. 9, vii. 10.

Zenas, Titus iii. 13.
Simon, Matthew xxvi. 6.

We have received with great pleasure correct answers to several of our Scripture Enigmas. We feel sure that our young friends while searching the Scriptures for the purpose of finding out these puzzles, have not only enjoyed the healthy exercise of their ingenuity, but have been really profited by their increased acquaintance with the Word of God.

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Tommy finding Hymns for the Old Women. *See page* 154.

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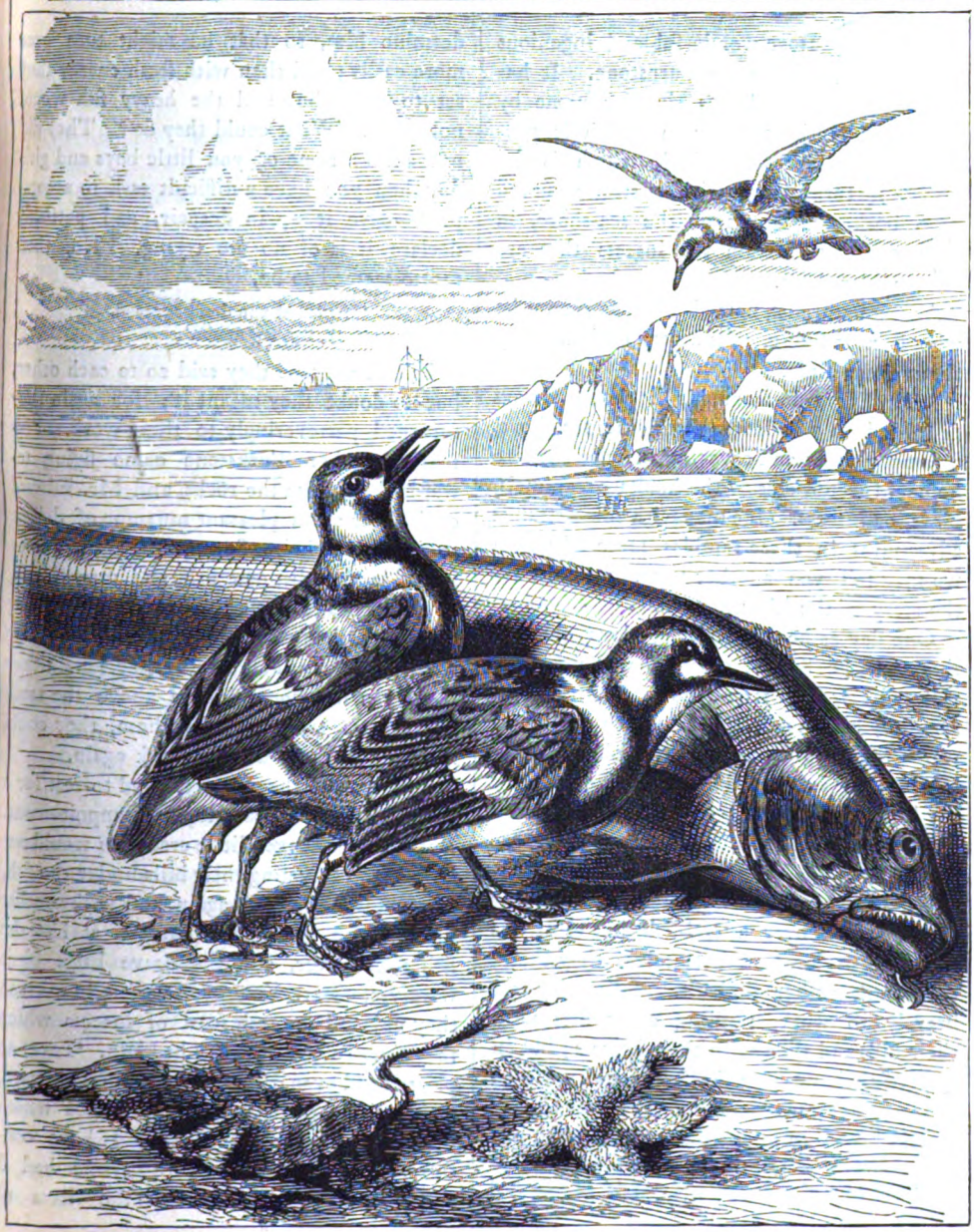
NOVEMBER, 1877. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS



See page 162.

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PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS DIFFICULTIES;

or, The Turnstones who would not be beaten.

Most wonderful and ingenious bird is the Turnstone. It has earned this singular name by the manner in which it procures its food, which is by turning over with its strong, curved beak, the stones on the sea-shore, in order to obtain the insects that are under them.

A great naturalist, named Thomas Edward,* who is now living, tells a very curious story about these birds.

Mr. Edward from his boyhood always delighted in wandering along the sea-shore, or among rocks and caves, or anywhere where he could watch closely the habits of animals, birds, or insects. He met with some strange adventures in these rambles, more of which we may tell you another time, but now for the story of the Turnstones.

One day as he was walking along the sea-shore on the Scotch coast, near Banff, Mr. Edward saw two strange-looking little birds standing by a large object, which he afterwards found to be a dead cod-fish. Hiding in a hollow among the shingle, he watched the little creatures eagerly, for he knew they must be Turnstones, and those birds are seldom seen on that part of the coast.

These two little creatures were trying hard to turn over a cod-fish, but as it was six times as large as themselves they found their task rather difficult. Still they set bravely to work, pushing away first with their bills and then with their breasts; but in spite of their pushing the fish would not turn over, so they ran round to the other side of it, and began to scrape away the sand to undermine him, so that he might turn over more easily; and then with fresh energy they set to work, but still the heavy fish would not move. What could they do? They did not act as some of you little boys and girls do when you have a difficult task to accomplish—give it up in despair, and pettishly declare it is of no use trying. No, their motto seemed to be,

> 'If at first you don't succeed,
> Try, try, try again.'

I don't suppose they said so to each other, but no doubt they meant it; for again they returned perseveringly to their work. Presently another Turnstone came flying towards them from the rocks, and Mr. Edward could hear a low pleasant murmur of delight at this timely help. So now there were three to tackle the obstinate fish, and many hands, or rather beaks, made light work in removing the sand; then with a long push, and a strong push, and a push all together, at length they raised the fish some inches above the sand, but it was too heavy for them, they could not turn it over—down it sank again.

Poor birds! they were obliged to rest for a while to recover from their disappointment. But still the dogged little creatures would not be beaten; thrusting their bills under the fish, they managed to lift it again, and with another united push with their breasts, at last the fish rolled over, and the brave little birds were victorious. You may imagine how much they enjoyed the rich feast of insects which they found where the fish had lain. 'I was so pleased and even delighted,' adds Mr. Edward, 'with the sagacity and perseverance which they had shown, that I should have considered myself guilty of a crime had I endeavoured to take away the lives of

* 'The Life of a Scotch Naturalist.' By Samuel Smiles.

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these interesting beings at the very moment when they were exercising the wonderful instincts implanted in them by their Creator.'

LINES FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

'WHAT shall I do?' My boy, don't stand asking;
Take hold of something—whatever you can.
Don't turn aside for the toiling or tasking;
Idle, soft hands never yet made a man.

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing;
Still stand ready, when one work is done,
Another to seize; then still pursuing
In duty your course, find the victory won.

Do your best for to-day, trust God for to-morrow;
Don't be afraid of a jest or a sneer;
Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow;
Keep the heart true, and the head cool and clear.

If you can climb to the top without falling,
Do it. If not, go as high as you can.
Man is not honoured by business or calling;
Business and calling are honoured by man.

MRS. GAGE.

TALKS WITH MY CHILDREN;

Or, Some Reasons for being Good.

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You must not suppose that I am going to give you *all* the reasons for being good, or even all that I can think of—that would take far too long; so long that Nellie would be asleep, and Tommy would begin to play with the cat. But I will give you some; enough, I hope, to persuade you, with the blessing of God, to decide to begin at once to try to be good. I want you to be good, then,

I. BECAUSE A GOOD LIFE IS A RIGHT LIFE. —God says so, and God must know. He said to Abraham, '*Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.*' He told Moses to say to the Israelites, '*Remember*' My '*commandments to do them.*' He sent Isaiah to say that it should be '*ill*' *with* '*the wicked*,' and '*well*' *with* '*the righteous.*' Many other prophets and good men have delivered the same message; above all, the Lord Jesus has said, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments;' and to keep His commandments is the only way to be really good. There are some men who say that it does not matter whether you are good or not. But it *does* matter. The difference between goodness and badness is just the same as the difference between light and darkness. Our Heavenly Father, the great and wise and Almighty God, can see everything and knows everything. He can see on both sides of the grave, before death and after death, in eternity as well as time; and as we can only see on one side of these things, we must trust and obey that good and wise Being Who can see both.

And not only does God say it is right to be good; all good people say the same. Perhaps you have heard that a short time since a very good Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose name was Norman Macleod,

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died in Glasgow. He loved everybody, and tried to do everybody good; if I had time I would tell you some things he did for the benefit of children. But one thing he did for the benefit of everybody, was to write a noble hymn, and the last line of each verse is—

'Trust in God and *do the right.*'

What did he mean but this? 'Love God, then you will be good, and if you are good, then you will do right.'

When I was a lad I knew a very good woman who lived in a country village. One day she was taken very ill. First one doctor came, and then another. They looked very serious for a few days, and then said she must die. At first she was very sorry. She had six little children, and she loved them all very dearly, and one was a dear little baby—only three weeks old. But in two or three days she was able to leave herself and her her husband and children with the kind Saviour she had served so long. The day before she died, her husband was standing at her bedside, and when she saw how sad he was, she tried to comfort him. What did she say? '*Trust in the Lord, and* DO GOOD; *so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*' And that was the last thing she ever said to him. She had been good, and done good, and now she was dying she felt that a good life was a right life. So it is. All the good people who have ever lived say so. And because it is, let us follow it. Daniel allowed himself to be cast into a den of lions, and the three Hebrew children were thrown into the furnace, rather than not be right. And so we might go on to tell you of many more who followed a good life, not because it was safe, or pleasant, or happy, but because it was right. And God always took care of them.

(*To be concluded*)

PRECIOUS SEED, AND LITTLE SOWERS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

IT was a beautiful summer day, Mr. Ellerslie's grounds were looking lovely, the air was fragrant with roses, and the tall, white lilies waved majestically in the soft breeze; while from the trees and shrubs the birds kept up unceasing music. But *one* step was not heard there, and *one* voice which, to the ears of the Ellerslies, was sweeter music than that of the birds, was hushed in death.

Mr. Ellerslie and Reginald had been waiting for some time at the little station at Greenmead, when a train came up, and from one of the carriages jumped Mary Macpherson! No longer little Mary, for she was now a tall girl of thirteen. There was no carriage waiting, as Mary had written to say she should like nothing better than a walk over the Downs, so they set off. Mr. Ellerslie was joined by a friend, and Reginald and Mary, who were walking fast, were soon far enough away to talk without being overheard. Naturally their conversation turned to Lilian. Reginald told his cousin of all her long illness, and how good and patient she had been. When he paused, Mary said in a low voice,

'And do my uncle and aunt try to follow her? have they learnt to love Jesus?'

'I'm sure I hardly know,' said Reginald; 'I think my mother does, and my father goes to church now, it's true; but he's so

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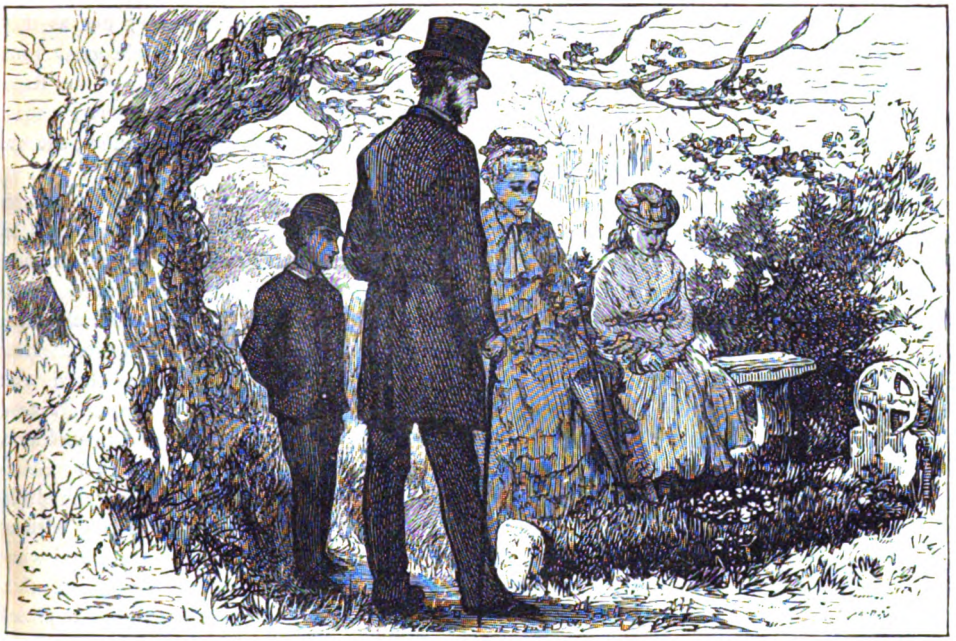

very quiet that I really cannot tell; O! how I wish'——. He paused, and Mary said gently, 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.' Mr. Ellerslie joined them, and their talk ended. Her aunt received Mary very kindly, and after tea all went for a walk. At a gap in the trees, Reginald saw Mary stop and look toward the churchyard.

'Would you like to go there?' he whispered; and after saying a few words to his parents, they all turned down a little rocky path which led by a short cut to the churchyard. There, under a shady tree, was the spot where Lilian slept 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.' Bright flowers bloomed on her grave; the flowers which in life she had loved the best. Beside it there was a seat, upon which Mrs. Ellerslie sat, with Mary at her side. Mr. Ellerslie, after looking for a minute, walked away, and Reginald timidly followed him, and began to talk of the school to which he was going very soon, wondering what games they would have, and what the boys and masters would be like. Suddenly his father laid his hand on the boy's head, saying, 'Reginald, don't be as I have been; "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Ah!' he added, as if to himself, 'if I had remembered as young as you.'

'But, dear father, it's never too late to come to Jesus,' Reginald said earnestly; 'I think that is such a beautiful verse, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."'

'Yes,' said his father, 'but I almost think that is a more beautiful one, yours and our sweet Lilian's: "All we like sheep have gone

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astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Ah!' he added, 'I was long understanding that verse, but I comprehend it now.'

Meantime, Mary and her aunt had been sitting by Lilian's grave, each busy with her own thoughts, until Mrs. Ellerslie drew out of her pocket-book a little photograph, which she gave Mary to look at. It was Lilian! and then she began to tell her of her child—of all her sweet words and ways in that long illness, and how Jesus had for her indeed taken away the sting of death. When she had done, Mary looked up, with her grey eyes full of tears, and said: 'I'm so sorry for you, Aunt Ellerslie; it must have been so sad to lose dear Lilian.'

'Yes, Mary, and I once thought I could never be happy again; but I think I see now that "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." Yes,' she continued, after a pause, 'the parting is bitter, dear Mary, but it is short; for through the blood of that precious Saviour Whom we have both learned to know as *our* Saviour, I may hope to meet my darling again, where death and parting are alike unknown.'

As Mrs. Ellerslie spoke the last words, her husband and Reginald came up, the former saying it was too late for his wife to stay any longer.

As they went up the little rocky path again, Reginald told Mary, in few words, what his father had said to him. Mary's heart was too full to answer; but as they entered the grounds, Mary stole away from the others, saying, 'Don't follow me, Reginald; I will soon be with you;' then, turning down a path she well knew, she was soon out of sight.

At almost every step she took the flowers grew fewer and fewer, until she reached an almost uncultivated part of the grounds, where tall trees with ivy-covered trunks were on every side. She paused at length before the fallen trunk of an old tree. How well she remembered sitting there with her father one evening two summers ago! how they had talked of Reginald; and how, when her father had given her her 'Good-night' kiss, he had said, 'Pray for your little cousin, Mary, and pray in *faith*, for without that we cannot get what we ask; and when the answer comes, as I am *sure* it will, then Mary, my child, we must not forget to *praise*.'

As she remembered this, Mary knelt by the old trunk, and poured out her heart in thankful joy to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Then she rose and sat down, unwilling to leave the quiet spot.

The first evening stars were beginning to peep out, all was very still, not even the nightingale was to be heard; but in her heart a still small voice seemed to whisper, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'

THE STORY OF THE NATURALIST, CUVIER.

CHAPTER III.—'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

When Cuvier resumed his lectures at the Collége de France, the hall was thronged with hearers, and through the whole course the attendance never diminished. His subject was one which bespoke great grasp of mind, as well as an amount of information that could only be acquired by years of hard study.

He treated of Science in its infancy, and of its growth through all the ages. Then, being anxious to see what advances Science was making in England, he determined upon paying our country another visit; but it was long before he could get leave of absence.

He had no sooner left Paris than the Revolution broke out. This must have caused

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him great anxiety; but close on the alarm followed the assurance that all was again tranquil, and that Madame Cuvier was in safety.

He only remained in England a fortnight, returning to a new form of government under the rule of a citizen-king; but he had lost none of his functions or honours. Louis Philippe created him peer of France. Still he toiled on as zealously as when his whole future depended upon his diligence: he resumed his lectures at the College; and, without premeditation, spoke in one of them a farewell to his pupils. His deep seriousness, as he led the minds of his auditors up from the creature to the Creator, and from the visible to enquiry into the Invisible, vividly impressed those who saw in it afterwards a presentiment that he whom they so reverenced was to close his work among them.

And so it was; for in two days he lay without the power to move or to swallow. He asked to be carried into his cabinet, that he might die there. His affliction was almost painless; and Baron Pasquier, who was with him in his dying hours, says that he never saw him look more beautiful. The noble head was kingly in the deepening repose of approaching death.

He passed away without a struggle, leaving a whole continent to mourn him as one of her brightest ornaments.

He was buried in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, with great pomp, though such a funeral was contrary to the wishes he expressed during life; but France could not be denied the mournful pleasure of paying these last honours to her illustrious son.

Cuvier reverenced the genius of Linnæus. He remodelled his system, seeing that it was open to much improvement; and that it was so, does not detract from its merit as a basis for the discoveries of others. Like Linnæus, he had a deep-rooted faith in God, the Author of every form of life and every aspect of beauty. He threw all his strength into claiming for Him the glory of His works, when other scientific men were seeking to reason the Creator out of His own creation.

He is said to be the father of the science called *Palæontology*, a science which treats of animals that existed before the Flood, and is a branch of the comparatively modern science, Geology.

To his early study of Anatomy may be traced the grand results that we have so lightly sketched. We have reason to feel thankful that God has so richly endowed some of His children, because where they have been pioneers we may follow. We should know little if left to our own unaided intelligence; but we may make our minds treasure-houses of wisdom and knowledge, if we will but act on the advice Sir William Jones received from his mother,—

'READ AND YOU WILL KNOW.'

SARSON.

'A Golden Seed.'

DURING a thunder-storm, Louie, a little girl just turned four years old, was much alarmed. Her mamma, seeing the frightened look on her darling's face, said,

'Is Louie afraid?'

'Yes, ma,' she replied.

Just then the thought came to her mother, 'Now is the time to plant a golden seed.' She thought a moment, and then said,

'When it thunders again, Louie may say, "Dear Father in heaven, don't let the tempest hurt me."'

She did not have long to wait before she heard the rumbling, a little fainter than before, the fury of the storm being over. The little voice then repeated the words; and in a short time the clouds broke away, and the sun shone. And Louie's clear voice rang out, 'God didn't let it hurt me; it won't thunder any more.'

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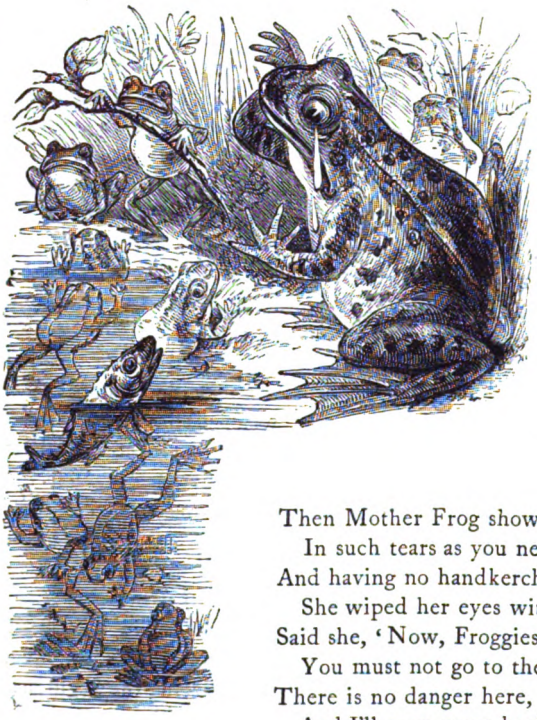
THE FOOLISH FROGS.

BY REV. SAMUEL WRAY.



In a tank at the foot of a hill
Lived Mr. and Mrs. Frog,
At the head of a sparkling rill,
By the side of a queachy bog;
And they had children ten—
All Froggies as yellow as gold,
Who loved to play on the fen,
But they often were over bold.

Now it fell out one day,
As it never had done before,
When Father Frog was away,
A stickleback sailed to the door.
'O, Mrs. Frog,' said he,
'Your sister is very ill;
And much she wishes to see
You down at the water-mill!'

Then Mother Frog showed her grief
In such tears as you never saw;
And having no handkerchief,
She wiped her eyes with a paw.
Said she, 'Now, Froggies dear,
You must not go to the fen:
There is no danger here,
And I'll soon come back again!'

So down the sparkling rill
She paddled her own canoe;
But what she saw at the mill,
Is nothing to me or to you.
Said her Froggies, 'Now for some fun—
Away, and away to the bog!'
All but her eldest son,
A sensible little Frog.

He begged them not to walk
Abroad in the light of the sun;
But they laughed at his earnest talk,
And they were nine to one!

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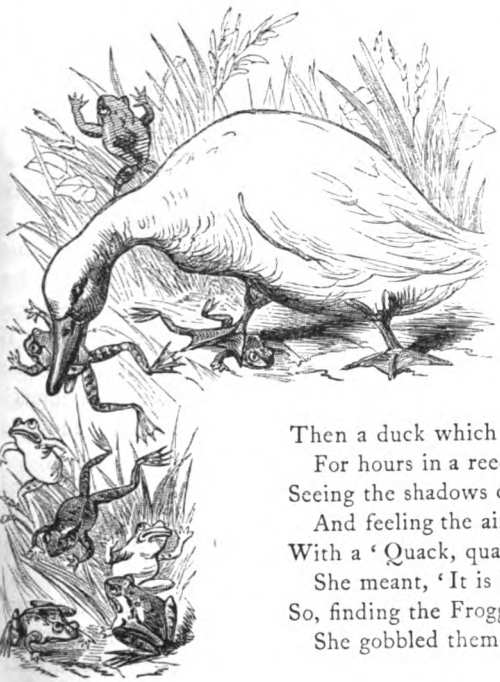

With angry croak and skip,
He stood in the portico ;
And he would have cracked his whip,
But he had no whip, you know.

Said he, 'I will climb the bank,
Their dangerous pranks to see ;
And I'll leap into the tank,
If anything frightens me.'
So he sat on a ledge aloft,
And saw his brothers at play ;
Till a gnat, with its curfew soft,
Proclaimed the close of the day.

Then a duck which had lazily swum
For hours in a reedy pool—
Seeing the shadows come,
And feeling the air grow cool,
With a 'Quack, quack, quack!' came out.
She meant, 'It is time to sup!'
So, finding the Froggies about,
She gobbled them quickly up.

Then the true little Frog on the bank
Was so overcome with affright,
That he tumbled into the tank,
And he slept not a wink that night.
Now all wise Frogs go out
In the light of the stars and the moon,
When there are no ducks about,
To hear them croak and croon.

So Mr. and Mrs. Frog,
By the peeping stars made bold,
Came back by the queachy bog,
To their Froggies all yellow as gold.
They never saw them again—
Alas, that it should be so!
They were told not to go to the fen ;
But they did not obey, you know.

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SIR ROWLAND HILL.

THERE are few men to whom the people of this country, both big and little, owe more than to Sir Rowland Hill. Almost all of you know what he has done for us. You have heard father and mother, or at least grandfather and grandmother, tell of the days when there were no stamps, and letters cost as much as a shilling or even eighteenpence a-piece. You have heard them say how, when they were at school, a letter from home only came once a month; only think how dreadful it would be if you could not have your weekly letter! It is not quite thirty-eight years since the penny post was established, and it is little more than forty since people began to talk and think about it.

Mr. Wallace, M.P. for Greenock, seems to have been the first to call attention to the many faults of the old system; but it was not till Rowland Hill took up the matter that anything was really done towards improving it.

One incident which led Mr. Hill to think about the subject is rather amusing. The poet Coleridge—some of whose writings many of you have read—was one day taking a walk, when he saw the postman standing at the door of a small cottage. He had a letter addressed to the poor woman who lived there. She held it up to the light, and turned it over and over, and examined it very carefully, but at length gave it back to the postman, saying she could not afford to pay for it. The kind-hearted poet hearing this, came up and asked what the charge was. She said it was a shilling, and that she had not one to give. Coleridge at once offered to pay the shilling for her, but she begged that he would not, and said it did not matter so very much. The poet, however, insisted on paying, and the postman went away. The woman then opened the paper,—for you know there were no envelopes in those days,—but it was found to be only a blank sheet. Mr. Coleridge asked her who had sent it, and she told him that it came from her brother, who lived in a distant town, and who had promised to send her every now and then a blank sheet of paper as a token that he was still alive and well. If anything special had happened he would have written, and she, seeing this writing through the paper, would have taken it in and paid for it.

This story came to the ears of Mr. Rowland Hill, who was much grieved when he found that poor folk were obliged to adopt such tricks in order to know anything about the welfare of their distant relatives. He determined to do all that could be done to remedy the evil. After a great deal of careful study and calculation, and having consulted Mr. Wallace and other gentlemen interested in the subject, he published a pamphlet called 'Post-Office Reform.' In this he showed how much better it would be for the public, and how much more profitable, after a time, to have a postage of one penny for every letter sent to any place in the United Kingdom. You will be surprised to hear that many people laughed at Mr. Hill and his scheme. They thought that a man who talked of sending a letter from Land's End to John o' Groat's House for only a penny must be very foolish indeed. But after a while they began to see that there was nothing at all silly in the scheme; and when they thought of the advantage it would be to them they began to send hundreds of petitions to Parliament to adopt Mr. Hill's proposals. At last, not four years from the time when he

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first began to study the subject, Rowland Hill had the pleasure of seeing a Bill carrying out his proposals passed by Parliament. On the 5th of December, the postage was reduced to fourpence for all inland letters, and on the 10th of January, 1840, the penny postage began to be used. You may imagine how greatly the number of letters would increase when the postage was reduced, and of course this necessitated many changes in the Post-Office arrangements. Mr. Hill was appointed by the Government to look after these matters. But when a new Government came into power they sent Mr. Hill away, because they did not approve of his system. When this occurred, the great body of the people, who had profited so much by his services, determined to show their gratitude in a very substantial way; so they presented him with more than thirteen thousand pounds. Other honours were after a while bestowed upon him, and in 1860 he was knighted, and became *Sir* Rowland Hill. Long before this (in 1846) he had been allowed to take his place in the Post-Office again; and his connection with it only ceased in 1864, when he retired from public life, as he was growing old and beginning to feel infirm.

Sir Rowland Hill was born on the third of December, 1795, at the quaint old town of Kidderminster, in Worcestershire, where good Richard Baxter was for two years pastor. You will be pleased to hear that it is proposed to erect a statue of Sir Rowland Hill in his native town. There is already at Kidderminster a very beautiful one of Baxter, and we hope Sir Rowland Hill's will be quite as handsome.

To show you what a difference there is between the number of letters sent now and under the old system, we may tell you that in 1839 the number of letters posted in England was only eighty-two millions; last year it was more than a thousand millions.

A. E.

A MILLION.

CHILDREN often talk about numbers without having at all a clear idea concerning them. The words 'a thousand' or 'a million' mean nothing more definite than some very large number. Grown-up people fall into this error too, sometimes.

'O, what a lot of birds there are on the lawn!' cries Willie. 'There must be a thousand, or a million!'

'A million, my boy! You don't know what you are talking about. How many thousands are there in a million? Are there a hundred thousand? More than that; a thousand thousand. Now, if you had a million five-pound notes piled one on the top of the other, how high do you think the pile would be?'

'It would reach nearly up to the ceiling.'

'Very much higher than that, Willie.'

'Would it be as high as the top of the house?'

'Very much higher.'

'How high, then? I'm sure I had no idea it would be such a big pile.'

'Four hundred and sixteen feet. That is, higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and more than double the height of the Monument. If a man had a million sovereigns to count, and were to count a hundred pieces a minute, and work ten hours a day, it would take him seventeen days to count them! Supposing that a million of soldiers were to pass this house in single file, how long do you think they would take in passing?'

'O, I should think they would take a whole day! What fun it would be to watch them!'

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'You would get very tired of watching if you stood at the window all the time; for if they were to keep marching day and night, a whole week would be over before the last soldier had passed.'

'Would it really! Well, I never thought how much a million was before!'

No, neither do many other people. When we talk about the population of London being nearly four millions, we say the numbers so glibly, we hardly ever stop to reflect on how many thousands, and hundreds, and twenties, and ones they represent; but to me the most wonderful thought about it is that all these millions of men, women, and children have something inside them; you know what I mean—the soul, that will live either in happiness or misery for millions and millions of years; and when they are over, will have just as long to live as when they first began, and so on again and again *for ever*. But they will not reckon by years or time at all, for it will be *eternity!*

G. E. S.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

THERE's nothing more, dear Maggie, now,
The bottom you can see;
And everything is tumbled out,
To be replaced by me.
The pinafore that wants a string,
And Sarah's apron too,
How much of mischief little hands,
Like darling Maggie's do.

Who was it took away the tape
And tangled up the thread,
Then hid away her merry face,
And shook her little head?
And while the gleeful laughter rang,
And echo'd through the room,
Chased from the mother's careworn brow,
The passing shade of gloom?

Who is it climbs on father's chair,
And pulls his whiskers too?
There's only one such games would dare,
And Maggie, that is you.
Your soil'd and dimpled little hands
May stroke his weary brow;
Your gentle voice may whisper low,
'Papa loves Maggie now.'

The mother looks with kindly smile,
And thinks, the while she prays,
'What will my little Maggie be,
If spared to older days?
Dear Jesus, keep my darling child,
And make her Thine alone,
And ever round my little one
Thy sheltering arm be thrown.'

When little Maggie lies asleep,
With tumbled golden hair,
And quiet brow and rosy face,
With dimpled arms all bare,
With noiseless footsteps gliding in
The loving mother stands,
And softly draws the coverlet
Over the pretty hands.

Then kneeling down beside the child,
She asks the God of Love
To watch the precious sleeper there,
From His bright home above.
Then with a gentle, loving kiss,
And eyes with tears all dim,
The mother seeks her nightly rest,
And leaves her child to *Him*.

Brothers and sisters, tall and strong,
You who have wiser grown,
Be patient with the little ones
Who scarcely run alone.
O gently guide the stumbling feet,
And hold the baby hand,
And sing to them, of 'Twinkling stars,'
Or 'There's a happy land'!

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For this may be the work for God,
That you are called to do,
Then kindly treat the little ones,
For they look up to you.

ETHELWYN.

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A TERRIBLE HAILSTORM.

THERE has been a hailstorm in Armenia. What of that? you say. Is not a hailstorm a common thing? Have we not often watched the hard white stones coming down, and heard them patter against the window-panes, and sometimes run out to catch as many of them as we could in our hands, that we might bring them in and watch them melt quickly into water? I dare say you have, but if you had been at Tiflis (which is a town in Armenia), one strange day last June, you would not have thought of putting even your nose outside the door, or of stretching out a hand to feel the hailstones fall upon it, or of doing anything but watch them come down, and hope they would not do anything very dreadful, in spite of their looks. Why? Well, I will tell you the story, and you will see for yourself.

First of all, that sunny June day at Tiflis was spoiled by a thunderstorm, and after the thunderstorm, instead of the sky growing lighter and clearer, it grew darker and more gloomy; and then the people saw a big, black heap of clouds coming floating towards their town, and covering the sky. The air had been very quiet until then, and people were sitting at their open windows, for it was exceedingly hot; but now there was a sudden breeze, which after a few moments grew into a strong, stormy wind, and made everybody draw his head in and shut his window close. The next thing was the coming of the hailstones—thump, bang, crash! not many at first, but soon the storm got worse, and the air was full of them—great, hard, heavy pieces of ice, each nearly as large as an egg, and as heavy as the ounce-weight which you will find with your mother's scales in the kitchen. Some of them were in the shape of a ball, and some in the shape of a pear.

Though they were so heavy, the wind was so strong that it whirled them about as quickly as a schoolboy throws snowballs; it would have been a sad thing if you had had a blow on your head or in your eye. Of course nobody stayed out-of-doors to feel what it would be like to be hit with many such hailstones. Everybody rushed to shelter: the market-place that had been crowded, was left empty of everything but carts of vegetables and hay; and the oxen, horses and buffaloes were led away to some place where they would be safe. Windows were broken; branches of trees were torn off; and here and there a bird or a dog was killed.

The hailstorm went on for about ten minutes, and then the rain began, and it came down so furiously and fast, that very soon the town was flooded; rivers of muddy water, laden with leaves and branches of trees, were running down the streets; and people had to wade knee-deep through the flood if they wanted to go anywhere. There was a great lake in the market-place, and water was splashing out from every pipe, and off from every house-roof. Then the River Kura overflowed, and there was water everywhere.

Next day, to make things worse, there was another storm, and it hailed again for about ten minutes, and rained for many hours. In the evening of that day there was a sad scene, and a very great many poor folks were in deep trouble. In some places the houses had been washed away, and the roads all broken up. The fruit-trees and the vines had been hurt so much by the hail, that nobody could hope to get any fruit from them

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this year. The corn that had been so yellow and strong was all beaten down and destroyed. Only a little while longer and it would have been cut and gathered in, but now no bread would ever be made from it,—it was worth nothing. There was one human life lost. I hope only one, but I am not sure. A boy was riding along by the river, and was washed away into it by the floods and drowned—he, and his horse with him.

No one has ever seen such a storm in Armenia before, and no one wishes ever to see such a storm again.

MAE.

'WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?'

LITTLE Janet very much wished to learn to read, for she had so many pretty little books, and though her elder brothers and sisters often read the stories to her, she thought it would be far nicer to be able to read her own books for herself, and her kind mother was quite willing to teach her. But learning to read was not quite such easy work as Janet had thought it would be, for even in her simple story-books there were some words that were difficult to pronounce, and which she could not understand.

Now Janet was often in such a hurry to get to the end of the story, that at first she would try to stumble on, not caring whether she was right or wrong, and sometimes she would 'skip' the long words altogether. But the patient mother would say:

'Stop, stop, Janet, what does that mean?' And then she would explain the long word so simply and pleasantly, that Janet thought her mother's instructions almost as interesting as the stories; and at length whenever Janet met with a word in any book that she could not understand, she would not rest until she had found out its meaning; and I needn't tell my little readers that Janet grew up to be a very wise and well-informed woman, able to talk or to listen intelligently and sensibly. I have heard people make very ridiculous blunders sometimes, through using long words in the wrong place, because they misunderstood their meaning; and I think it would be a very good plan if all you little boys and girls were to follow Janet's example, and always ask the meaning of words that you do not understand, or look out the meaning for yourselves in the dictionary. It would not give you much trouble, and it would afford you a great deal of very useful information.

Scripture Acrostic.

A LADY of great gifts and grace
Shall introduce this name;
And next her, in the second place,
A mother of some fame.

But lest our youthful friend
Should too soon apprehend
My riddle, if the third
Was on that sex conferred—

The next in order is a man,
Ruling from Beersheba to Dan,
The victim of a cruel plan
To please by murder—guess who can.

Next comes a king, great, good, and true,
Who prayed for help, and got it too;
Another king was wondrous strong,
Till, 'lifted up,' he did foul wrong.

Take these together, there appears
A speaker who, though young in years,
Of wisdom a vast fund displayed,
And soon convinced by what he said.

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'How much of mischief little hands, Like darling Maggie's do.' See p. 172.

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DECEMBER, 1877. Price One Penny

EARLY DAYS

She couldn't trust him.

See page 178.

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SHE COULDN'T TRUST HIM.

ALL of you, doubtless, have heard of Mr. P. P. Bliss, who wrote so many of those beautiful hymns and songs which Mr. Sankey sung when he came over to this country from America; and you will not be surprised when I tell you that the author of 'I am so glad that our Father in Heaven, etc.,' was very fond of little children. He had two little boys of his own, Paul and George, whom he loved dearly; but though he loved them so much he loved the Lord Jesus far more, and for His sake he would often leave his dear children and his happy home for months and months together, and travel from town to town spreading the glorious news of salvation and singing of the Saviour's love.

But even when he was away from home, Mr. Bliss never forgot little Paul and George. Well, one year when he had not seen them for a long while, he was preparing to return just about Christmas time, and was buying beautiful Christmas presents for his little boys. As he came near the toy-shop he noticed a poor shabbily-dressed little girl looking wistfully at the tempting array of dolls displayed in the window; poor child, she had no one to buy toys for her. I dare-say she never had a doll in her life. Mr. Bliss noticed the little girl, and felt quite sorry for her; then quick as a ray of sunlight, a kind thought entered his mind, and going up to the child, he said in his most winning tone, 'Now, just pick the one that you want, and you shall have it. I will go in and buy it for you.' Mr. Bliss knew which of the waxen ladies he thought the prettiest, and he waited quite eagerly to see which she would choose. 'O, how nice for the poor girl!' you think. 'Was she not delighted and happy now?' No, she was frightened and vexed, for *she couldn't trust him.* She thought the tall, bearded stranger must be teasing her; and so, though he repeatedly assured her that she could have a doll if she liked, she threw her shawl over her head and ran off with a sad look of distrust and fear in her face that went right to good Mr. Bliss' heart. 'I was real grieved,' he said, when he told the story, 'that the little one would not let me do for her what I wanted, and that she distrusted me, when I just wished with all my heart to make her happy. I think I understand a little better how the Lord feels at our unbelief of His precious promises. That is just the way sinners treat Christ.'

Now, I should like all the little boys and girls who feel so sorry that the poor girl did not trust Mr. Bliss, and let him make her happy by the gift of a beautiful doll, to ask themselves whether they have never treated the Lord Jesus in that way themselves. You know He has far, far better gifts for you. Have you not heard His voice calling you to come to Him and learn

'How sweet it is to praise and pray.
. . . . . .
My blessing will no sorrow give,
I will their sunshine be,
My grace shall teach them how to live,
Come, happy ones, to Me!'?

But perhaps you did not really believe it would make you so much happier to serve Jesus; and when your mother or your teacher has talked to you about the joy and blessedness of giving your hearts to God, it may be you have felt vexed and a little frightened, and wished they would not 'bother you about religion.' O! if you had had any idea of all the blessedness religion would bring you, you would have thought it no more a

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bother than the little girl would have thought it to have the beautiful doll *if* she had only trusted Mr. Bliss. Will you, my dear readers, as the glad Christmas time comes round, and you have so many Christmas gifts from your kind friends, let the Lord Jesus give you the great gift of Himself, that He is waiting to bestow, and give Him in return all He asks—your hearts? G. E. S.

TALKS WITH MY CHILDREN;

Or, Some Reasons for being Good.

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

(*Concluded from page* 164.)

ANOTHER reason why I want you to follow a good life, is,

II. BECAUSE IT IS A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.—And when we say that, we do not mean that it is the kind of life that is most sure to bring fine clothes, fine horses, fine houses, and plenty of money; though a good life is far more likely to bring these things than a bad one. But supposing that by living a bad life you can become very rich, and when you die leave a great deal of land and money, would that be a successful life? We read in the Gospels of two men who lived very near together, but in very different circumstances. One was a rich man, and the other was a beggar; one lived in the palace, the other lay at the palace gate; one had more than he could eat, the other fed on crumbs; one was well, the other was so sick and friendless that the very dogs took pity upon him, and 'licked his sores.' After a while they both died. The poor man went to heaven, the rich man 'lifts up his eyes being in torments.' Now, who was the more successful man of the two? 'The one who so lived on earth as to get to heaven when he died,' says Nellie. Of course. The baby could almost have answered that question, it is so easy. In order to make life really successful, now and hereafter, we must follow goodness.

I met the other day with two strange epitaphs—one was over the grave of a miser, a man who had pinched and starved himself almost to death to get money, and who, when he got it, lent it out at an exorbitant rate of interest:

'Here lies old thirty-five per cent,
The more he got the more he lent;
The more he had the more he craved,
And how could such a soul be saved?'

The other epitaph was of a different kind, for it was over the grave of a different man—one who had lived to do good, and who wished to do good even after he was dead. So he ordered this epitaph to be written on his gravestone:

'What I saved that I lost,
What I spent that I had,
What I gave that I have.'

And then followed this good advice:

'God's love hath us in wealth upheaped,
Only by giving it is reaped.
The body withers and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be ever giving,
Who gives not is not living,
The more we give, the more we live.'

And when I read these lines, I could not help thinking that the man who gave himself and his money to those who needed it, and who did it for Jesus' sake, was far more successful than the other man who died worth half a million sovereigns. For the former went to reap the fruits of it in heaven for ever.

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'What I gave that I have.' And Jesus tells us to make ourselves friends by giving and doing good on earth, that when we die these friends may welcome us to heaven.

I said to a doctor the other day: 'What a great deal of time you spend in attending that sick widow woman and her delicate children, will you ever be paid for it?' 'Never,' said the doctor. 'Then why do you do it?' I said. And I shall never forget his answer: 'I would rather have that widow and her children stand over my grave and drop their tears of gratitude there, than I would have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble.' 'But they may forget you,' I said. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'if they do, Jesus will not, and it will be honour and reward enough, surely, to hear Him say "Well done!"' 'That's right, doctor,' I said. 'God bless you! I'll try to be like you.'

As I was walking along a street in Manchester the other day, I saw a little book,* and as I very well knew the man about whom it was written, I bought it. I should much like to tell you something of his life, only that clock is going so fast. Talk about success, his life was successful indeed. And it was so just because he lived to do good. Ever so many years ago—before your father was born—he was a scholar in a Wesleyan Sunday-school. And though he left the school and got among bad boys for a time, he became a Christian while yet a youth, and joined himself to an Independent Church, and very soon began to work for Christ—principally by visiting the prisoners while in prison, and then helping them when they came out. Many men and women that were condemned to be hanged for murder were brought to Christ, and thus prepared for their dreadful death, by the labours of Thomas Wright, the Prison Philanthropist. The story of his good deeds would fill a great book. He lived to be nearly eighty-six years old, and pursued his good work almost to the last. He was introduced to many of the nobility and very best people in London. When he was lying upon his death-bed, his room was often filled by men and women who had been imprisoned or transported, and whom he had induced to lead respectable Christian lives. He was followed to the grave by many thousands of people; and the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury has written a preface to his Life. And yet who would have thought he would ever have been so honoured, if they had seen him between seventy and eighty years ago—when he was a poor lad, walking with his aunt to the Methodist Class-meeting! 'Them that honour Me I will honour.' Nothing will ever make you so successful as goodness. And, then, I want you to live a good life,

III. Because it is a Safe Life.—You know, my dear children, that you must live for ever, and when you die you will have your home fixed, and what you will be then depends upon what you are here. And if you would be right for ever, you must be right when you die; and if you would be right when you die, you must be right now. For though 'the living know that they shall die,' yet none of them know when. But those who are living this good life are always ready. They, and they only, can say, when called to die, as the good Countess of Huntingdon did: 'My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go home to my Father.'

* 'The Life of Thomas Wright, the Prison Philanthropist.' Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

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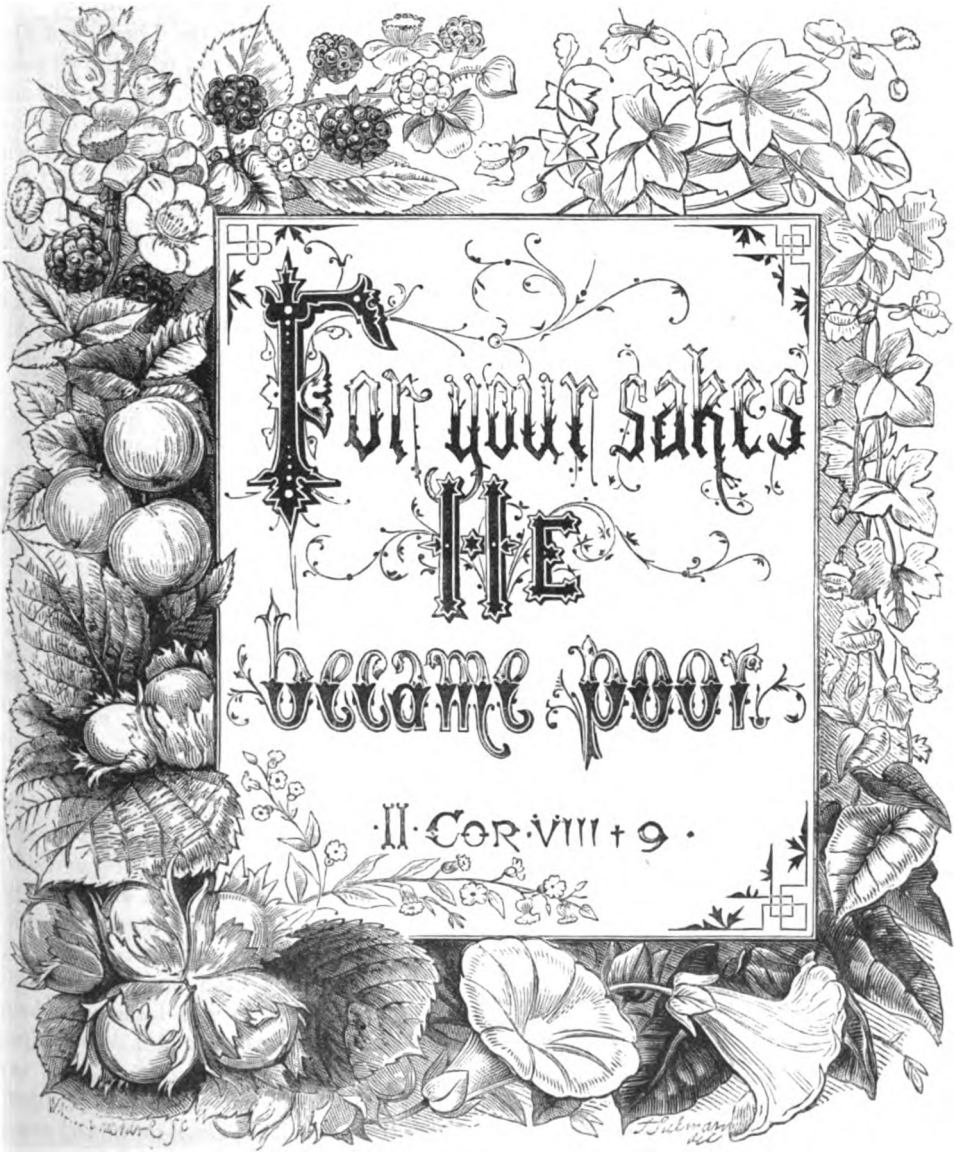

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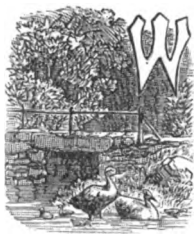
THE WORTH OF A MUFF.



WHEN Agnes Crofton was about fourteen, her mother, wishing to teach her the value of money, entrusted her with a quarterly allowance for her own use, out of which she was expected to buy gloves, collars, cuffs, stationery, and such trifles. Mrs. Crofton also hoped it would give her the means of helping others, by the exercise of a little self-denial and carefulness. At first Agnes thought the money would go a great way, and that she should have *plenty* to spare; but she soon found that silver and gold have wings,—there were so many little things that she wished to buy, and spending a shilling here and half-a-crown there, in what her mother considered superfluities, soon made the really large sum seem too little for her.

One morning, when Agnes was going out for a walk with her good governess, Miss Miller, her mother met her at the hall door, and said to her, 'Agnes, my child, that old muff is crying out for a new one; it is in very bad order; I wonder Miss Miller is not ashamed to walk with you.'

It so happened that on that day Miss Miller took Agnes to see a poor young woman whose husband had been killed in a colliery accident. She had never recovered the shock, and the doctor said he feared she was in the first stage of decline. She had one little child, about three years old, and lived in a small white cottage on the common, near Agnes' home. They found her very weak. She told them she had just seen the doctor, and that he had ordered her plenty of light nourishment. She said the neighbours were very kind, but that she was unable to earn anything for herself, and they had a hard struggle for subsistence.

'Well, Mrs. Finch,' said Miss Miller, 'the silver and the gold are the Lord's, and He has all hearts in His hand; tell Him all your sad story, and trust in Him, and He will not leave or forsake you in this day of your trouble;' and so saying, she put half-a-crown into her hand, and said 'Good morning.'

As Miss Miller and Agnes walked back to Cloverdell, they talked about poor Mrs. Finch; and Agnes remembered with regret how very little of her quarterly allowance was left, and how long it would be before she would receive the next supply; and that night, before she went to rest, she asked the Lord to help Mrs. Finch, and to enable her to do something for her and her little child.

The next morning, while the mother and daughter were engaged in their household work together, Agnes said,

'Mother, were you thinking of buying me a new muff this winter?'

'Yes, indeed, Agnes,' said Mrs. Crofton, 'and not too soon. I mean to get it for you the next time that we go over to Silverton.'

'And how much will it cost, dear mother?

'I think I could get a good useful one for about a pound, Agnes, and I hope you will take as much care of it as Miss Miller does of hers. You never see it lying about, but put tidily away in her muff-box as soon as she comes in. It spoils anything far more to put it away carelessly than to wear it carefully.'

'Well, mother, I have found a handsome piece of crimson satin, and I can easily buy some ribbons to match, and I know Miss Miller will show me how to quilt it on flannel; and I will line my old muff, so that you will think it looks *almost* new. And now, would you be so very good as to let me wear it all the winter, and give me the pound instead of the new muff?'

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'What do you want to do with the pound, Agnes? Your allowance should be enough for you!'

'Yes, mother, but you know I was not as careful in spending it as I hope I shall be in future, for I see how much good a little money can do for those who have neither muffs nor money.' And then she told her mother about the poor collier's widow, Betty Finch, and that it would be a far greater pleasure to her to buy nourishing things for that poor sufferer, than to wear the finest muff to be had at Silverton.

Mrs. Crofton was much pleased with Agnes' request, for as she was an only daughter, she had been a little spoiled and selfish as a child; but through the Lord's blessing on Miss Miller's teaching and example, she was learning a 'more excellent way,' remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'

Christmas-eve was bright and frosty, and Agnes' brothers wanted her to join them in skating on the pond, but she was too busy. Her mother had given her the sovereign, and a basket was packed for Mrs. Finch with cocoa, jelly, and grapes, and a cooked chicken; and a parcel made up of warm flannels and stockings. Agnes and Miss Miller set off in the little donkey-carriage across the common; and when the Christmas gifts were laid on the table by Miss Miller, Agnes sat down beside the bed with her little Bible, and read the one hundred and third Psalm to the poor widow.

'O! dear Miss Crofton,' she said, 'I may well bless the Lord with all my soul, and not forget His benefits. How good He has been to me to-day!'

'"Like as a father pitieth his children," Betty,' said Agnes, '"so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" and "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Is not that the greatest of all His benefits—*His unspeakable gift?*'

During the long winter months that followed, when Agnes Crofton saw other young people with new furs, she would say to Miss Miller, 'O, how I love this dear old muff! it is twice as warm as a new one, for it warms my heart as well as my hands!' R. R. T.

THE GENTIAN'S MISSION.

On the summit of a snowy mountain a little gentian awoke to life. Very beautiful was the scene upon which its blue eye first opened. The sun was just rising behind the mountain, colouring the white snow with radiant hues, and its brilliant, variegated colours were reflected on the glaciers around. Beneath lay a lovely village, nestling securely under the shadow of the mountain; and in the distance the blue waters of a lake rippled softly upon the peaceful shore.

And the little gentian, as it gazed, longed to be down there amid the verdure and beauty of the valley, and sighed that it was her lot to live up on the heights.

'My child,' said the mother gentian, 'the wise Creator has chosen for every one his place, and you must not murmur at your lot. Ours is a glorious mission: we relieve the eye of the traveller, weary of gazing on perpetual snow, and beautify the landscape; we remind the weary wanderer of the flowers of his native land, and cheer his lonely heart by our sweet fragrance and beauty.'

The little one listened to her mother's

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'See father, how beautiful!'

See page 186.

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Children of modern Bethlehem. *See page* 186.

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words, and determined to wait and see if they were true.

About a week after, a group of travellers climbed the mountain side, and as they reached the summit, sat down to rest and to gaze on the beautiful landscape.

'See, father,' said a young girl, 'how beautiful! look at these little blue gentians growing among the snow; they remind me of home, and the happy days I have spent gathering flowers.' So she stooped and picked the little gentian. 'I shall preserve this as a remembrance of our visit,' she said as they went down the mountain.

And now the little flower saw that the mother's words were indeed true.

VIOLET.

CHILDREN OF MODERN BETHLEHEM.

THE little boy and girl whom you see in the picture are just such children as you would meet to-day if you were walking in the city where the 'Holy Child Jesus' was born. Perhaps that boy will be a shepherd, like David. If so, he must, like David, be brave and hardy; for now, as in David's time, tending sheep is not the peaceful occupation that it is in our country. The shepherds have to watch their flocks night and day, lest some wild beast, or some equally wild Bedouin Arab, should seize upon the straying ones, or even enter the fold.

The Bethlehemite boys generally grow up fierce and cruel men, for they have many enemies, and they learn to return evil for evil. But the girls make good wives and mothers. When that little girl is a few years older, she will not be dressed quite as she is now. She will wear a long veil, very much like the one that Ruth wore, and which was large enough to hold the six measures of barley that Boaz gave her to take home to her mother. But this is more like a hood than a veil, for it does not cover the face.

Very likely this little girl will be a gleaner too. Dr. Thomson says that he saw reapers in the fields near Bethlehem cutting barley, followed by women and children who were gleaning, while some of them could be seen beating out the grain they had gathered, just as Ruth did.

But though the country round Bethlehem is peculiarly beautiful and fertile, it is not so well cultivated as it might be, or as it was formerly. The poor people have little heart to till their fields, for the Arab robbers would swoop down upon them, and in a single night the labour of months would be hopelessly destroyed.

There are no Jews in modern Bethlehem. There is no room for them now in the city where 'there was no room' for Jesus 'in the inn.' Most of the population are professing Christians, although theirs is a very corrupt form of Christianity, as they belong chiefly either to the Roman Catholic or the Greek Church.

G. A. D.

THE CHILDREN'S TALK ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

A GROUP of merry children,
Weary of noisy play,
Sat by the nursery fireside
To talk of Christmas Day.

The fire soft light was throwing
Upon each little head,
And just an hour was left to talk
Before they went to bed.

'I like the sliding on the pond,
It is such splendid fun,'
Said Albert, eldest of the group,
'Beneath a wintry sun;

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And then the skating with papa,
And all the snow and ice,
For though the air is piercing cold,
I feel quite warm and nice.'

Then Alice spoke, 'I like to go
And see the very poor,
To take the things they need so much,
And leave them at the door;
To know, for once, that they will have
A little piece of meat,
And plums to make a pudding with,
Or something nice to eat.'

'And what does little Katie like
When Christmas-time is here?'
'I like to sit on Auntie's knee,
I love my Auntie dear;
She tells me of the little ones
Saved from the cold and sin,
And taken to the "Children's Home,"
And welcom'd kindly in.'

'Now Edith, darling, can you tell
Why Christmas-time is bright?'
'I love to be with dear Mamma
Before we say "Good night;"
She tells me that the loving Lord
Was born on Christmas Day,
And came from heaven and heavenly joy
To take our sins away.'

And then the children, every one,
Were hasten'd off to bed,
With Christmas joys and Christmas fun
Filling each little head.
When dear Mamma, with quiet step,
Came in to say 'Good night,'
She smiled to see each darling child
Looking so glad and bright.

ETHELWYN.

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A NATURALIST'S NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THOSE readers of last month's 'Early Days' who were interested in the account of the persevering Turnstones, will like to know something about the eventful life of the great naturalist, but for whom the story of their patient toil would never have been told.

If we could travel together to Thomas Edward's Banffshire home, you would find it hard to believe that its weather-beaten master, crippled with rheumatism and old before his time, is really a man of science; yet so it is. Days of unceasing toil at his shoemaker's lapstone, followed by nights of exposure to cold and wet, on moor or crag, in churchyards or in some hollow tree, while pursuing his eager study of the works of God, have left his body sadly shattered and enfeebled; but his mind is active as ever, and he could tell you many a thrilling tale of perilous adventure and hairbreadth escape in his nightly rambles. Never, perhaps, was his life more nearly sacrificed to his love of Nature than on the New-Year's Eve of which I write.

On the last day of 1850, while climbing the rugged cliffs of his native county, on his way to a friend's home in a neighbouring town, Mr. Edward was attracted by loud screaming far below him on the shore. Looking over the cliffs he saw a large black seagull pecking at some object in the water, the possession of which was evidently disputed by a group of noisy crows and sea birds, amongst which he espied a rare kind of gull which he was eager to examine. Quickly following a narrow path down the rocks he soon found himself on the brink of a precipice, but, nothing daunted, he swung down on to a ledge of rock about four feet below. A low growl beside him soon announced that our friend was not the only occupant of the place, and looking round he saw two shaggy foxes gazing at him with no friendly eyes. To make good his escape up the cliff was Mr. Edward's first impulse, but this was no easy matter, for there was nothing to aid him in his ascent but a large stone, half buried in a tuft of grass; laying fast hold of this he succeeded in raising himself some feet from the ground, when his support suddenly gave way, and, bruised and panting, he found himself once more an unwilling and unwelcome visitant to the foxes' lair. The space on which the three were standing was too small to admit of his taking aim to shoot the animals, whose teeth were all the time chattering furiously. Crouching down, he pushed himself backwards towards the foxes, and gave the nearest one a hard kick, which so startled master Reynard and his comrade that, running lightly across their enemy's back, they disappeared over the precipice.

But Mr. Edward soon found that his troubles were not over. Up he could not get, and the only way down was to leap into a rocky crevice more than eight feet below. The slackening of his grasp of the rock warned him that there was no time for hesitation or delay; leap he must and did, and succeeded in gaining the chink below the dreadful rock, but not without a sharp blow from its rugged peak, which struck the cap from his wounded head. Mr. Edward at last reached a huge stone, which had evidently fallen from the rocks above, but was still cut off from the shore by fifty feet of perpendicular rock. Down three hundred feet of cliff he had already made his way, but the last fifty seemed impassable. Was there nothing for it but to throw himself over the awful precipice or to die where

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he lay! From such gloomy thoughts as these Mr. Edward was soon diverted by the sight of a majestic falcon, slowly sailing through the air towards his retreat, holding in his talons a struggling captive. While watching the noble bird and its dying prey the enthusiastic naturalist forgot his own peril, but at length the falcon soared away, and again Edward was left utterly alone.

Doubtless as he lay, cold and bruised, in the waning daylight, he thought of the warm fireside at which he was an expected guest; thought, too, of home and wife and children, and wondered if ever again he should spend a New-Year's Eve with them. But if anything could be done to save himself it must be before nightfall; so after he had let down his gun to the shore by means of a string formed by tying his long garters together, he wrapped his head in the cloths which had fastened the gun to his back, and again hung dangling for a moment over the precipice while holding on with both hands to the edge of the cliff. Suddenly the grass to which he held gave way, and he was hurled downwards with such force that on reaching the foot of the cliff he lay insensible. Almost an hour he remained there, too sick and sore to continue his journey, nor indeed had he any desire to proceed until he had secured one of the rare Iceland gulls in pursuit of which he had endured so much. But though he loaded his gun for the shot, he was too much shaken to take steady aim, and was obliged to give up the attempt.

His only reward for his perilous journey was a nearer view of the object about which the birds had quarrelled in the morning. This proved to be a very rare kind of shark; and not until he had closely examined it and satisfied himself that the specimen was too much injured to be preserved, did the worn-out naturalist turn away. Another huge rock had to be scaled ere he reached the path on the top of the cliff, far too wearied to think of going anywhere but home, which he reached at last, bearing, to use his own words, 'the impression of the last day of 1850 deeply stamped upon body and mind.' I will leave you to imagine the heartfelt thankfulness to God for His preserving care with which his wife and children heard the story of his perilous journey. G. M. A.

THE GLEANER.

I am a little gleaner
Among the harvest sheaves;
I follow in the cornfield
For what the reaper leaves;
For haply by the wayside
Some handfuls may be tossed,
As said the careful Master,
That nothing may be lost.

Drops fill the boundless ocean,
Grains pile the mountain high:
So all the bounteous garner
Must single ears supply.
And I, too, am a gleaner,
Although my gains are small;
For they must share His bounty
Whose harvest is for all.

I'm sorry 'tis so little
My tiny hands can do;
But Jesus will accept it,
If but my heart is true.
And some time—'tis the promise
My heart in hope believes—
I'll bring the Blessed Master
The full and joyful sheaves.

E. E. Lay.

Answer to Scripture Acrostic.

(*See page* 175.)

E sther, Esther ii. 7—9.
L eah, Genesis xxxiii.
I shbosheth, 2 Samuel iv. 5—8.
H ezekiah, 2 Kings xix. 14—35.
U zziah, 2 Chronicles xxvi. 15, 16.

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A perilous descent.

See page **188.**

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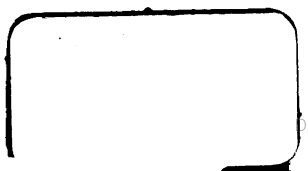

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